Miss America

TEEN-LIFE

10¢ • AUGUST

FICTION

FUN

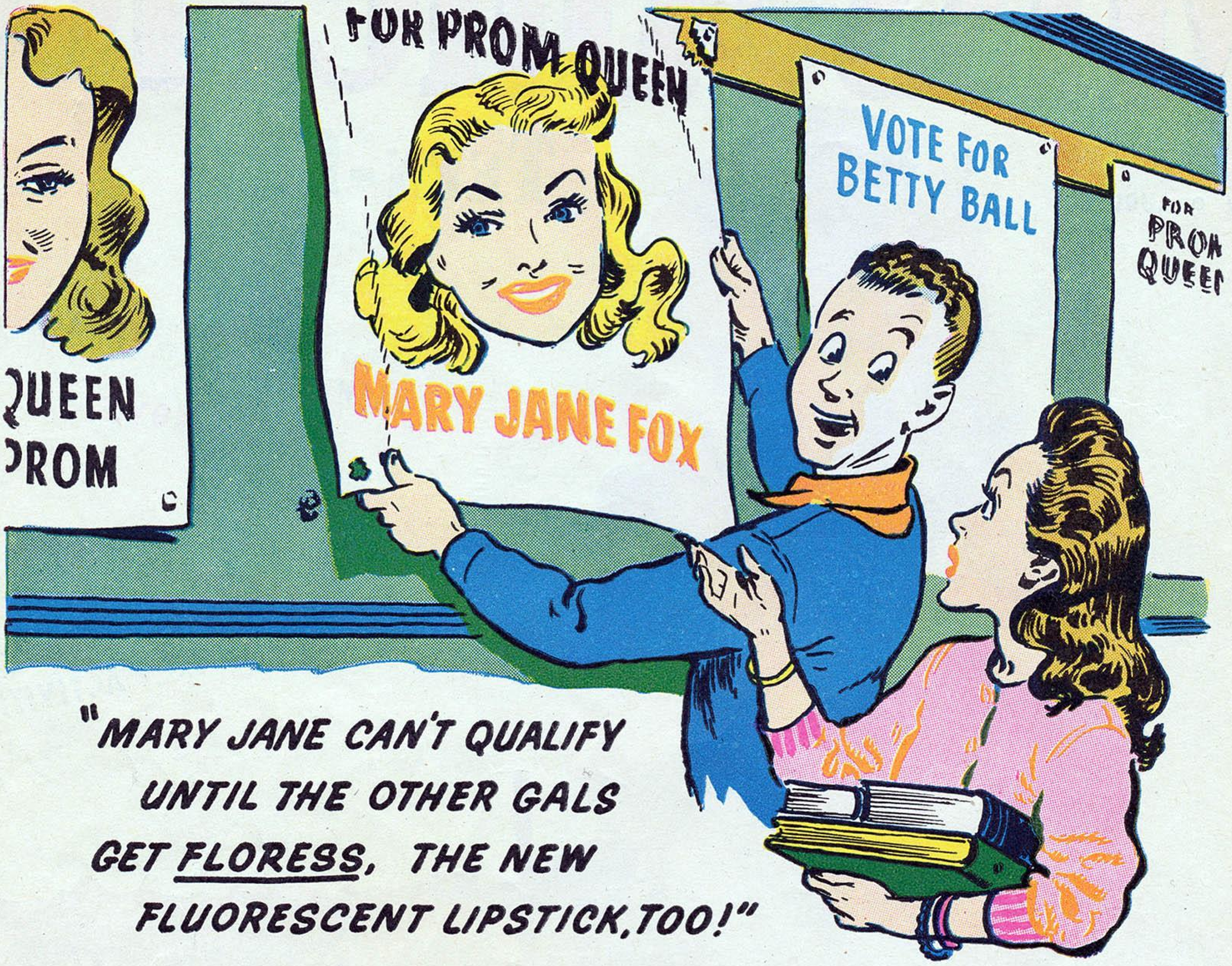
FASHIONS

MOVIES

MUSIC

PERSONALITY IMPROVEMENT

TEEN ACTIVITIES


FOR PROM QUEEN
MARY JANE FOX
VOTE FOR BETTY BALL
FOR PROM QUEEN
QUEEN
PROM
"MARY JANE CAN'T QUALIFY UNTIL THE OTHER GALS GET FLORESS, THE NEW FLUORESCENT LIPSTICK, TOO!"

FIVE SHADES
- Pink
- Neon Red
- Sequin (true red)
- Twilight Fuchsia
- Blue Flame

It's Wonderful! It's Different! Charge your lips with glistening color drama, ignite every costume with this new fluorescent lipstick miracle containing shimmery Florium. See Hi-lights by day . . . at night, a glow like burning embers. Unrivalled smoothness and indelibility *plus* a non-chap emollient give you for the first time *radiated* color . . . imperishable lip magic all in one! It's so new—try it now. Send for generous $1.00 size in beautiful Gold Metal Swivel Case or send for trial sizes.

Send for your trial sizes NOW

CHECK SHADES
- ☐ Pink
- ☐ Neon Red
- ☐ Sequin (true red)
- ☐ Twilight Fuchsia
- ☐ Blue Flame

FLORESS, DEPT. 38-D 205 N. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO 1, ILL.
*In Canada: Floress, Dept. 38-D 22 College St., Toronto

Send me two trial sizes (a full month's supply) of fabulous FLORESS, the fluorescent lipstick, in shades checked at left. I enclose 25c in coin to cover all charges, including tax. Check here ( ) if you wish all 5 shades for 50c.

Check here for
- ☐ REGULAR $1 SIZE in beautiful gold metal swivel case.
- ☐ I enclose $1.20 tax included.
- ☐ Send C.O.D. $1.20 plus postage.

NAME ______________________
(Print Plainly)

ADDRESS ______________________

CITY__________ ZONE____ STATE__________

*In Canada: Large Size is $1.35—C. O. D.'s Accepted

TRANS WORLD AIRLINE
TWA
Warren
QUALITY FLEECES

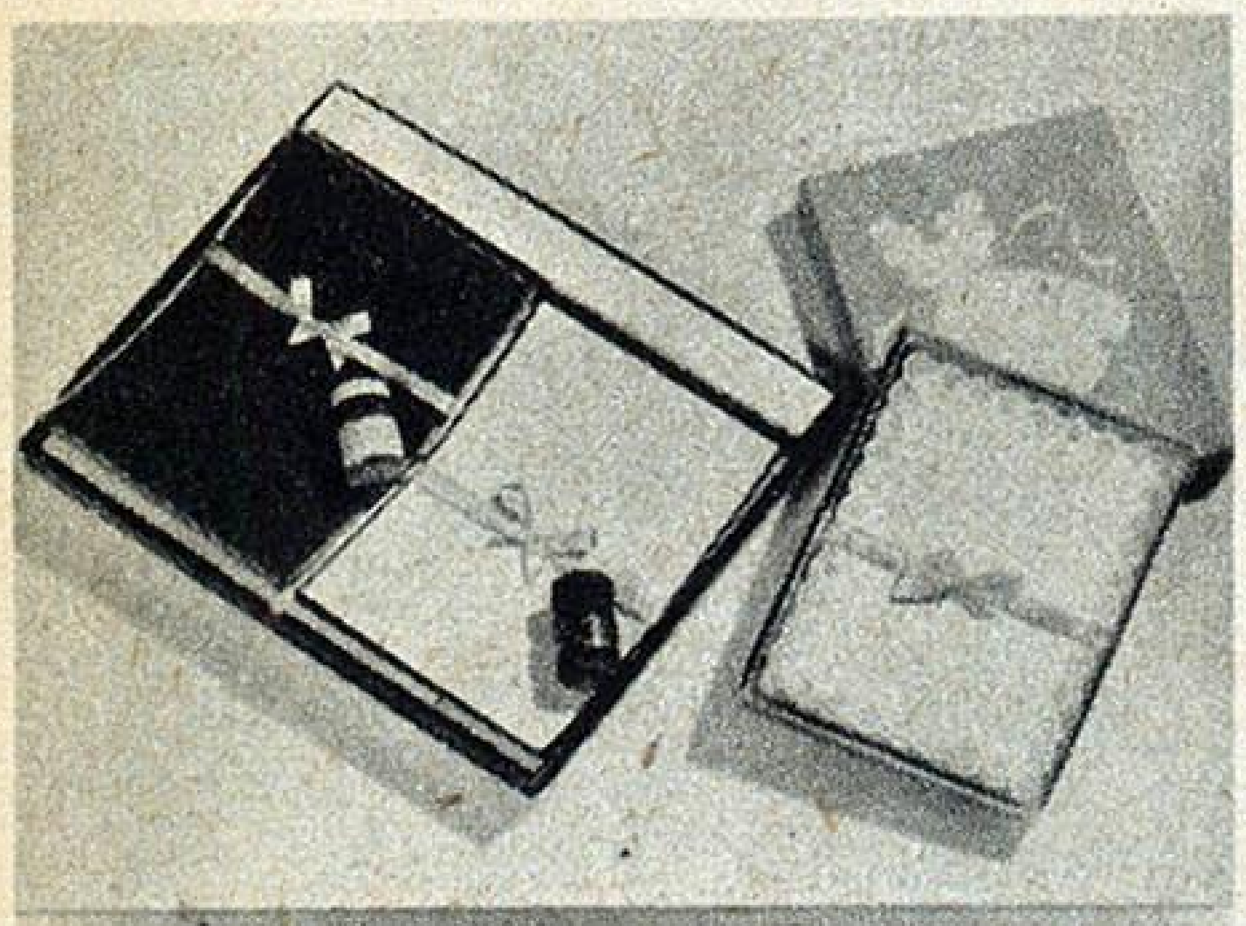
when snow flies again

A lovely summer — and suddenly it's fall. Then, belted into this jaunty topper made of Warren Fleece, you strut head-high into winter. From its fine wool face — foam soft and supple — to its firmly knit cotton back, Warren Fleece is the unyielding, unconquered champion of warmth. Teen sizes 10 to 16. About $25.

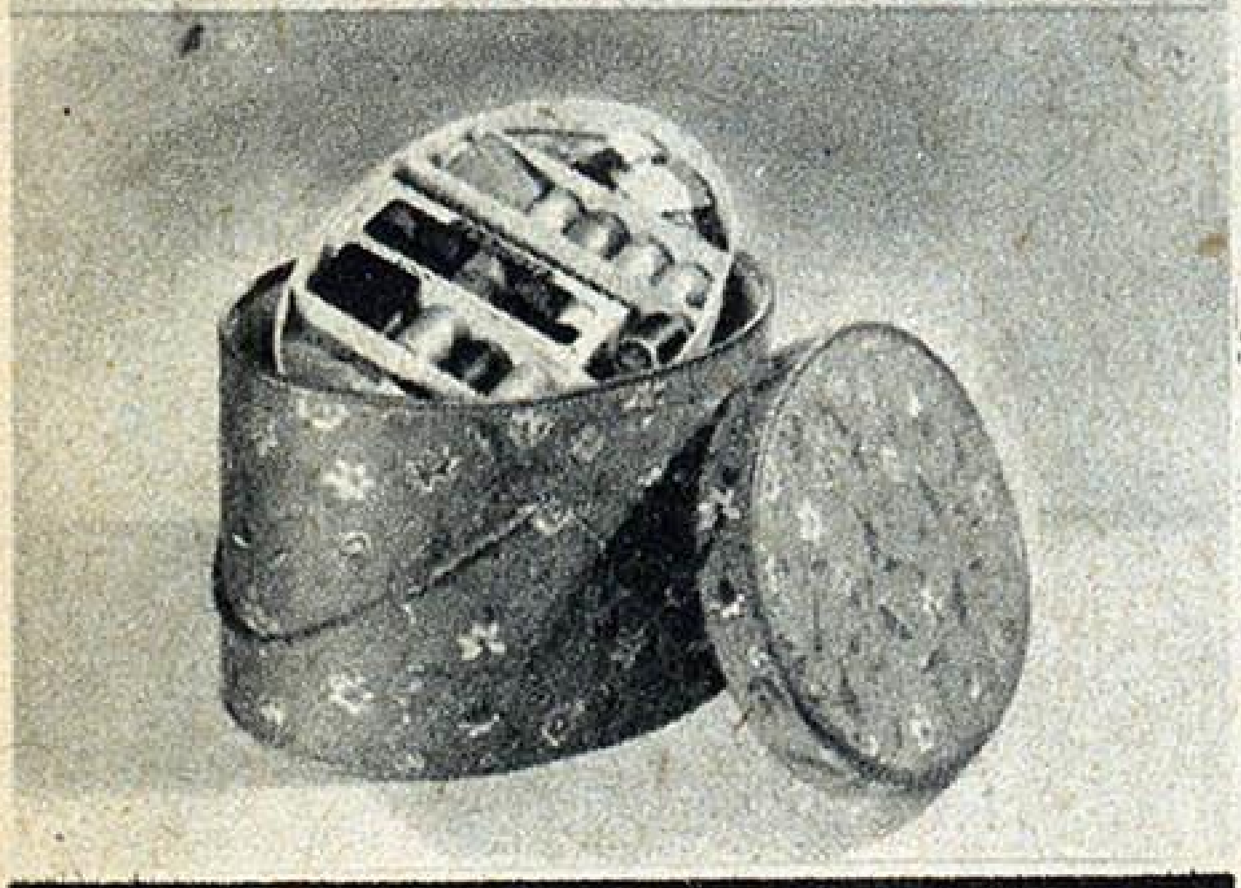
"Coat Styled by Debuteen"

WARREN FABRICS COMPANY, INC. • WEST WARREN, MASS.

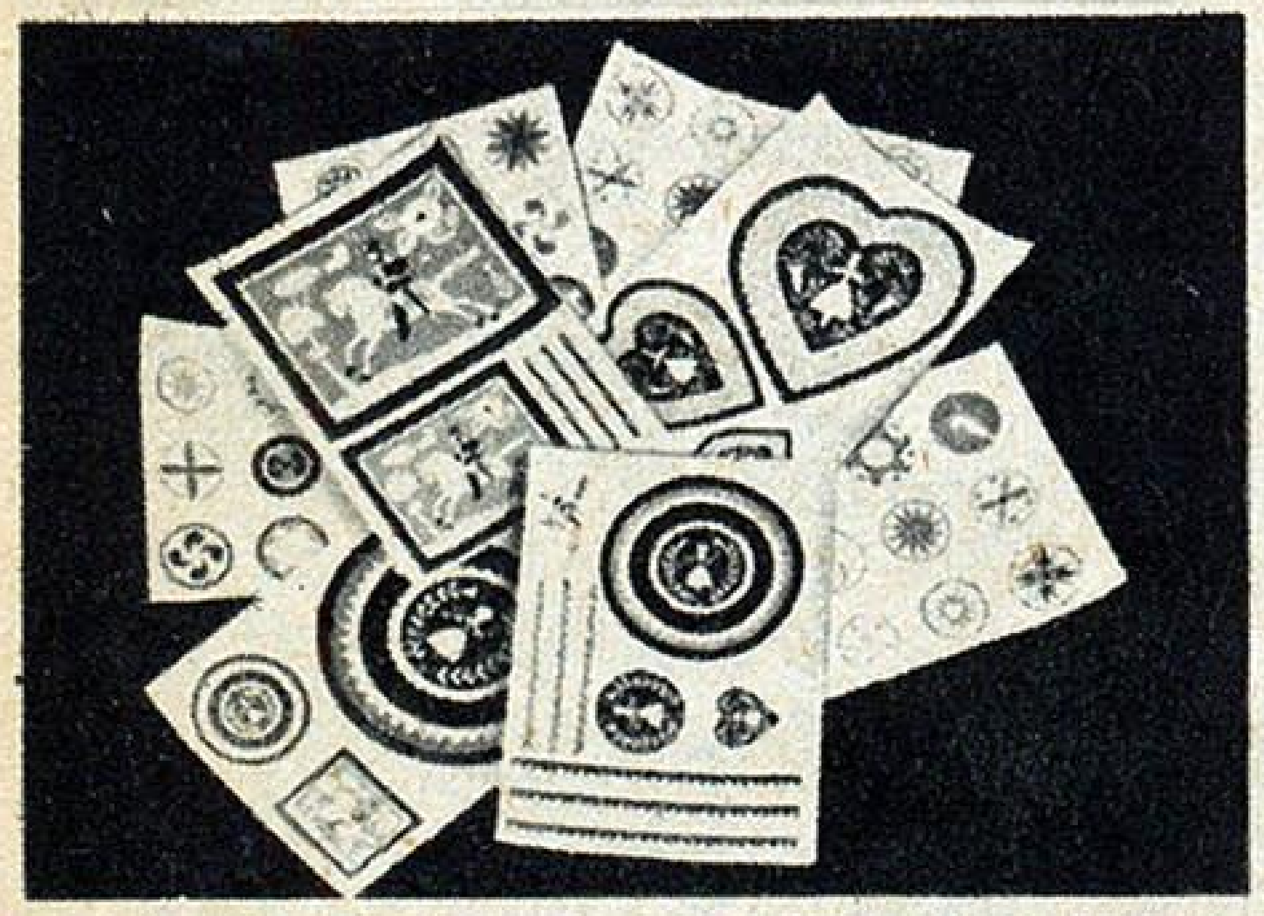
SHOPPING NOTES



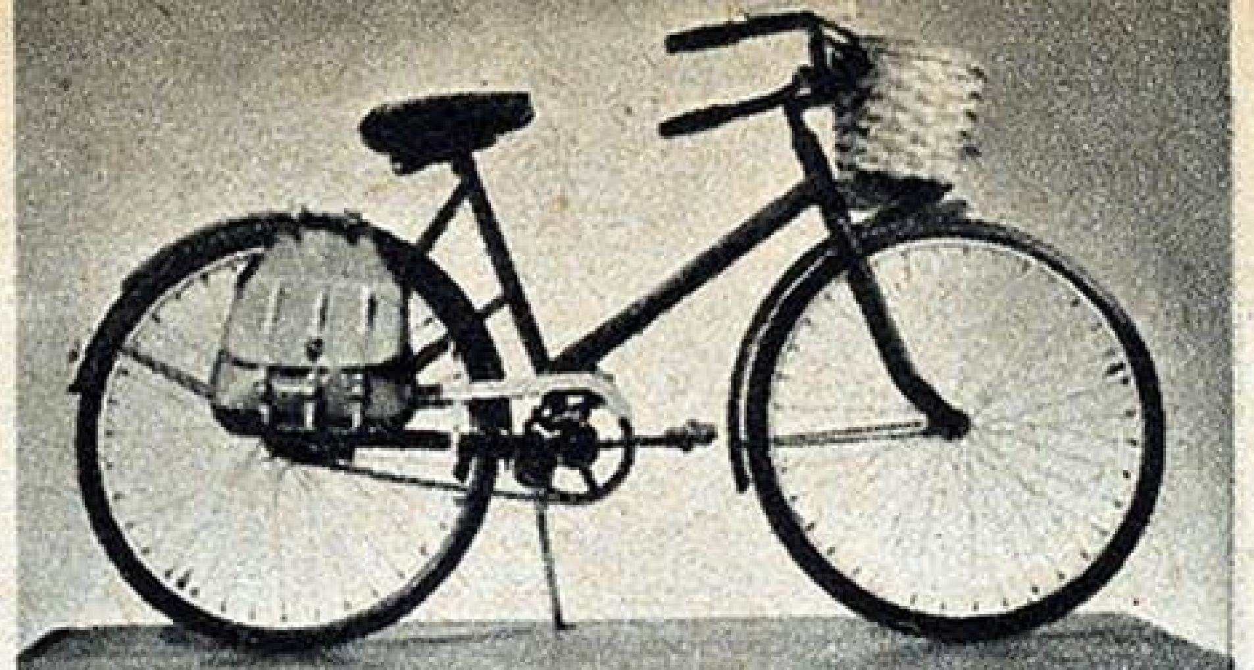
LIVELY LETTERS
Drama in a box . . . pink paper with black ink and black with pink . . . $2.50. For the more conservative, lacy white with pastel, $1.
James McCreery & Co., N. Y.



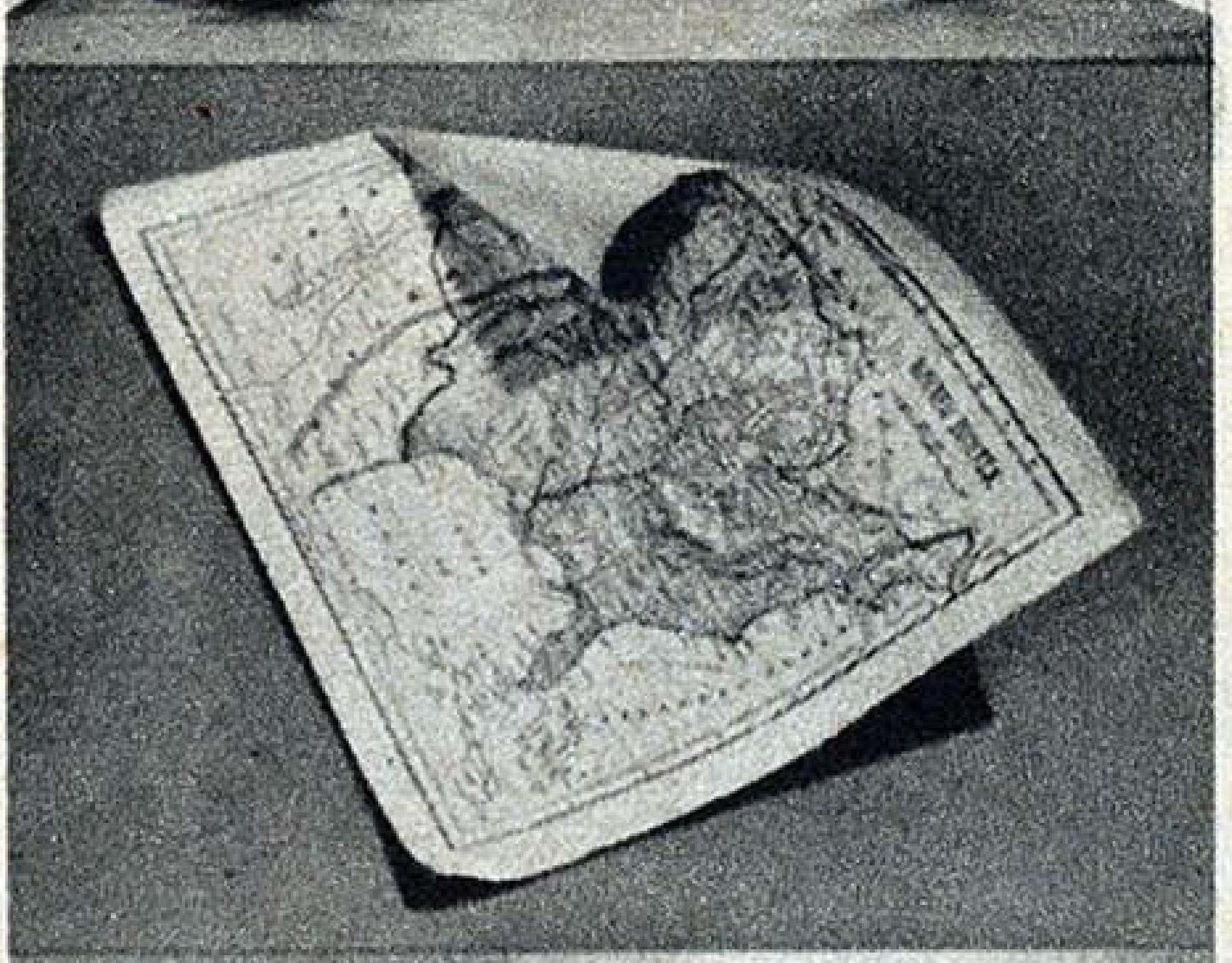
SEWING BASKET
designed exclusively for MISS AMERICA by Singer . . . handsome and roomy in gay print sateens. . . . Completely fitted . . . $3.03.
Singer Sewing Centers



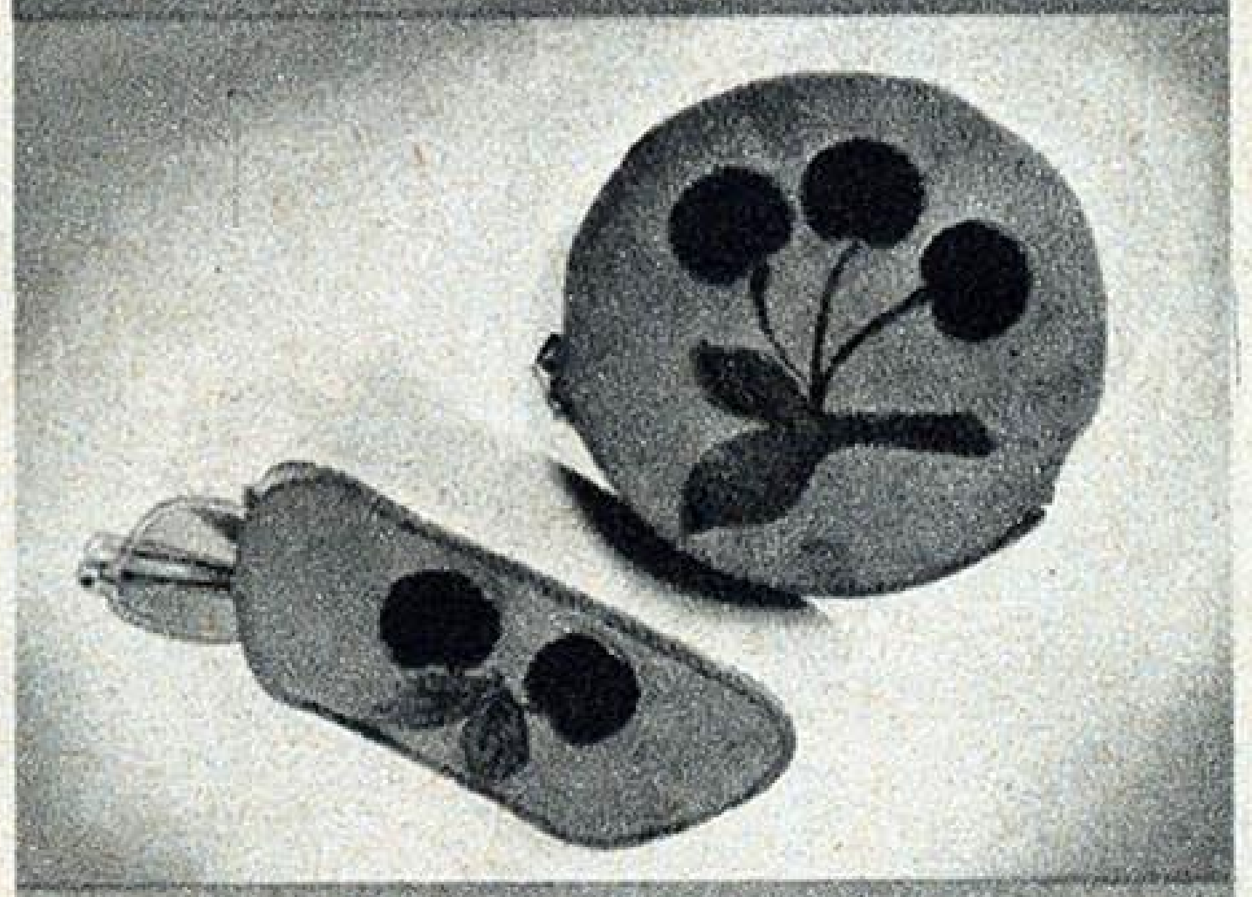
DECALCOMANIAS
Pennsylvania Dutch treats for your scrapbook, lockers, and bedroom lamps . . . colorful and "different." . . . Sheet of designs . . . $1.
Gimbel Bros., Phila., Pa.



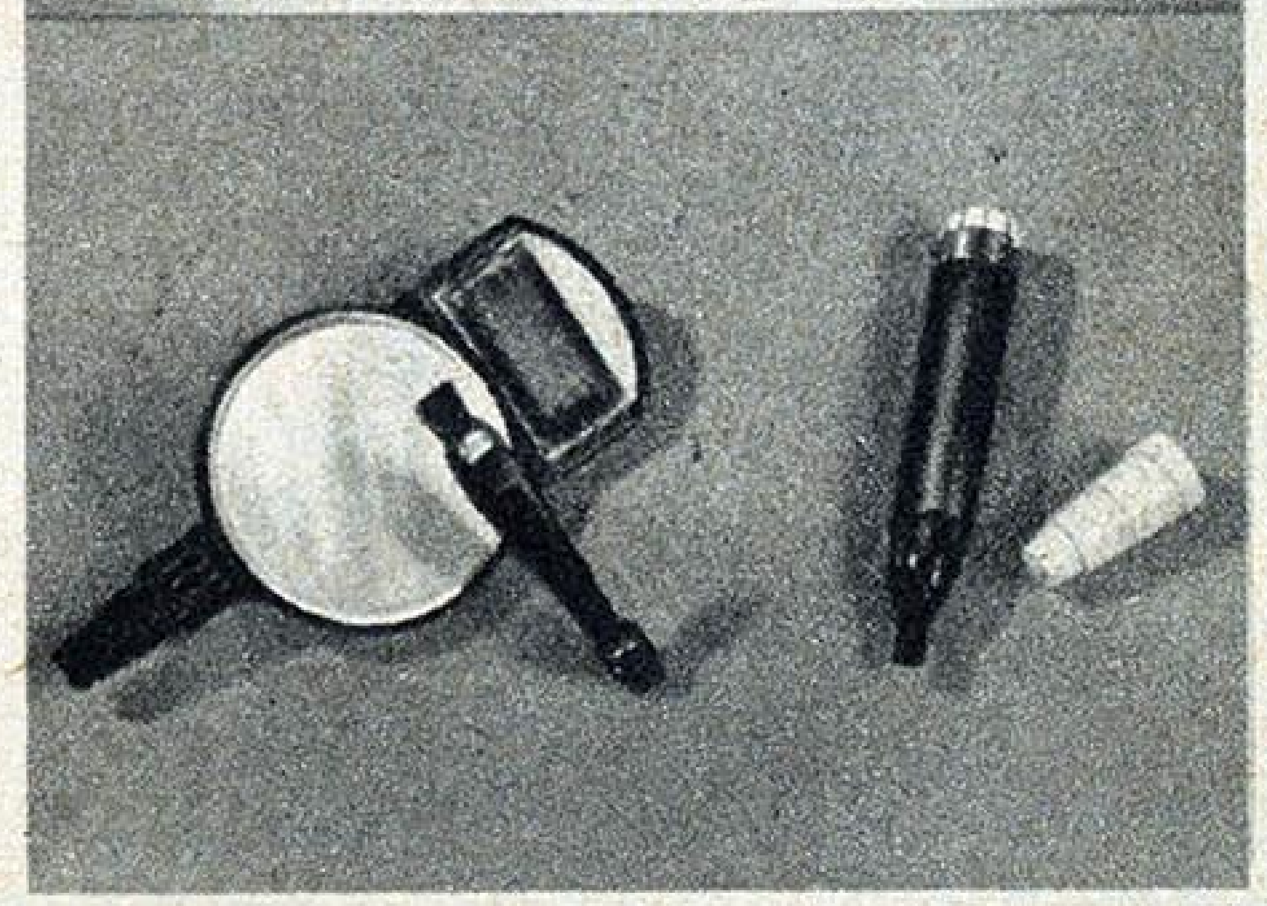
FOLDING BIKE
tucks away anywhere, unfolds to take you places . . . no tools needed . . . strong and safe . . . fully equipped as shown here . . . $55.50.
Gift Clues, 337 42nd St. N. Y.



OLD WORLD MAPS
are decorative wall ornaments and first aid to your history course . . . the one shown here is pre-Rogers and Clark, U. S. A. . . . $3.
Argosy, 114 E. 59th St., N.Y.



PURSE TEAM
Twin cases by Lapelle of suede with patent leather, applique . . . pretty and practical . . . glasses case, $1.50 . . . cosmetic case, $2.
James McCreery Co., N. Y.



LIPSTICK BRUSHES
Novelty compact of lip rouge, mirror and sable brush, $1.50. "Fountain pen" lip brush, filled with your favorite gleaming color, $1.
Goubaud, 124 W. 24th St., N.Y.

Alpena
QUALITY FLEECE BY
Warren

Gay Cavalier

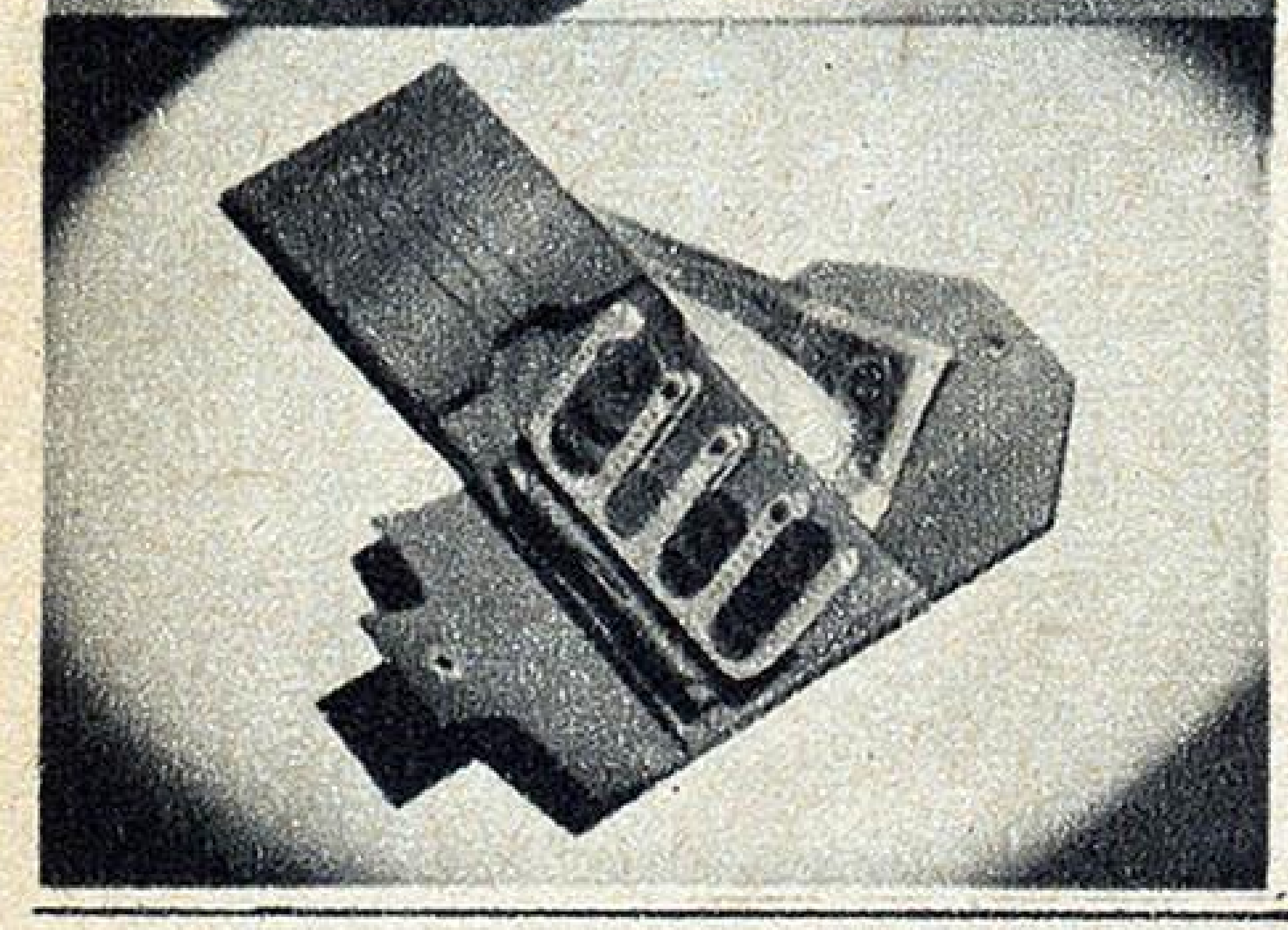
This year your coat has a new grownup-ish look about it—it's smooth and sleek—and it goes everywhere, with you inside it as proud as you please. Tailored in Alpena, that luscious, foam-soft fleece by Warren, it keeps you warm as you please right through the deep of winter. Glowing winter colors. Sizes 10 to 16. About $25, at fine stores everywhere.

DEBUTEEN COAT CO., INC.
520 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

SHOPPING NOTES

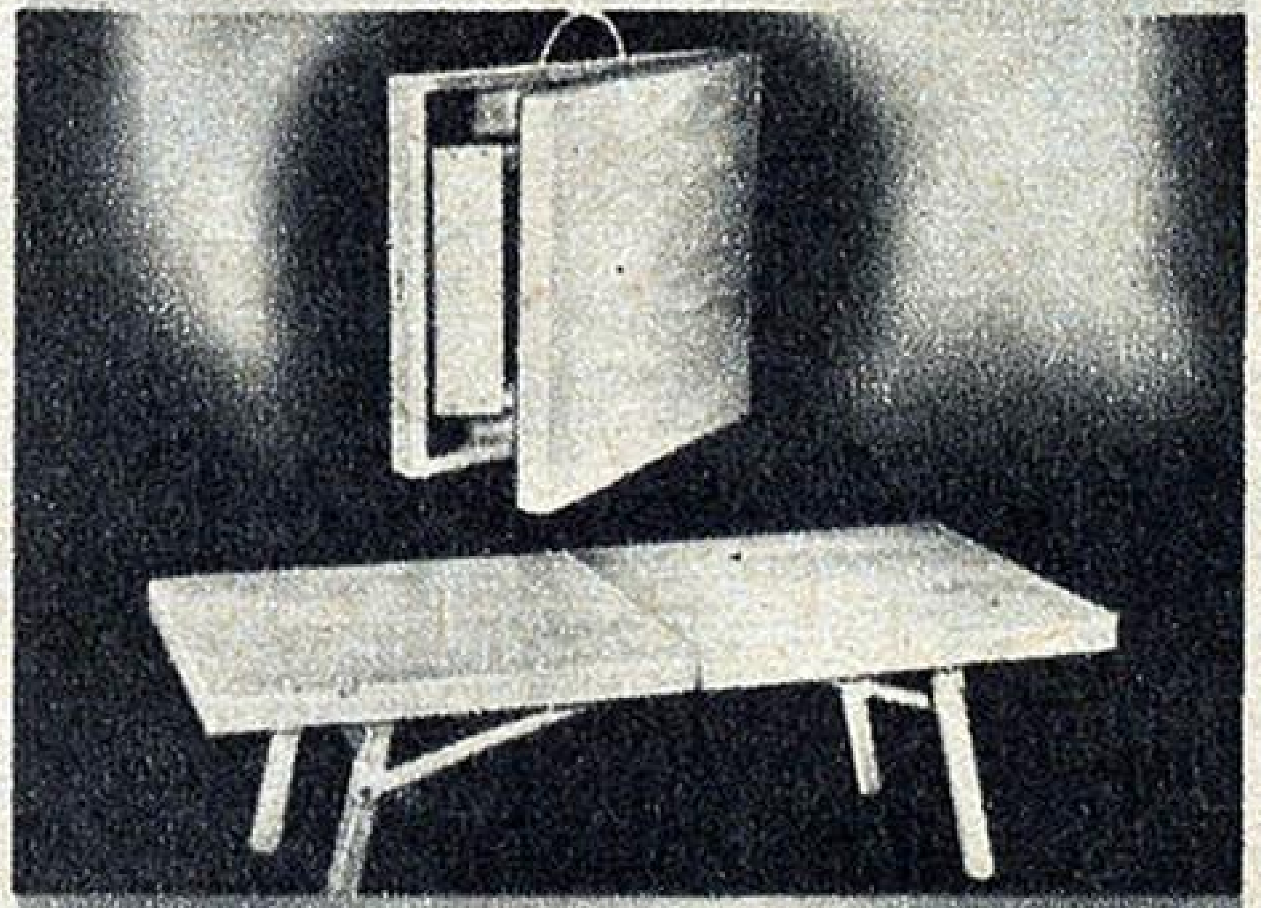
GIDDY GIRDLE
Parapants by Ladilastics sport saucy sketches on white, blue or yellow . . . Firm elastic satin for figure-smoothing . . . 23-28 . . . $5.
Gimbel Bros., Phila., Pa.

PERFUME COMPACT
of swoony "Heaven-Sent" by Helena Rubenstein . . . non-leaking, non-spilling so it's safe for your purse and also your pocket . . . $1.50.
Saks 5th Ave., N. Y.



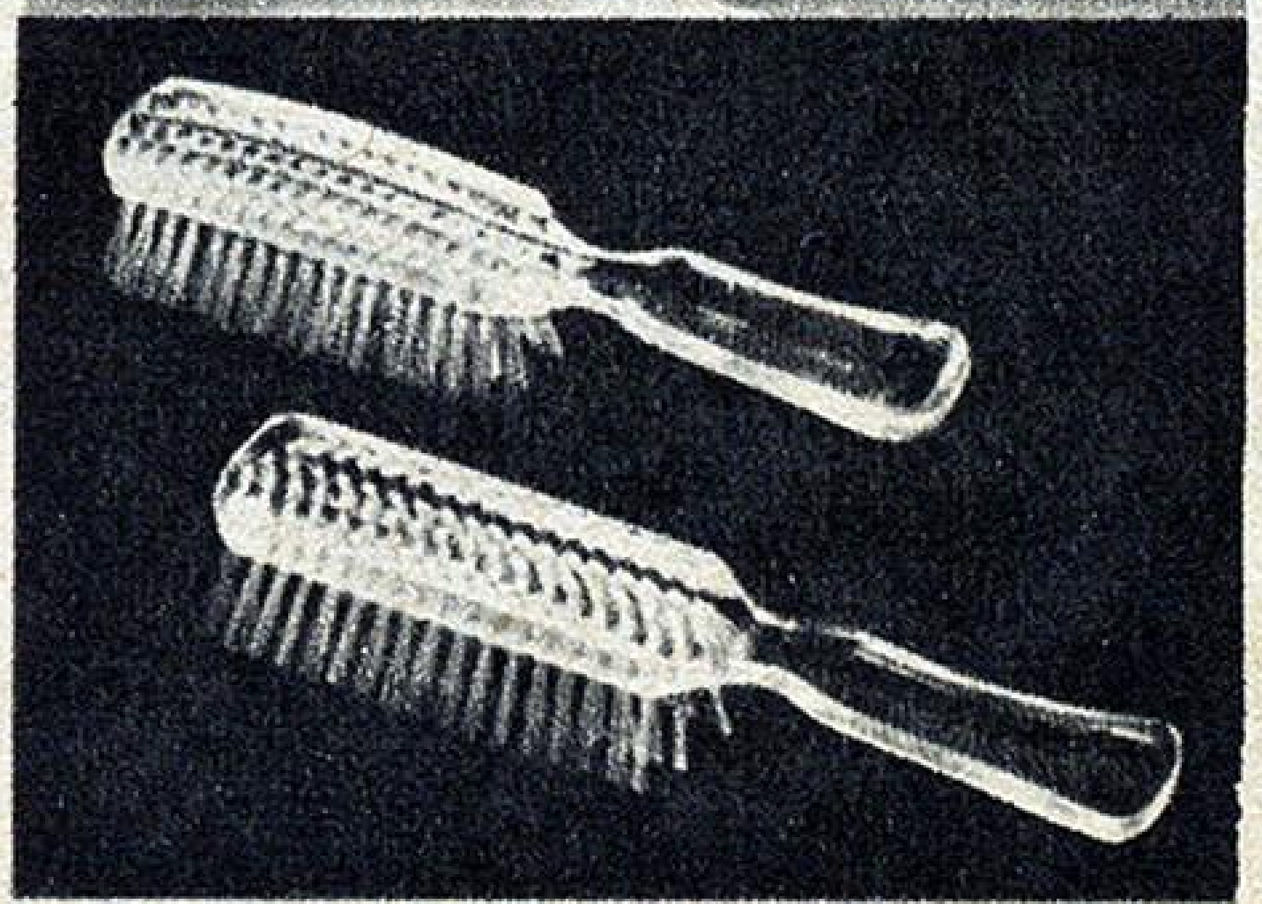
MONEY METHOD
Wales Scotch wallet to keep coins and bills in order. Space for cards, photos. Tritone leather . . . $3.50.
Columbia Walescraft Co.,
22 W. 32nd St., N. Y.

PORTABLE PHONOGRAPH
by Birch is a natural for picnics, camp, or your room . . . Will carry twelve of your pet platters . . . $20.
Camera House,
728 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

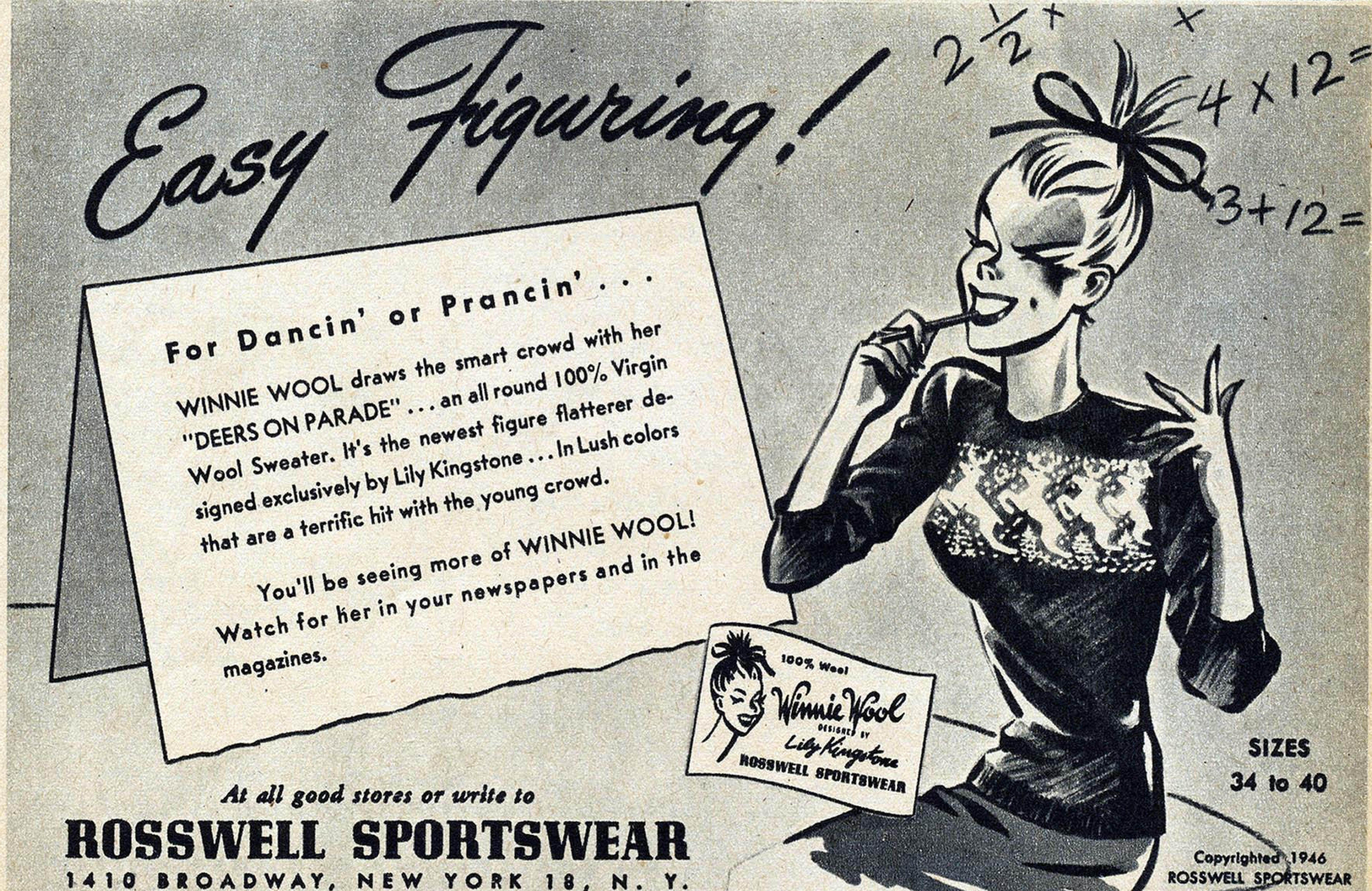


PICNIC PORTABLE
Versatile, easy-to-carry picnic table . . . 11″ high with a surface 16″ by 34″ . . . folds up conveniently . . . light but very sturdy . . . $4.95.
Gift Clues, 337 42nd St., N.Y.

BEAUTY BOX
For sensitive young skins . . . Rose Laird's liquid lather, liquid cleanser, protective film, greaseless lubricant, powder, lipstick . . . $3.50.
Abraham & Straus, B'klyn.



BRIGHT BRUSHES
in lucite . . . scientifically designed handles for a firm grip . . . gloss-givers by Hughes. . . . In several sizes, ranging from $5 to $7.50.
Lord & Taylor, N. Y.



For Dancin' or Prancin' . . .

WINNIE WOOL draws the smart crowd with her "DEERS ON PARADE" . . . an all round 100% Virgin Wool Sweater. It's the newest figure flatterer designed exclusively by Lily Kingstone . . . In Lush colors that are a terrific hit with the young crowd.

You'll be seeing more of WINNIE WOOL! Watch for her in your newspapers and in the magazines.

SIZES
34 to 40

At all good stores or write to
ROSSWELL SPORTSWEAR
1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

Copyrighted 1946
ROSSWELL SPORTSWEAR

MELINDA

COSMETICS FOR TEENS

MELINDA
MELINDA
Cosmetics for Teens

$2.25
Plus 20% Fed. Tax

Girls, here's a really super little Beauty Kit for you. It contains all the makings of a slick chick, and the kind Mother would approve of, too. Apple Blossom Lotion, sweet and gentle, to go under make-up and protect the skin all day, is also an excellent cleansing lotion to be used morning, night, or whenever your face needs to be refreshed, and a fine skin lotion besides to keep your skin in good condition. The face powder is scientifically pure and soft. Lipstick that actually stays on, is made of the finest ingredients and in shades that are suitable for teen agers.

Contest!!! Why Teen Age girls should be allowed to use cosmetics.

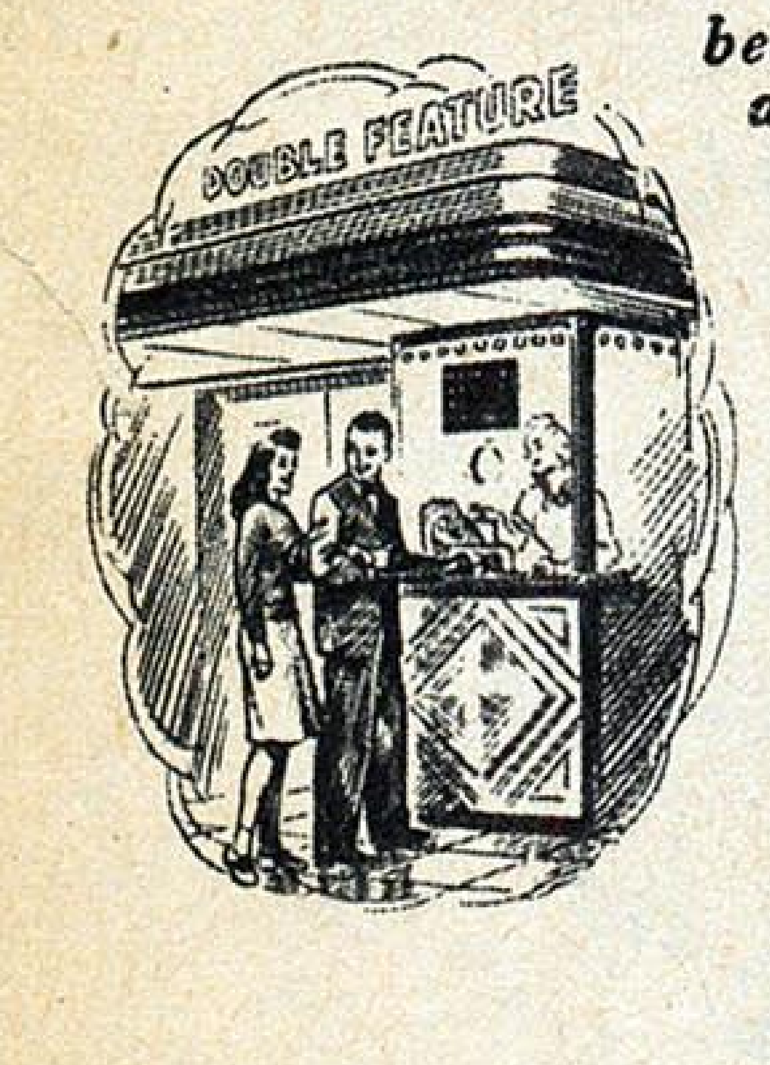
Send your answers for three valuable prizes.

Melinda booklet on request.

Helene Pessl, Inc.
785 Fifth Ave., New York

How many times have *you* lost *your* *chance* for dates

because pimples, blackheads, acne or eczema, externally caused, spoil your looks?



No fun being passed up all the time. Maybe you wouldn't if you'd take this pimple, blackhead and blemish problem seriously. Hundreds and thousands of lucky boys and girls have already proved what you ought to do . . . let the sensationally successful KLEEREX be your "fairy queen with the magic wand" that gives you the nice looking complexion you want.

KLEEREX is so astounding in its results . . . so quick . . . in clearing up external evidence of pimples, blackheads, acne and eczema rash that you'll be amazed. Often overnight you can see a clearer, softer, smoother complexion as it should be naturally . . . See yourself more like you want to look. The proof is so overwhelming that the makers offer you double your money back if you are not 100% satisfied.

KLEEREX is no smelly ointment; no greasy salve. You brush it over the blemishes. It hides them as it dries them. More than a million bottles have already been sold—That's amazing. How could anyone bothered with fun-spoiling blemishes put up with them another day after hearing that?

Don't delay. Send only $1.00 for 2 full size packages. (Few cents extra for C.O.D.) Write today to: **KLEEREX Co.**, Dept. 138-K, 2005 S. Michigan, Chicago 16, Illinois.

Miss America

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Miss America
10¢ AUGUST
TEEN-LIFE
FICTION
FUN
FASHIONS
MOVIES
MUSIC
PERSONALITY IMPROVEMENT
TEEN ACTIVITIES

Kodachrome by Barbara Goodspeed, Bathing suit by Teen-Age Beachwear

MARTIN GOODMAN,
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Imagine!

A SALON TYPE COLD WAVE PERMANENT

in 2 to 3 hours at home

●

It's Easy as Combing Your Hair!

- Perfect comfort—no machines, no heat
- "Takes" on fine or coarse hair
- Ideal too, for children's hair
- Your COLD WAVE Permanent will last months and months
- Satisfaction guaranteed or money back

Girls, you can know the joy of *natural looking* curls and waves by tonight. Think of it,——with the New Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave kit it's done in 2 *to 3 hours at home*. Contains the same ingredients used by beauty salons giving *Cold Waves costing up to* $15.00 or more. A famous beauty editor says: "Some of the loveliest Cold Wave permanents are not done in beauty shops, because more and more glamour-gifted girls are doing their own permanents at home."

THE NEW

Charm-Kurl

SUPREME **COLD WAVE**

NOW ONLY **98c** PLUS 1¢ TAX

The New
Charm-Kurl
SUPREME
COLD WAVE
HOME PERMANENT KIT

Each kit contains everything needed to give yourself a gorgeous COLD WAVE.

The new Charm Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE Kit is for sale at Drug Stores, Cosmetic Counters and 5c and 10c Stores.

● PRICE IN CANADA $1.35 AT DRUG, COSMETIC AND VARIETY COUNTERS. CANADIAN ADDRESS: FRASER HAIR FASHIONS, 22 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

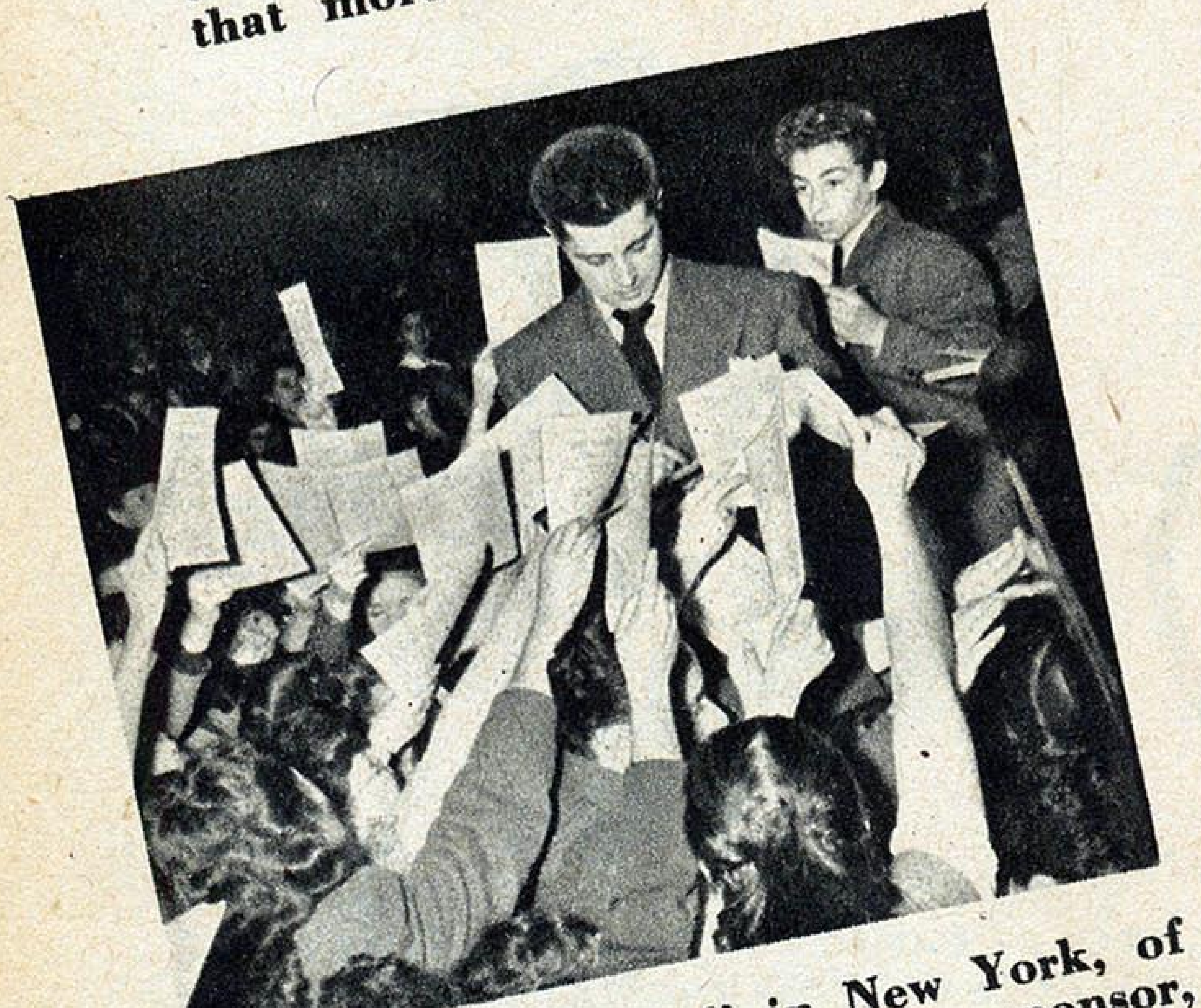
You and the Army voted him in— Johnny Desmond the singing soldier. You'll like Johnny himself just the way you like his creamy baritone. . . .

OH, JOHNNY! OH!

Not bad, not bad! But definitely good! Take a good look at Johnny Desmond because you think, we think he's here to stay.

by Riki Shenkman

Johnny gives with ballads and banter over the airwaves twice weekly. Polls show that more and more of you tune in.



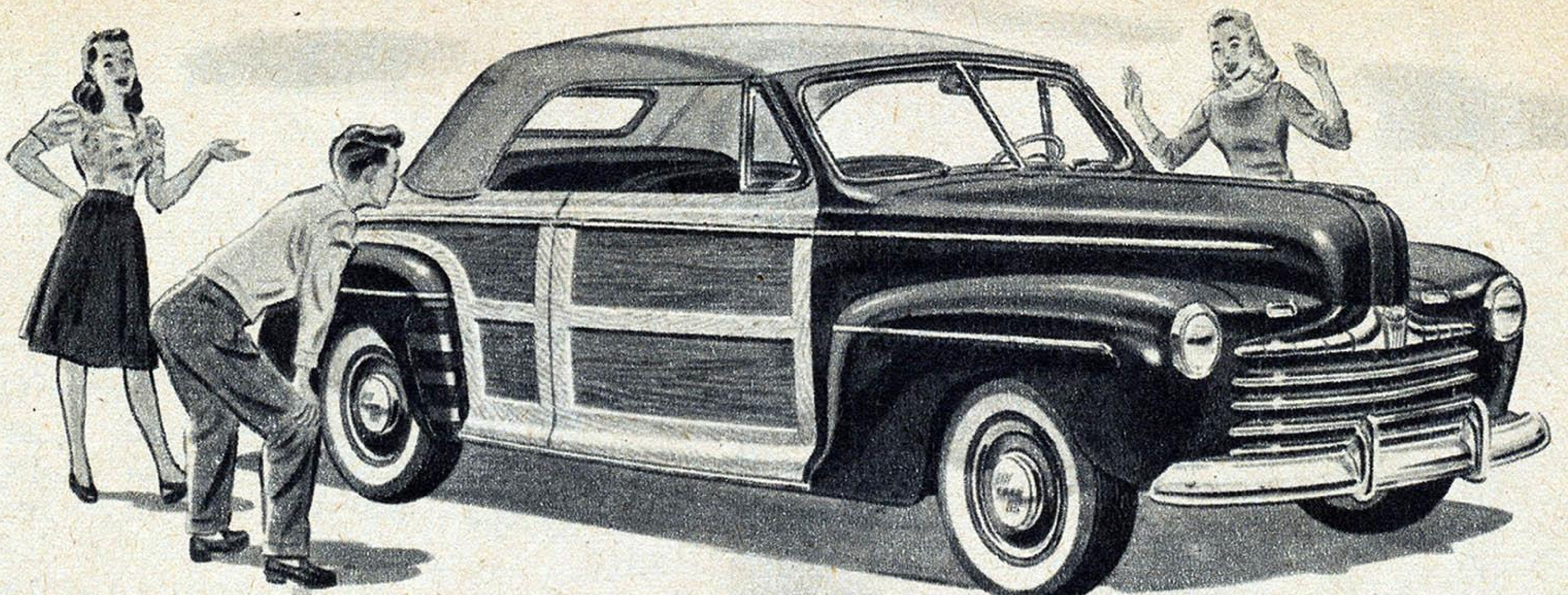
At the "Teen Frolics" in New York, of which MISS AMERICA was a sponsor, Johnny Desmond got rousing reception.

ANOTHER Sinatra, cries a misinformed somebody. A second Crosby, a ditto Perry Como. Maybe a duplicate Andy Russell, a carbon copy Haymes— Please! let's stop this nonsense, and begin all over again. Because obviously Johnny Desmond is an imitation of nobody. He's strictly himself, with a smooth as cream, friendly sounding voice that has netted him two radio shows, eager bids from Hollywood, a zooming income and a regular jackpot of devoted fans.

Johnny is still somewhat astounded by his sudden boom to success. He chalks a lot of it up to the breaks, and the way he clicked with the overseas GI's. He figures that Glenn Miller's guidance helped him terrifically. He remembers the way he studied and plugged away in his lean days, and thinks that probably those years of working towards the goal he's now achieved didn't do him any harm either.

He looks a lot more like the boy who suffers through Latin verbs with you than a fast rising singer. His close cropped hair is strictly Fuller brush, and his favorite bow ties stick up in a surprised looking way. He only weighs 145 pounds, which is thinnish for his height, but the giddy, bulky checked tweed coats to which he's so partial, camouflage any undernourished look.

(Continued on page 63)



Just imagine the thrill—the pride—of winning a Ford station wagon of your own!

You have a chance to win one of 653 simply super prizes

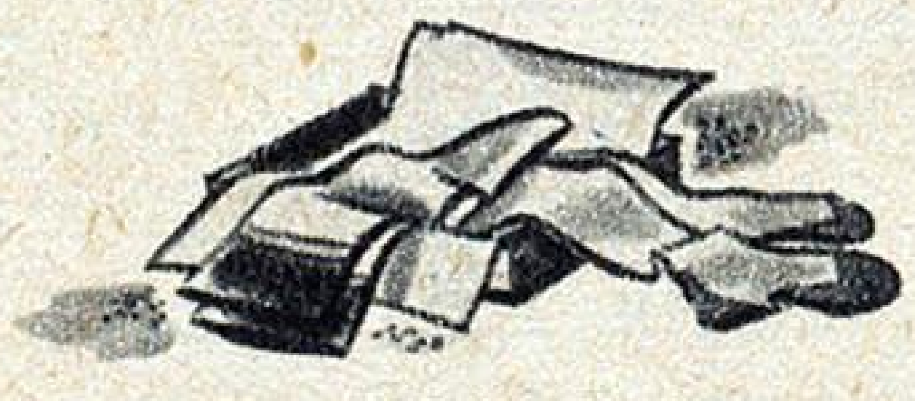
station wagon ... wrist watches ... nylon hosiery ... cosmetics

in this easy Stadium Girl Lipstick Contest

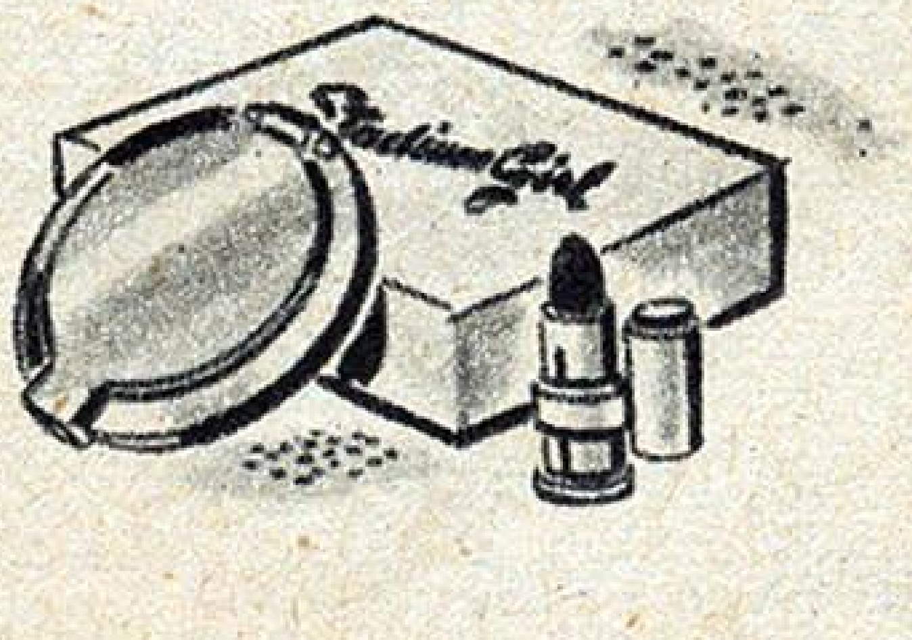
1st Prize
1946 model Ford convertible station wagon. Immediate delivery!

2nd and 3rd Prizes
Beautiful Bulova wrist watch

Next 150 Prizes
One pair of lovely, hard-to-get Phoenix nylon hosiery



Next 500 Prizes
Stadium Girl gift box containing large-size plastic compact and lipstick



for lovely lips that get kisses
use Stadium Girl
LIP STICK
FAST ACTING PUSH-UP
25¢

Read these contest rules:

- Write or neatly print your contest entry on sheet of paper containing your name and address.
- Mail entry together with card on which Stadium Girl Lipstick comes attached, to Campus Sales Co., Dept. 386, 411 E. Mason Street, Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin.
- Entries to be judged on originality, uniqueness, and aptness by independent judges. Decisions final. In case of tie, duplicate awards will be made. No entries returned.
- Contest open to all persons except employes of the Campus Sales Company, their advertising agency, and their families.
- All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, September 15, 1946. Prize winners will be announced as soon thereafter as possible.
- Enter as many times as you wish.

Wouldn't it be terrific if *you* won a snorky, new convertible station wagon! Jeepers, you'd be the envy of the whole crowd!

You have a chance to win one—or any of 653 swell prizes — in the Stadium Girl Lipstick Contest. All you have to do is just to complete this statement in 25 words or less: *"I like Stadium Girl Lipstick in the easy push-up plastic container, because . . ."*

No trick to that, is there! It's easy to be enthused about popular Stadium Girl Lipstick. Stadium Girl's six smart, becoming shades that stay on and on and on, and do so much for your lips.

Enter this contest as many times as you like. But include with each entry the card on which the 25¢-size Stadium Girl Lipstick comes attached.

Get your Stadium Girl Lipstick today at your nearest five-and-ten cent store. Or, if your dealer can't supply you, order right now by coupon below. Read the contest rules. Then put on your thinking cap and get busy trying to win one of the prizes you yen for!

Tear out coupon and mail today

CAMPUS SALES CO., Dept. 386
411 E. Mason Street
Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin

I am enclosing 35¢ (in Canada 50¢) which includes tax and postage, as payment in full for a large-size Stadium Girl Lipstick. I have indicated my choice of shade at the right.

No C.O.D.'s please

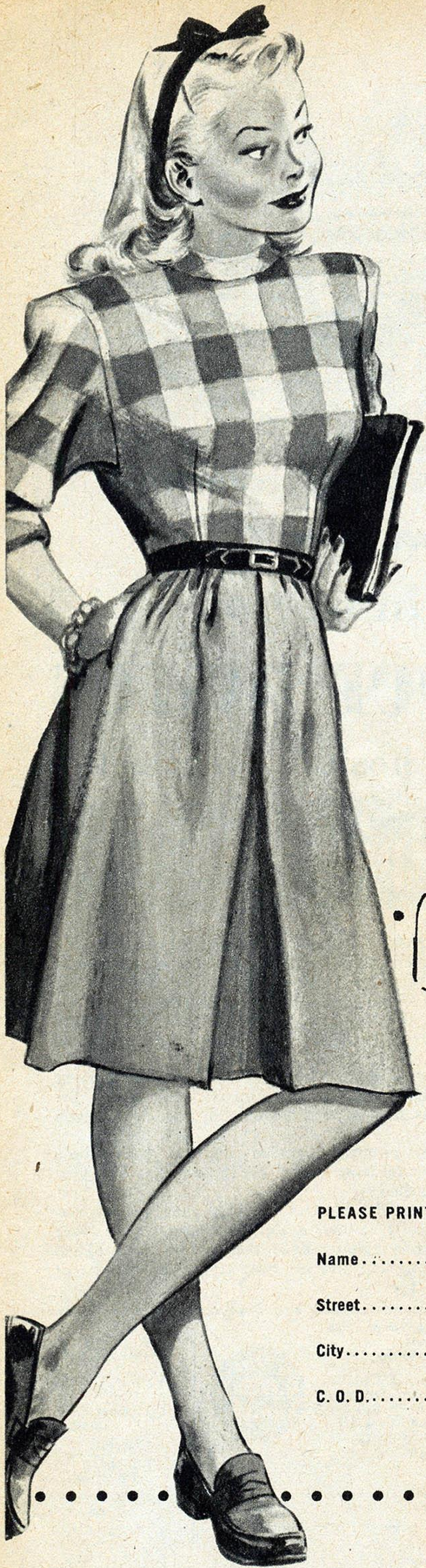
Name..

Address..

City.............................(.....) State...............

My choice of lipstick shade is:

- ☐ Cherry Red (med. lt.)
- ☐ Sunset Pink (med.)
- ☐ Orchid
- ☐ Tropic (med. dk.)
- ☐ Ruby (dark)
- ☐ Burgundy (very dk.)



Plaid 'n Plain partner for back-to-school doin's! Soft turtleneck on this one-piece grey charmer with slash pockets and leather belt.
$14.95

THE Boston Store
JOLIET

TEEN SHOP
BOSTON STORE
JOLIET, ILL.

Please send me this grey wool and rayon plaid 'n plain June Bentley at $14.95 in size checked below:

☐ 9 ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17

PLEASE PRINT IN PENCIL

Name...

Street...

City.............................State.........................

C. O. D...........Money Order...........Check..............

Incidentally... it's a Bentley!

FLASHES from MAC

IT'S growing like a grapevine over the length and breadth of the country—the live-wire MISS AMERICA Club. Thousands of charters have gone out from Headquarters here in the Empire State Building and the mailmen are busy delivering monthly bulletins.

MACs report that they're having wonderful times. Clubs write us of hikes, lawn parties, wiener roasts, dances, cooperative cooking classes, personality improvement projects—all the activities girls can enjoy, aided by official Headquarters advice and information, if their group is affiliated with MAC.

Many chapters are getting busy right now with their entries for the Teen Hand Arts Competition for which MISS AMERICA Magazine will award prizes at the Women's International Exposition in Madison Square Garden, New York City, next November. New chapters who want information concerning the competition—or by-laws and directions for forming a chapter—can obtain it by writing to MISS AMERICA Club, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

MAC is growing bigger and better all the time. A lot of reasons why you and your friends would benefit by joining together under a MAC charter. So get in now on the fun, friendship and opportunities of the MISS AMERICA Club.

hello girls,

What a treat in store for you next month! It's difficult to be modest about the big September issue because first (and what a wonderful first!) your publisher is adding many, many additional pages! That in itself is quite a scoop, considering that the paper shortage is still with us.

Another scoop that will make the pages of MISS AMERICA virtually sing with joy comes in the person of Thea Tyler, America's outstanding fashion and beauty editor. Not only has she designed clothes for America's teen-agers via Paramount Pictures, but she was fashion director of many leading department stores, and well known for her radio program, "The Magazine of The Air." I'm afraid space forbids me to detail her many achievements, but you get the idea, girls.

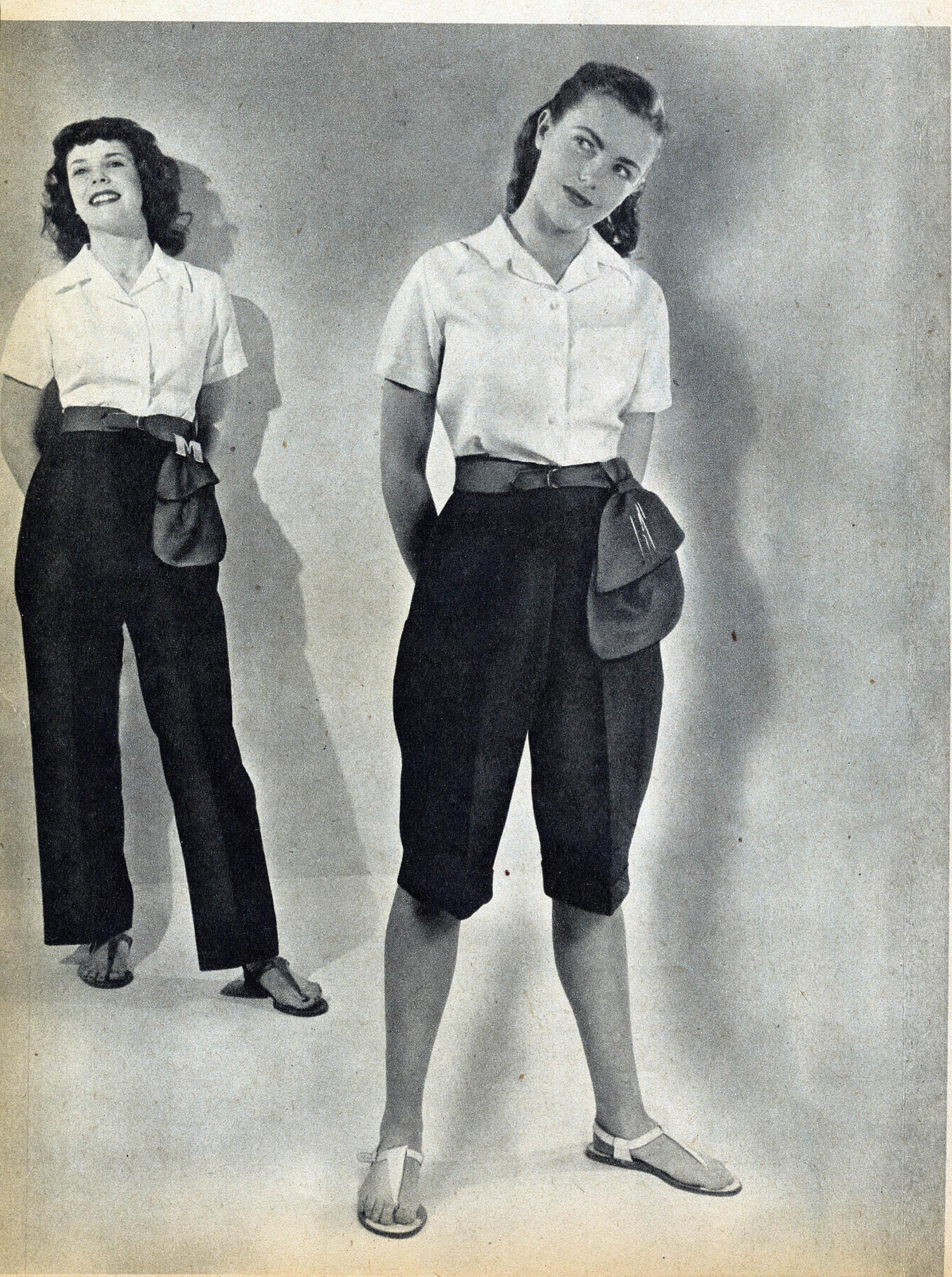
Thea Tyler will help you become the best-dressed, best-looking, best-groomed girls in America. She'll tell you what to wear, when to wear it, bring you advance fashion and beauty hints. Wait till you see the exciting new clothes and accessories, and there's a winter coat that is styled to be two coats in one. I'd better hush because these items are still in the workshop and must be kept secret and exclusive for MISS AMERICA.

No wonder your offices high in the Empire State Building are buzzing with excitement. You can't afford to miss the big new issue of September MISS AMERICA, designed to make you a lovelier . . . more charming MISS AMERICA.

Affectionately,

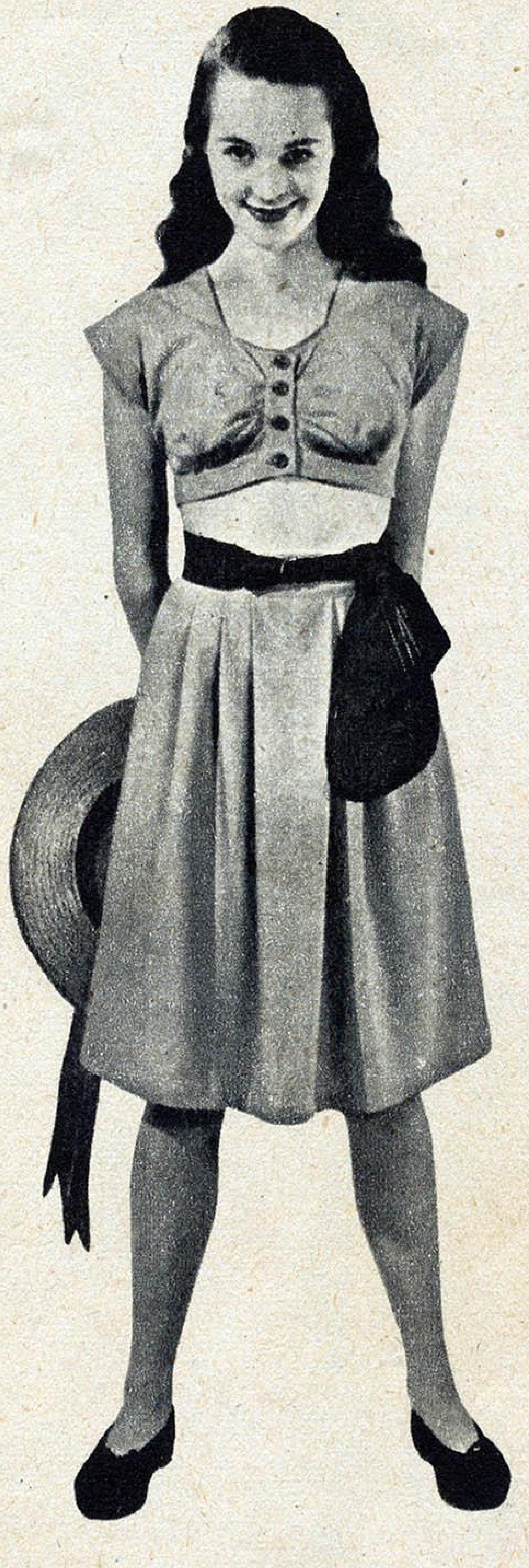
Jean Goodman

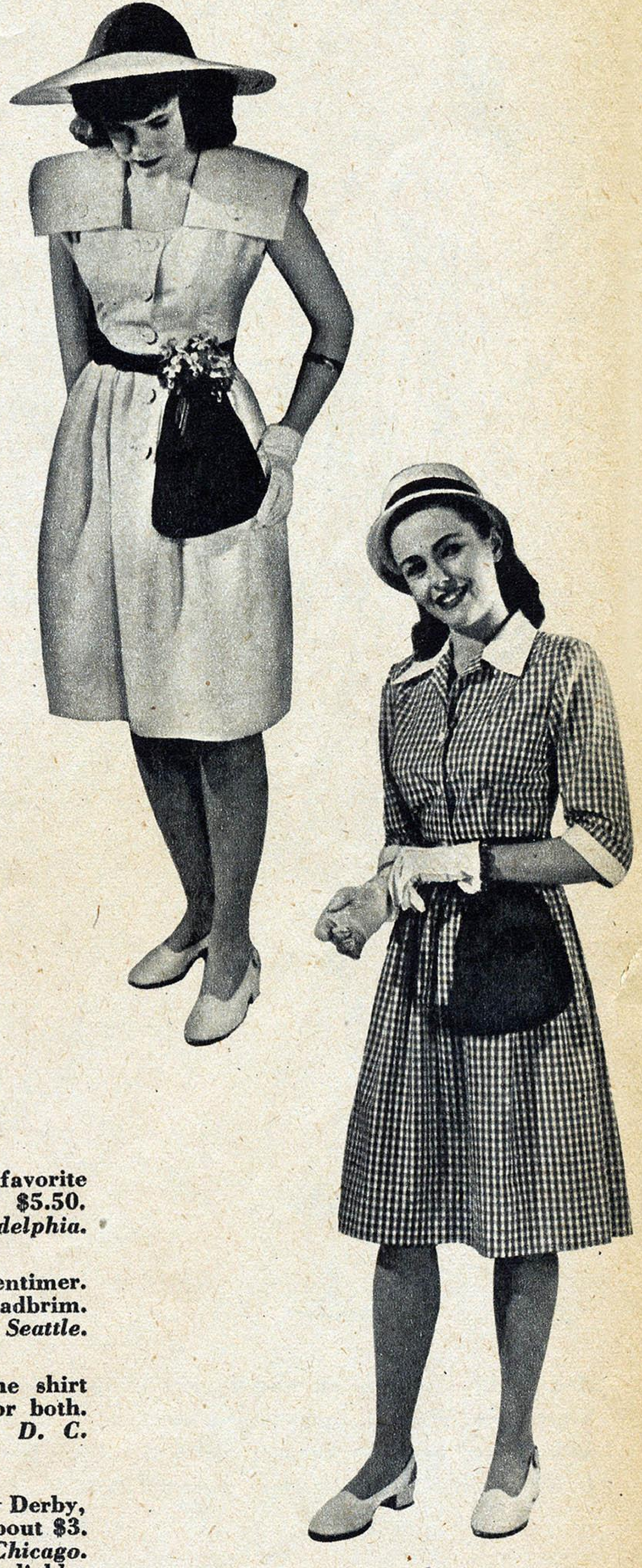
BELTBAG... MISS AMERICA ORIGINAL... EMBROIDER IT...



INITIAL IT . . . BEFLOWER IT . . .

Our Beltbag is as versatile as you are. Leary and Sills made it exclusively for us (and you), in exciting wool felts. About $3. ***Altman, N. Y.; Carson Pirie & Scott, Chicago; A. Harris, Dallas***





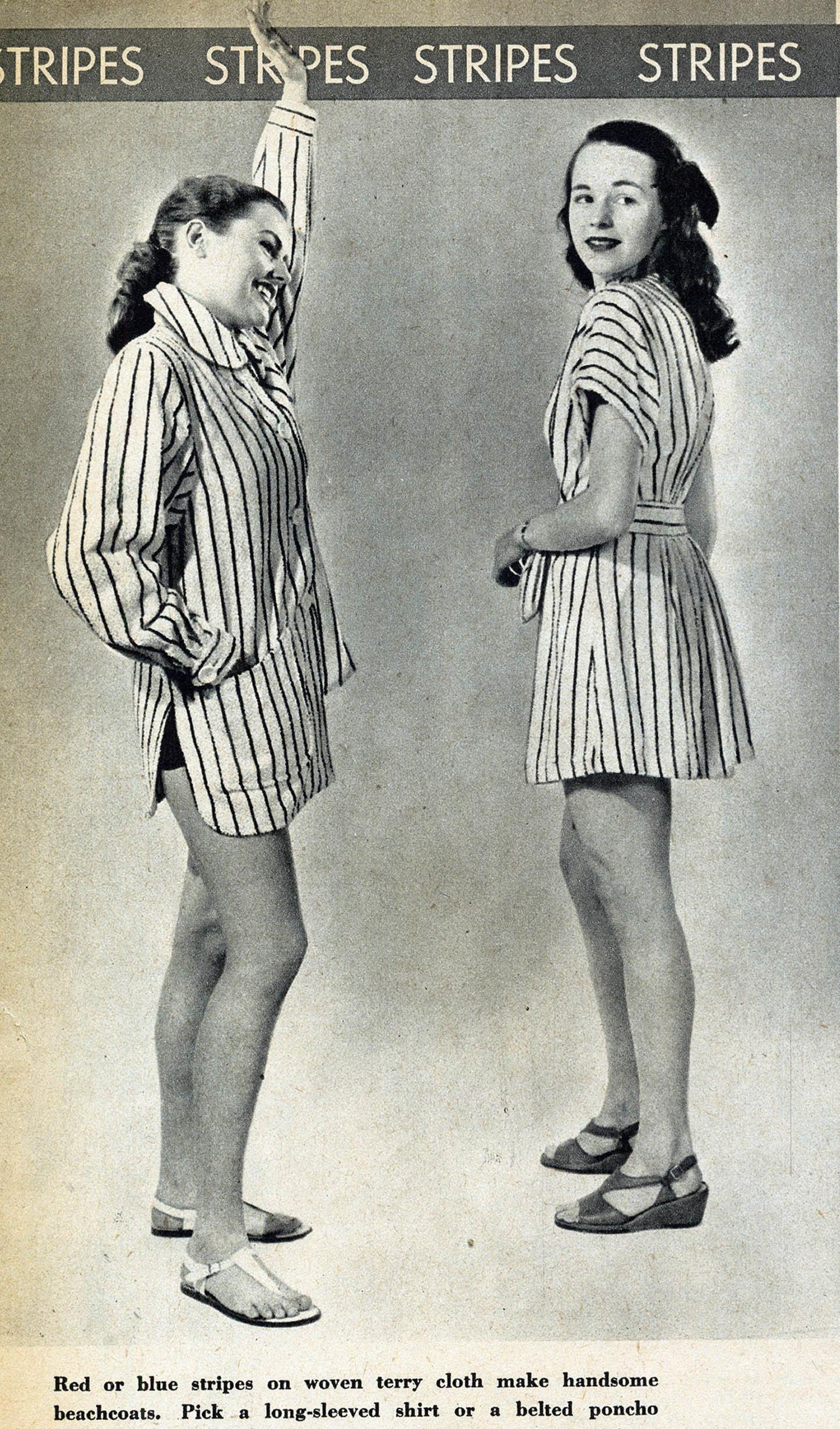
1. Midriff exposure in spun rayon by Rudley. Hot-weather favorite styled for figure flattery in soft shades. 9-15. About $5.50. ***Rich's, Atlanta; Rike-Kumler, Dayton; Lit Brothers, Philadelphia.***

2. Crisp, cool-making Labtex sharkskin, fashioned by Teentimer. White only. 10-16. About $8. Top it off with Betmar's broadbrim. ***Gimbel Bros., Pitts.; D. H. Holmes, New Orleans; Bon Marche, Seattle.***

3. Derby's gingham gaiety. The skirt is softly shirred; the shirt is pique-trimmed for a winning team. 10-16. About $10 for both. ***R. H. Macy, N. Y.; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.***

← *Foreground:* Cuffed pedal pushers in hard-wearing denim by Derby, set youthful styles for up-down-around-town activity. 10-16. About $3. ***McCreery, N. Y.; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Mandel Bros., Chicago.*** ***Background:*** **Cotton gabardine slacks by Millbrooke. Sturdy reliables for outdoor living. 10-16. About $4. Leather thongs by Cobbler.** ***Altman, N. Y.; Carson Pirie & Scott, Chicago; May Co., Los Angeles.***

TRIPES STRIPES STRIPES STRIPES STRIPES STRIPES



Red or blue stripes on woven terry cloth make handsome beachcoats. Pick a long-sleeved shirt or a belted poncho with shirred back, by Frances Sider. Small or Med. $15 ea. *B. Altman, N. Y.; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Bullock's, Los Angeles.*

Thongs by Cobbler

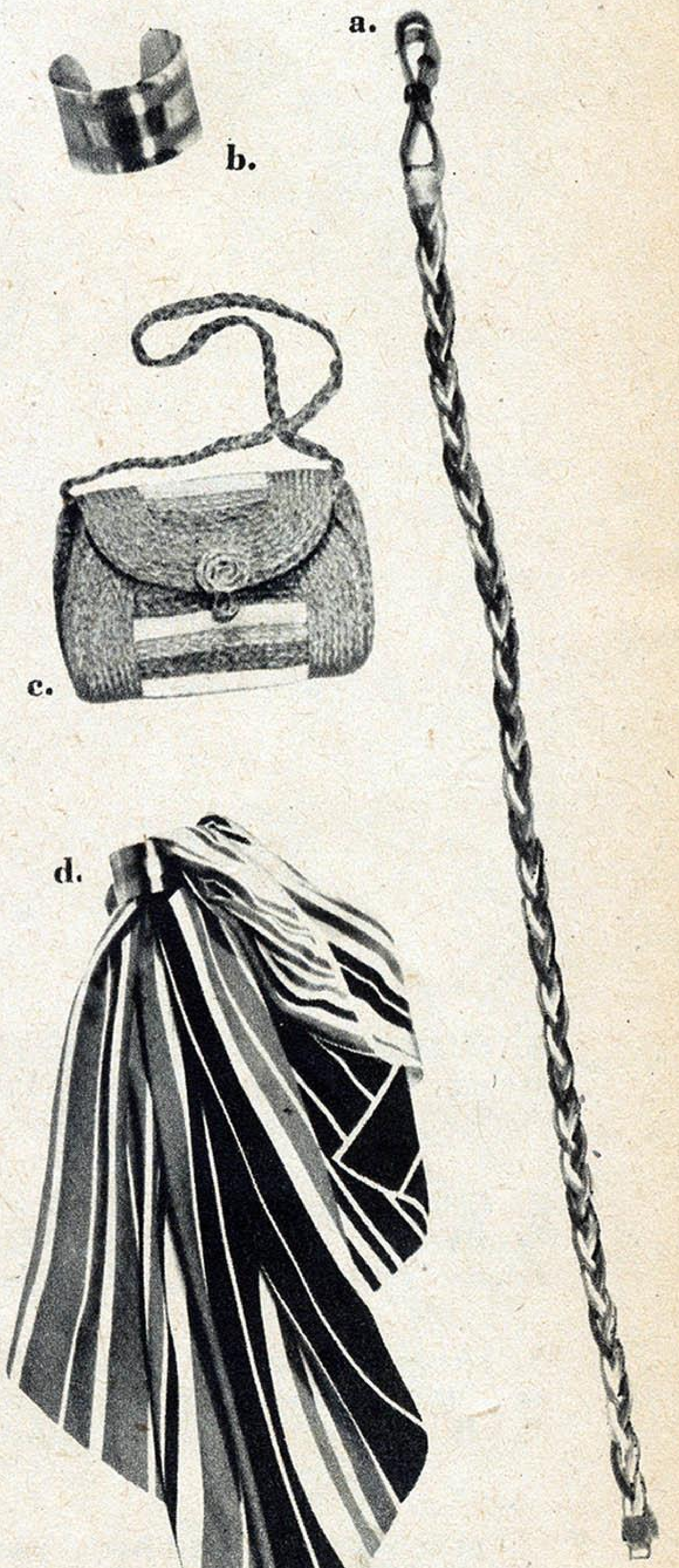
a. *Belt by Shaefer, braided of gay multi-colored plastic. $1.50.*

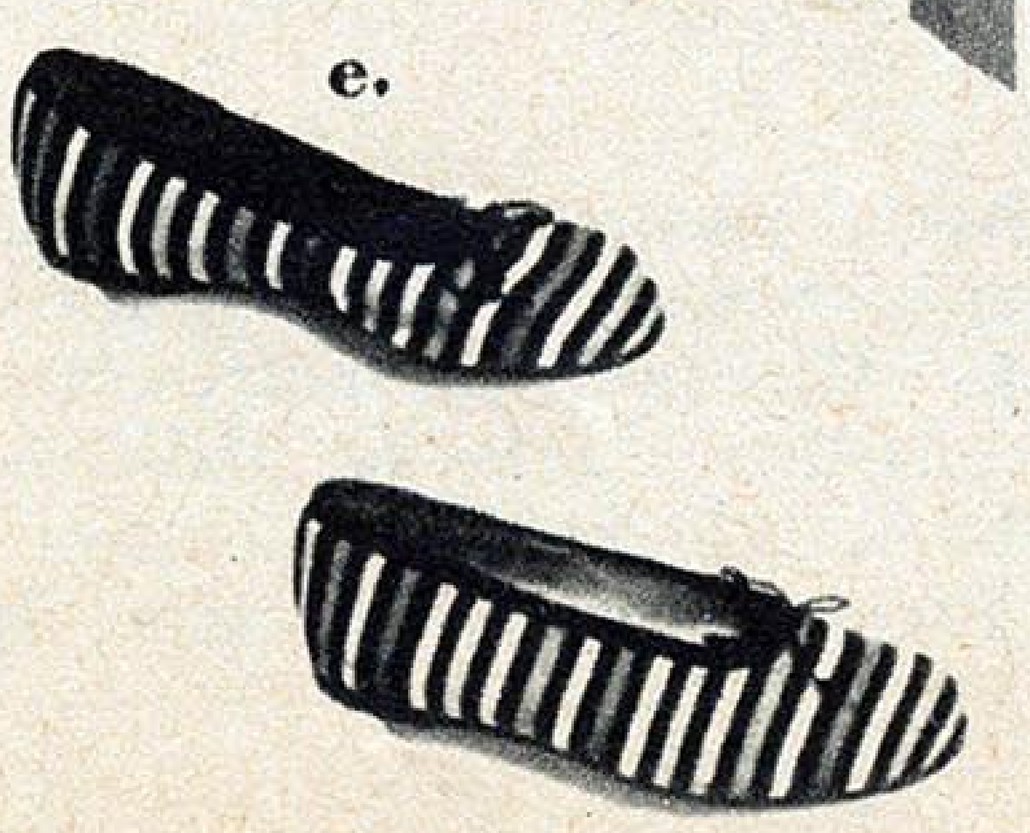
b. *Benedikt bracelets to stripe bare brown arms with "gold". $2.*

c. *Pyramid's vivid striped shoulder bag in sisal straw. About $3.*

d. *Glensder's boldly striped square of spun rayon. About $2.*

e. *Striped cotton ballet slippers by Sandler of Boston. About $5.*





STRIPES STRIPES STRIPES STRIPE STRIPES STRIPE

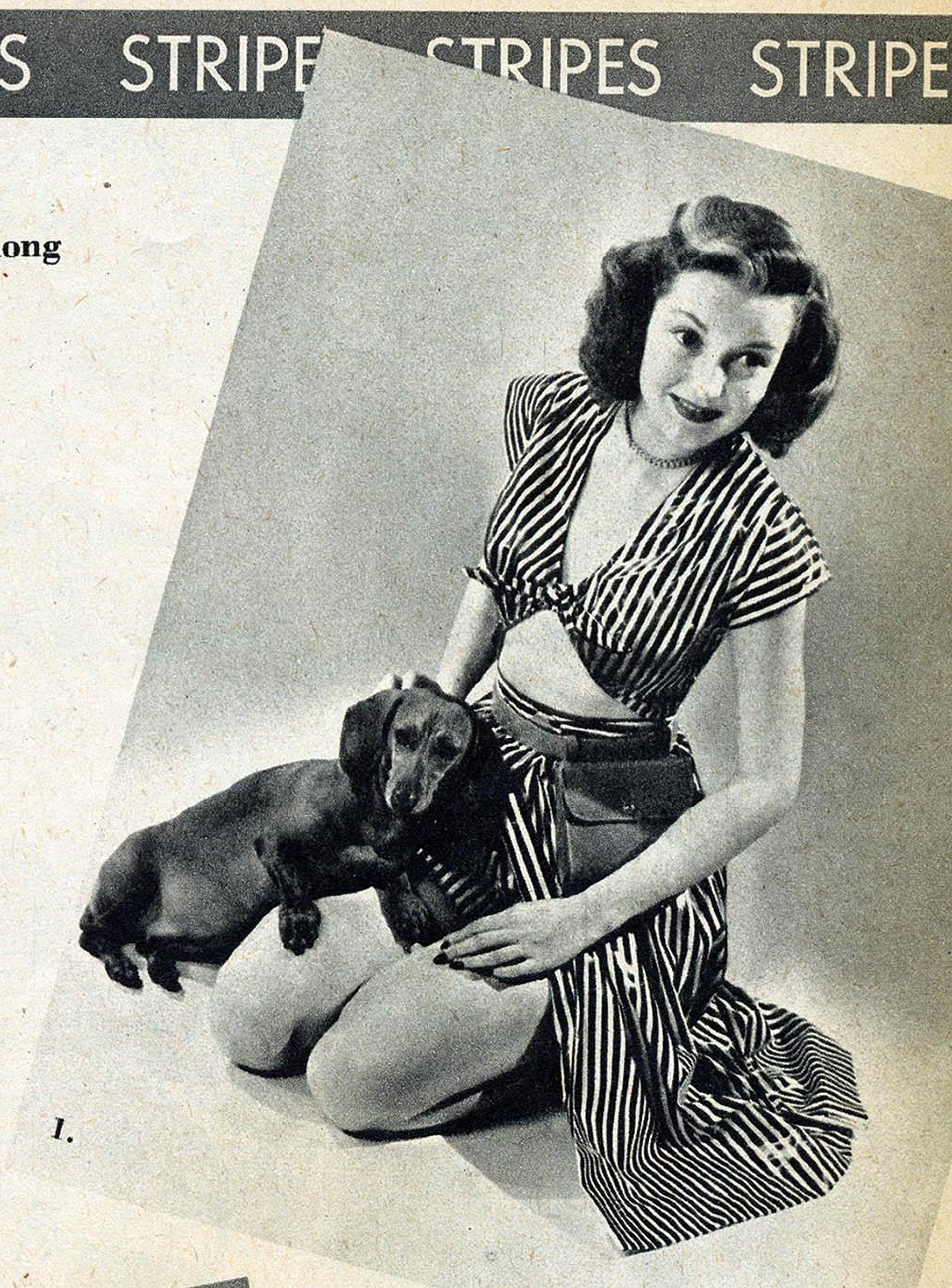
Striped for action—that's you all summer long in playclothes and accessories starring the eye-catching flattery of stripes. . . .

1. **Striped Freshy playsuit on permanent finished chintz perfect for outdoor swimming. Yellow, blue or pink with black. 9-15. About $9.** *Kaufman's, Pittsburgh; Joske Bros., San Antonio*

2. **Trim shirt and shorts, cut for action from striped madras. By Madison Sportswear in black or brown, stripes on white. 9-15. $11.** *Mary Lewis, N. Y.; Hudson, Detroit; Steven's, Chi.*

3. **Practical cotton seersucker in blue, red or brown on white. Skirt camouflages a one piece shoulder strap Freshy sunsuit. 9-15. About $8.** *R. H. Macy & Co., N. Y.; L. S. Ayers, Indianapolis*

4. **Chambray, crisply striped in blue, brown or red is a playsuit that doubles obligingly as a dress. By Goldman Co. 9-15. About $6.** *John Wanamaker, N. Y.; Bullock's, Los Angeles*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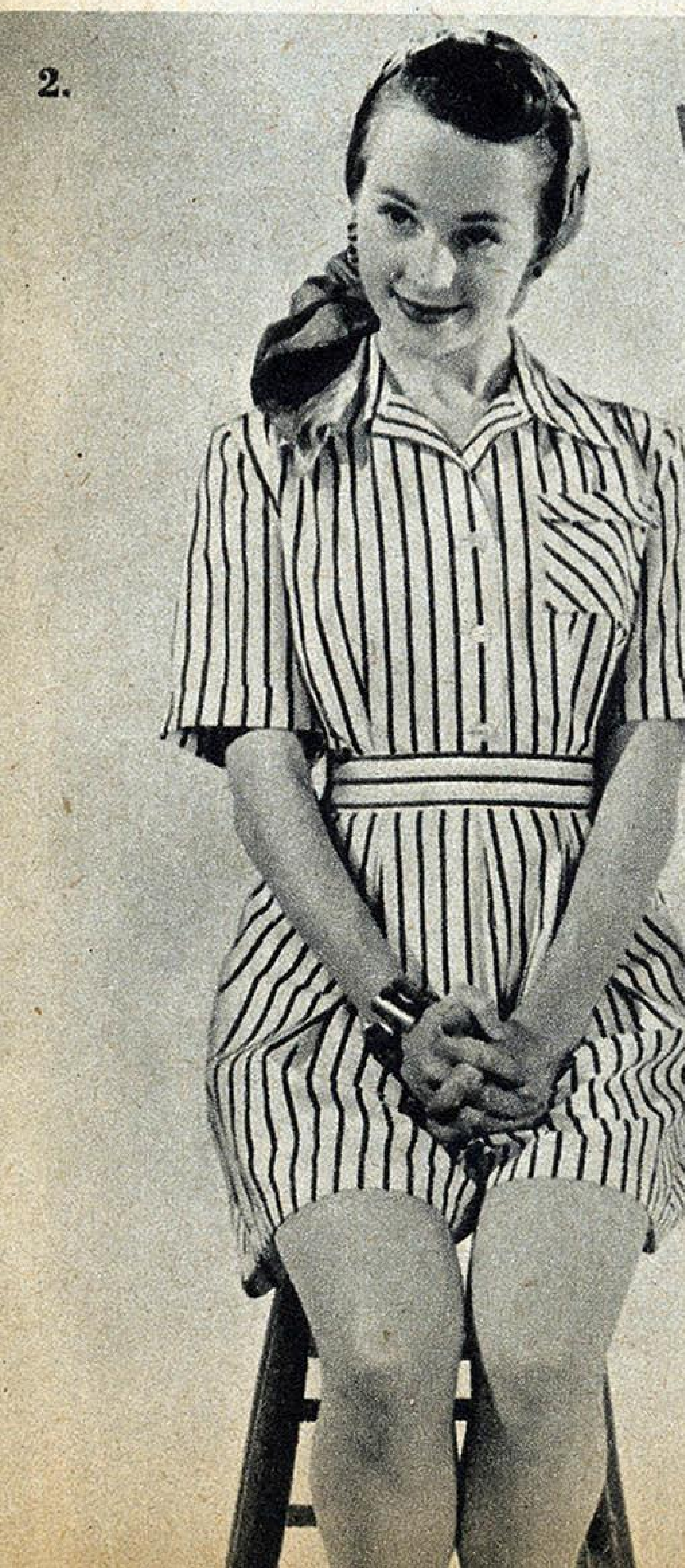
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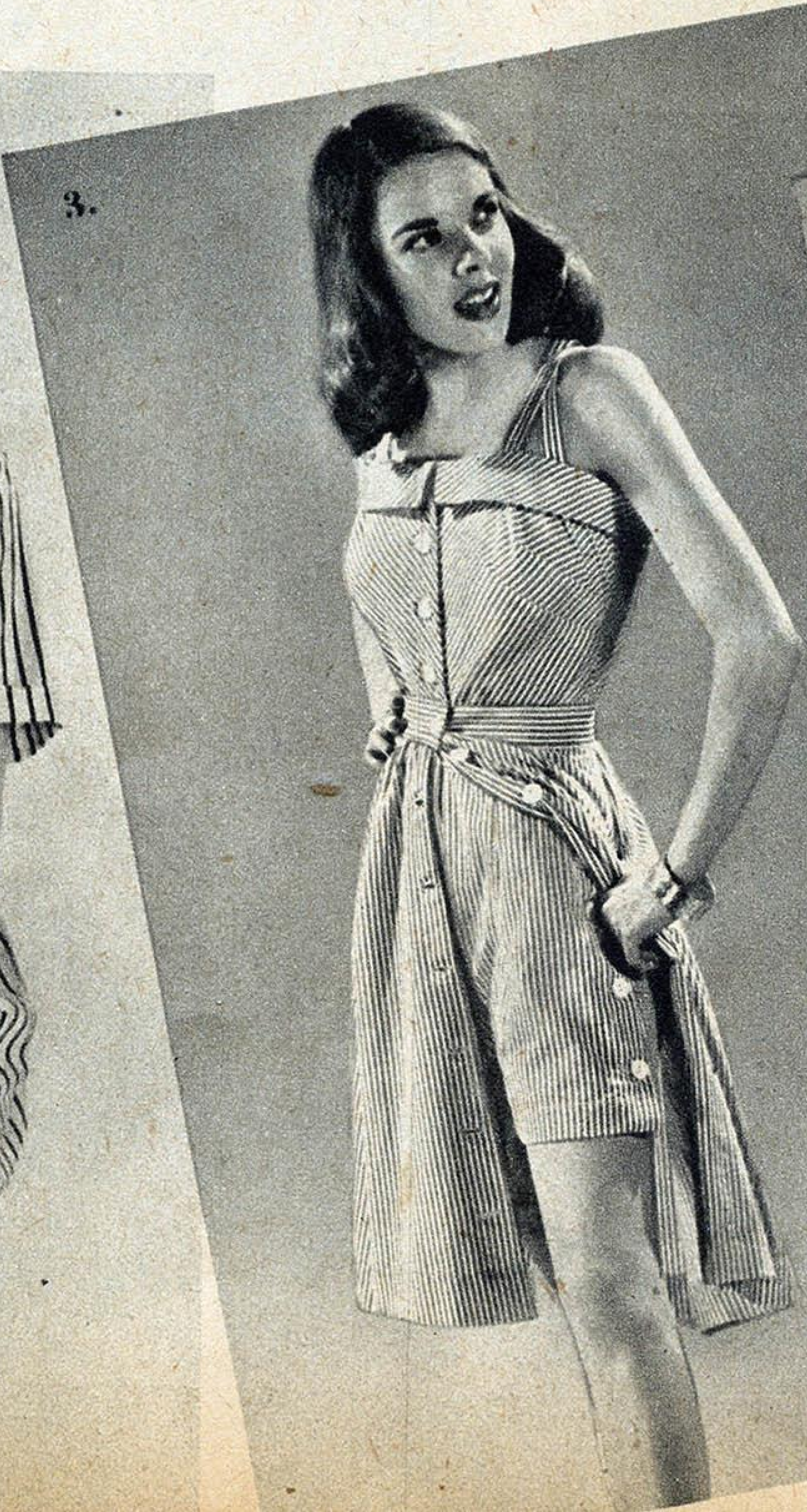
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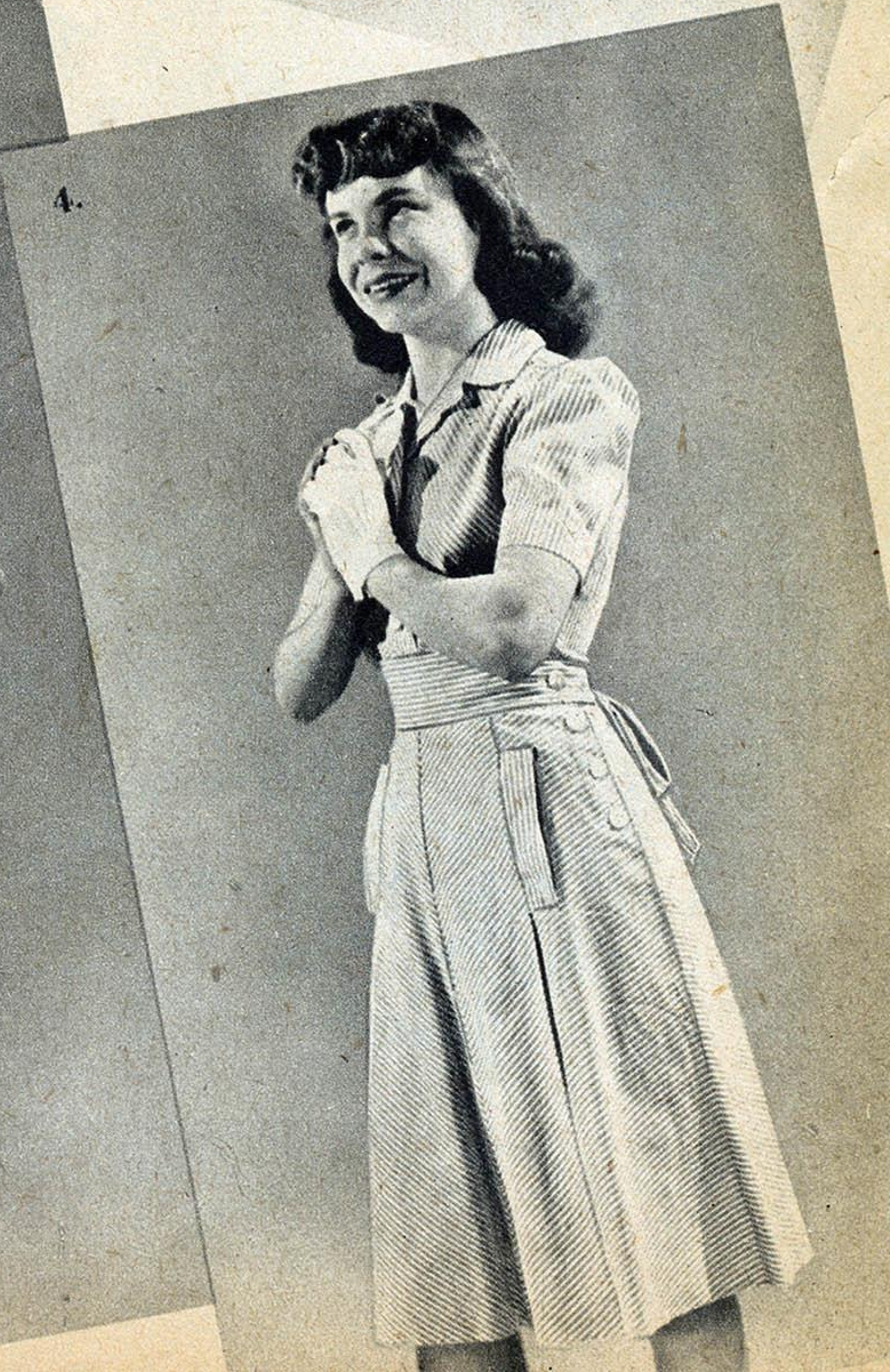

4.

The WHITE FURY...

I had just raised the camera to snap him, when suddenly there was a snarl and a roar. Jock gave a strangled shout.

This story starts off on a sad note until a certain Mr. Jock Howland enters the picture . . . then—well, get set for surprises and—ah!—a smattering of Romance . . .

by Maxine Shore

I WAS sitting on the top step of our front porch, staring moodily off down the road toward the woods, thinking about poor Scamper, when the stranger turned up the path. He wore a mis-mated city suit and a hat kind of bashed down on the back of his red head.

At any other time, the appearance of a stranger this early in the spring in our out-of-the-way Maine village would have intrigued me, but not now. I had something more important to worry about, and so had the rest of the town.

"Hello," he said, and sort of festooned himself over the lower steps.

I didn't answer. I hoped it would be clear to him that I preferred to be alone. But it wasn't.

"You Miss Betsey Gould, whose dog, Scamper, was killed a few nights ago?"

"Yes, I am, but—"

"Look," he said quickly, "I'd better explain. I'm (*Continued on page* 65)

Let's go Camping!

by Maurice Bassaches

TIRED of ordinary camping? Of just sports and swimming all summer long?

There are dozens of camps that are different. You might like to try one of them.

Usually they specialize in one field—like riding, music, acting or dancing—and go in for it intensively. By the end of the summer you have some skill to show for your efforts—something more than a sun-tan and freckles.

Take the Kee-Waydin Ranch, for example. Way out in the Montana Rockies, sixty miles from Missoula, it really gives you a taste of life in the West. The big wind-up of your summer here is a two-week pack trip into the national forest.

In this isolated corner of the wild West, there are no highways or roads, just pack trails. From experienced wranglers you learn to live in the open—fish for trout, cook them over a fire, sleep in bed rolls under the stars. That's the life for a gal from the city! Gives you some idea of how wide open the wide open spaces really are.

Of course, you work up to this kind of thing gradually. At

"Give a gal a lift, willya?" Perry Mansfield campers assist each other mounting, and have a wonderful time.

. . . with a difference! Did you know that you can combine a happy camp summer with special dramatic, musical, sport or other training to enrich a lifetime? Well, here's the good news . . .

Rhythm body mechanics at Perry Mansfield set the style for good posture, dancing and all other sports.

the beginning of a Kee-Waydin summer you first learn about horses. You have the same mount all season, so you come to know him and take care of him. Then you sojourn on short trips and get used to the Western saddle. In between jaunts and waiting for the big pack trip you learn from the wranglers how to drift cattle and you even get a chance to rope calves and pitch hay yourself.

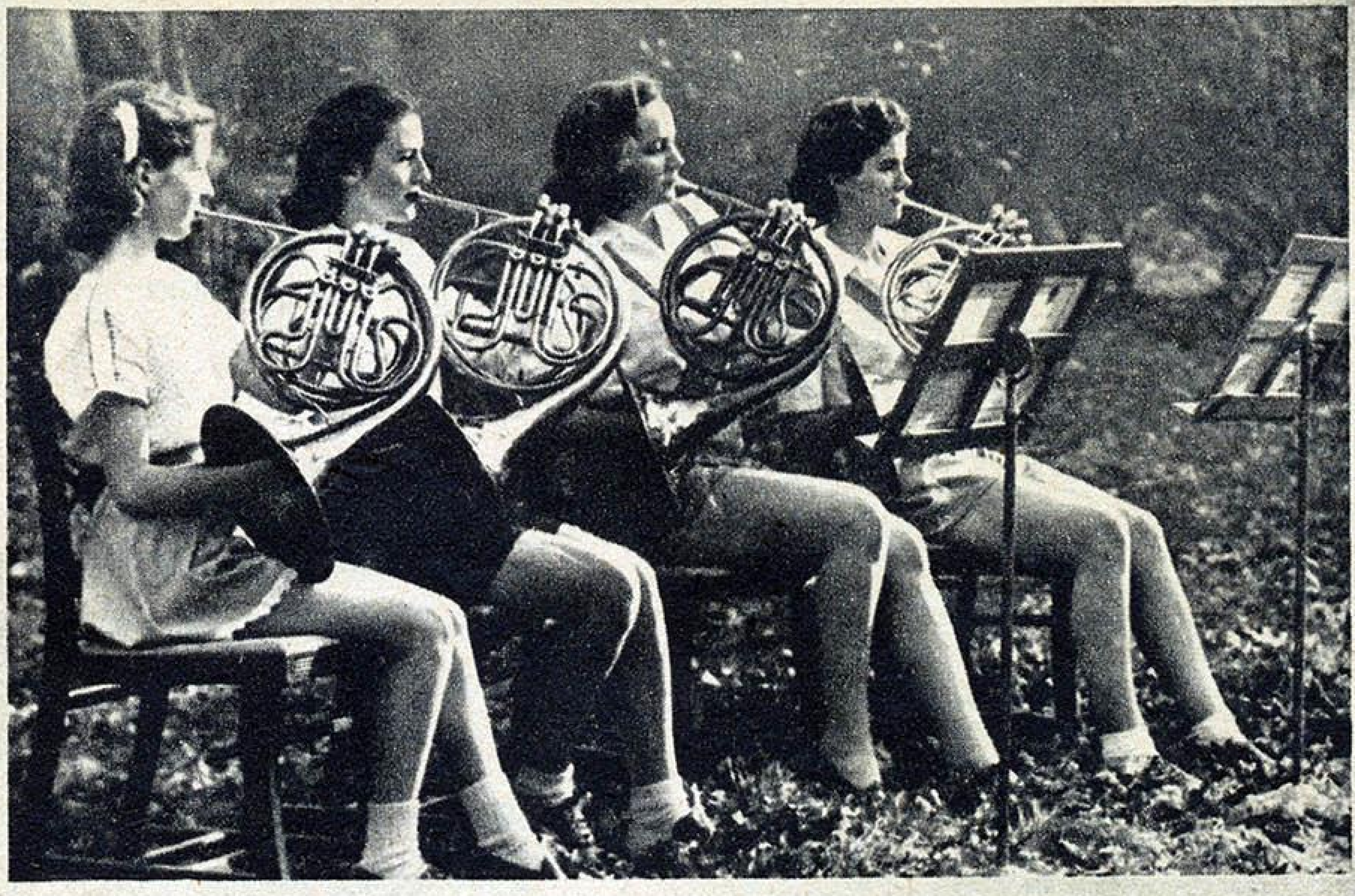
You'll never forget a summer at Kee-Waydin!

On the other hand, if you prefer to take your riding Eastern style, there are camps that go in more for the bridle path type of horsemanship. One is Meadowbrook in the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

At Meadowbrook you can start with elementary things like gaits and turns and advance to schooling and dressage. You spend lots of time at ring work and the summer finishes with a bang-up riding show. If you win a blue ribbon at Meadowbrook, you can be sure you know how to ride.

You say you're not the outdoor type—even in the summer

(*Continued on page* 61)



Music is the big feature at the University of Michigan's National Music Camp at Interlochen, Michigan.

"Swing your partners" is the command and Perry Mansfield campers know just how it's done—love doing it!

Well off the beaten track, a Meadowbrook group goes exploring along with their riding instructor.

Perc Westmore scans MISS AMERICA's Merry Carr at a "preview" session; analysed her as possessing a unique "young, sunrise quality."

The starting point. Features, says Perc Westmore, should be honestly considered before making up. He liked especially Merry's freckles.

fancy face

by Merry Carr

"COME again, please?" I asked Perc Westmore, Warner Brothers' makeup miracle man. I wasn't sure that I had heard him correctly.

Mr. Westmore smiled and smiled. "You heard me," he said. "Makeup is from the *inside*. Makeup is psychological. The best makeup in the world can be put on you but if you do not know what has been done for you, and if you are harboring an idea about some bad feature you have, it is all of no use."

He gave me a sort of twinkling look and I turned pink under my hairnet. Yes, a hairnet, a gruesome strictly business one, for this was the day that Mr. Westmore was to do a complete teenage beauty project on my freckled face for the benefit of Miss America's readers, and part of the "works" was having my hair set ahead of time at Gustav of the Pierre's and—but I'm getting off the track. Just picture me then in that hairnet, face scrubbed clean, hearing startling things about makeup from Perc Westmore, who's tall, dark and *so-o* nice.

He continued, "For instance, the average starlet going into pictures invariably asks, 'Do you think my chin is too long? And my nose, it's too big, isn't it? And aren't my eyes wrong?' The first thing that must be done for such a person is to straighten out her thinking—her mind. I ask her. 'Are you an actress?' 'Yes,' she will reply. 'Well,' I tell her, 'the only thing you have to work on is reflecting emotion. If you reflect your emotion about some flaw in your appearance,

Thorough cleansing with three creamings followed by soap is a pre-makeup *must*, also an aid to clear and smooth-textured skin.

Powdering must be thorough—never patchy. Perc Westmore recommends fluffing it on lavishly, then smoothing off all surplus.

Perc Westmore's knowing fingers blend Merry's powder with care to avoid chalkiness. Joan List of MISS AMERICA's staff sits taking notes.

that flaw will be the first thing people see on the screen. But if you reflect the emotion that comes from being immaculately well groomed and perfectly made up, that is what people will accept as *you.*'"

"Now, about makeup—" I said. "When should a girl start to use it and how much should she use and all that?"

Mr. Westmore grinned. "I like to see a teen-ager look like a teen-ager," he said. "Her makeup should emphasize that young, fresh teen-age quality, not imitate the older, sophisticated look. If it is right for her age and type, makeup can help a teen-ager a lot with poise—I taught my own teen-age daughter how to make up properly and it helped her to be happier and more self-confident—why, even her school grades went up. So here's how you use makeup during the growing up years.

"Say a girl wants to use lipstick when she's thirteen or fourteen," I nodded. He went on, "Then she should apply it, if she has her parents' consent, carefully, and blot it off thoroughly. All that should remain is a soft, rosy glow on her lips. When she is fifteen, or thereabouts she'll want to use more lipstick and she should learn to put it on with a brush."

"Sounds pretty tricky," I murmured.

"Not at all," Mr. Westmore told me. "Any girl can learn to make clear outlines with a lipstick brush if she will practice by putting on lipstick as usual, kissing the back of her own hand, and then tracing around the outline imprinted on her hand with her brush until her

(*Continued on page* 36)

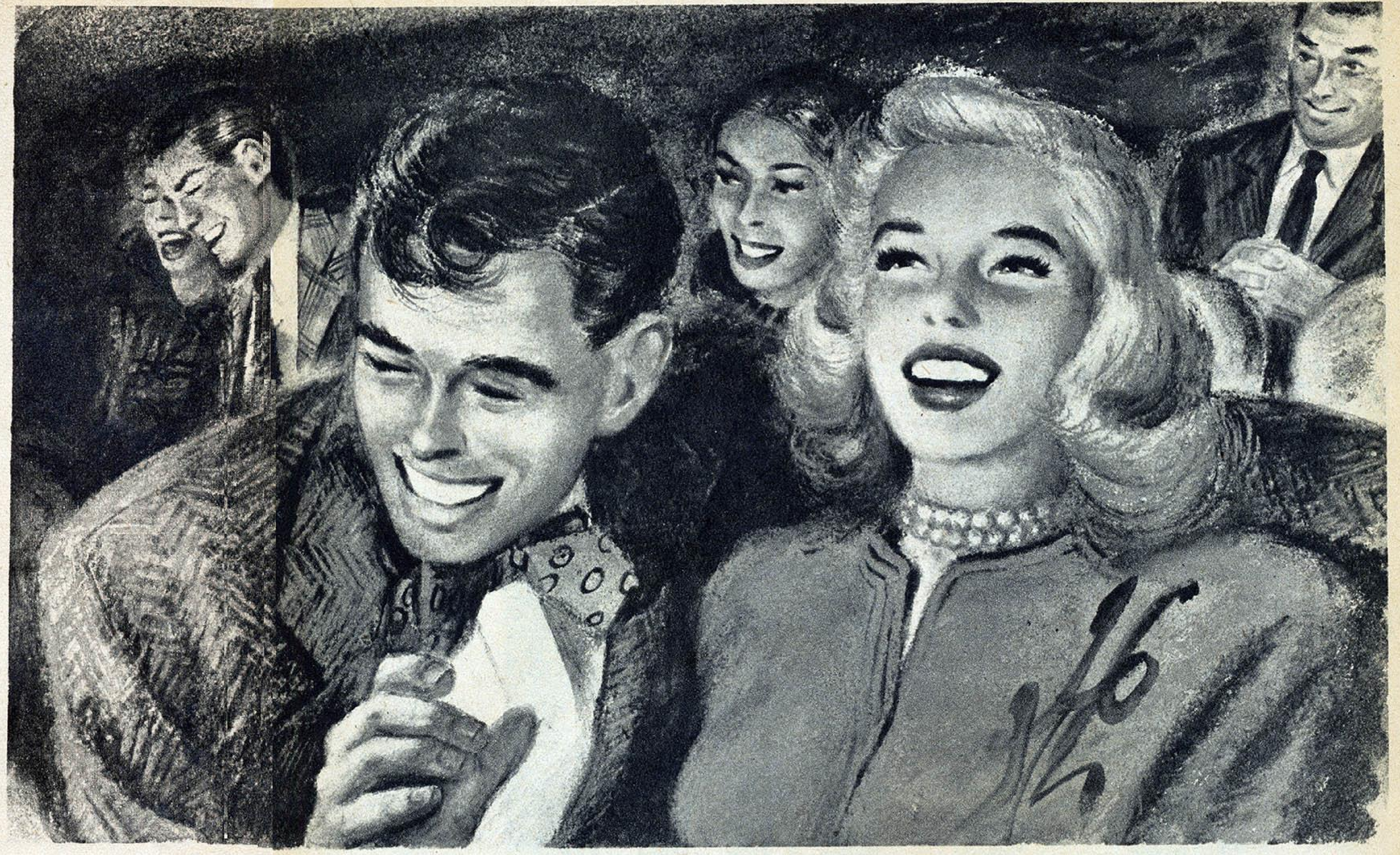
The light in a girl's eyes is brighter than ever if she tries a special Westmore brow and lash trick. Merry describes the "know-how" in this article.

No wonder Merry smiles! She never looked better in her life and learned enough beauty tricks in this session to last herself—and you—a lifetime.

Imagine Perc Westmore, Hollywood's makeup magician, using his artistry on *you* . . . It happened to Merry Carr—and you'll find helpful hints in her experience . . .

Saturday night Date...

by Rosalie F. Wilson



Marilyn had to show Jon . . . She could be worldly-wise and sophisticated, too . . . Only, maybe, Jon knew a little about worldliness and sophistication—and a lot about Marilyn . . .

MARILYN rested her knuckles on the table beneath the hall mirror, bringing her face closer to the glass. Somberly she stared at the reflection, the short dark, curly hair, the wide dark eyes, the young mouth under the short straight nose.

She sighed heavily. It was not, she decided, a fascinating picture. Mentally she catalogued her features. Hair—like a baby's after its bath. Eyes—trusting. Mouth—inclined to be curly. Nose—hardly enough to be worth listing. The whole effect so . . . so childish!

Taking a deep breath, Marilyn shut her eyes. When she opened them she allowed her lids to rise only half way. She brought her right shoulder and her chin in closer proximity and she pursed her lips like the girls in perfume ads. She peeked into the glass. It was better, she thought, but something was still missing. Carefully she raised her eyebrows. That was it.

"Don't tell me, let me guess," her mother said from the doorway. "Hedy La Marr?" Marilyn whirled, blushing to the roots of her hair.

"Golly," she stammered. "I didn't know anyone was watching."

"I like you better the way you always are," Mrs. Martin told her daughter.

"But that's just the point," Marilyn cried. I'm supposed to be a type. An article I read the other day said to play up your type, not imitate somebody else's, and I've been trying to discover what type I *am.* Ginny and I spent all afternoon figuring and you know what we decided?"

Mrs. Martin hazarded a guess. "You're sweet, maybe?"

"Oh, sweet," Marilyn's voice held infinite scorn. "We decided that I'm nothing. Absolutely nothing."

Mrs. Martin bent to pick up a piece of lint from the carpet and Marilyn suspected that she was laughing, but when her mother straightened, her face was almost solemn. "But you've done so nicely for fifteen years being nothing, that I can't see why you have to change."

"On account of my date tonight with Jon." Marilyn admitted slowly. "He's so nice, and he's new here and I want to make a good impression on him. Not only for myself, but to show him that Centerville's girls are as good as anybody's."

"Did he suggest they weren't?"

"Oh, no! But he's from New York. Probably all the girls he knew were terribly charming or intelligent or something. What will he think when he finds out that I'm just *nothing?*"

"New York girls are probably exactly like Centerville girls and San Francisco girls and Kansas City girls." She sniffed the air, "My potatoes," she wailed. From the kitchen, Mrs. Martin called back over her shoulder, "You just be your sweet little self and you won't have a thing to worry about."

Marilyn sighed again. Mothers! They were wonderful but they thought boys and girls today were the same as boys and girls when they were young. They didn't realize how the world had changed.

The front door slammed and Marilyn heaved a sigh of relief. Her parents were on their way to Jon's parents for an evening of bridge. She had the house to herself, which was lucky, because if her mother had been there, the thing

(*Continued on page* 54)

So you want to be a dancer?

Ballet takes over the fashion fields. Here Steffi Nossen's popular teen-aged group, perform during a shoe showing in New York. Forms of ballet are taught at her Westchester Workshop.

Teen-agers Diana Adams and Bambi Linn rehearse before going on stage. Diana is a Ballet Theater soloist; Bambi, the star of the hit "*Carousel*". *Photo courtesy of Ballet Arts School.

Future ballerinas, Yvonne Chouteau, Maria Tall Chief and Pauline Goddard of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. Yvonne, now 18, joined the Ballet 3 years ago; 17-year-old Pauline is from Brazil, and Maria, 19, is half-Indian.

by Jerome Robbins

The author, who started his career at 16, and is today one of the country's leading choreographers, tells you how you, too, can achieve dance prominence.

How nice for you! But did you know that a dance career requires more than an interest in the art, or fanciful "illusions of grandeur"? Jerry Robbins, the man who knows, has some mighty illuminating views on the subject. . . .

EDITOR'S NOTE: *On the morning of April 18, 1944, after the sensational New York opening of "Fancy Free," 25-year-old Jerome Robbins woke up, rubbed the surprise out of his twinkly eyes—and discovered—he was America's outstanding young choreographer and ballet dancer! In spite of the impressive title, the energetic Mr. Robbins refuses to be impressed (we are though!), has not got over a "who me?" attitude about himself, and glances about uncertainly when people talk of his extraordinary accomplishments.*

He first learned to dance via his older sister Sonia's ballet lessons. When she attended classes, Master Robbins tagged along to watch, picked up the technique and certainly mastered it! At 16, in spite of parental objection, Jerry decided upon a dance career.

"I washed venetian blinds for Dagonova," he says, "and she gave me three lessons a week in payment. If I had worked a little harder, I might have become a window washer."

After that, his career moved along speedily—a part in "The Brothers Askanazee"; a job with the Fokine Ballet; several choice parts in leading Broadway comedies; finally, S. Hurok spied him and signed him for the Ballet Theater, where he remained for four seasons.

Then came the revolution! Early in '44, Jerry transformed the dance entirely by streamlining Terpsichore. His ballet, "Fancy Free," became the first completely modern piece to capture both the box office and the critics' applauds. Jerry repeated immediately with "On The Town," "Interplay," "Billion Dollar Baby" and the current, "Look Ma—I'm Dancing!" for which he wrote the book as well as composed the choreography.

I've read articles like this before. The author, Oscar Somebody-or-other, from Upswitch, U.S.A., will start out with well-aimed belligerence—aimed to flatten you out in seconds short. The Surprise Attack . . . a running commentary something like this: "Aha—so *you* want to be a dancer? And *just what* makes you think you can dance?" Now you start to think (what was it, anyway?)—you feel queerly in your solar plexus, and (*Continued on page 43*)

Our song-and-dance-and-jive man is here—to serve you a generous helping of platter pickings, personality sidelights, and scoop news from the world of music. . . .

by Pat Parks

Ginnie Powell, just out of her teens, sings sweetly now for Harry James' band. Reception to recordings has been but flattering from happy fans.

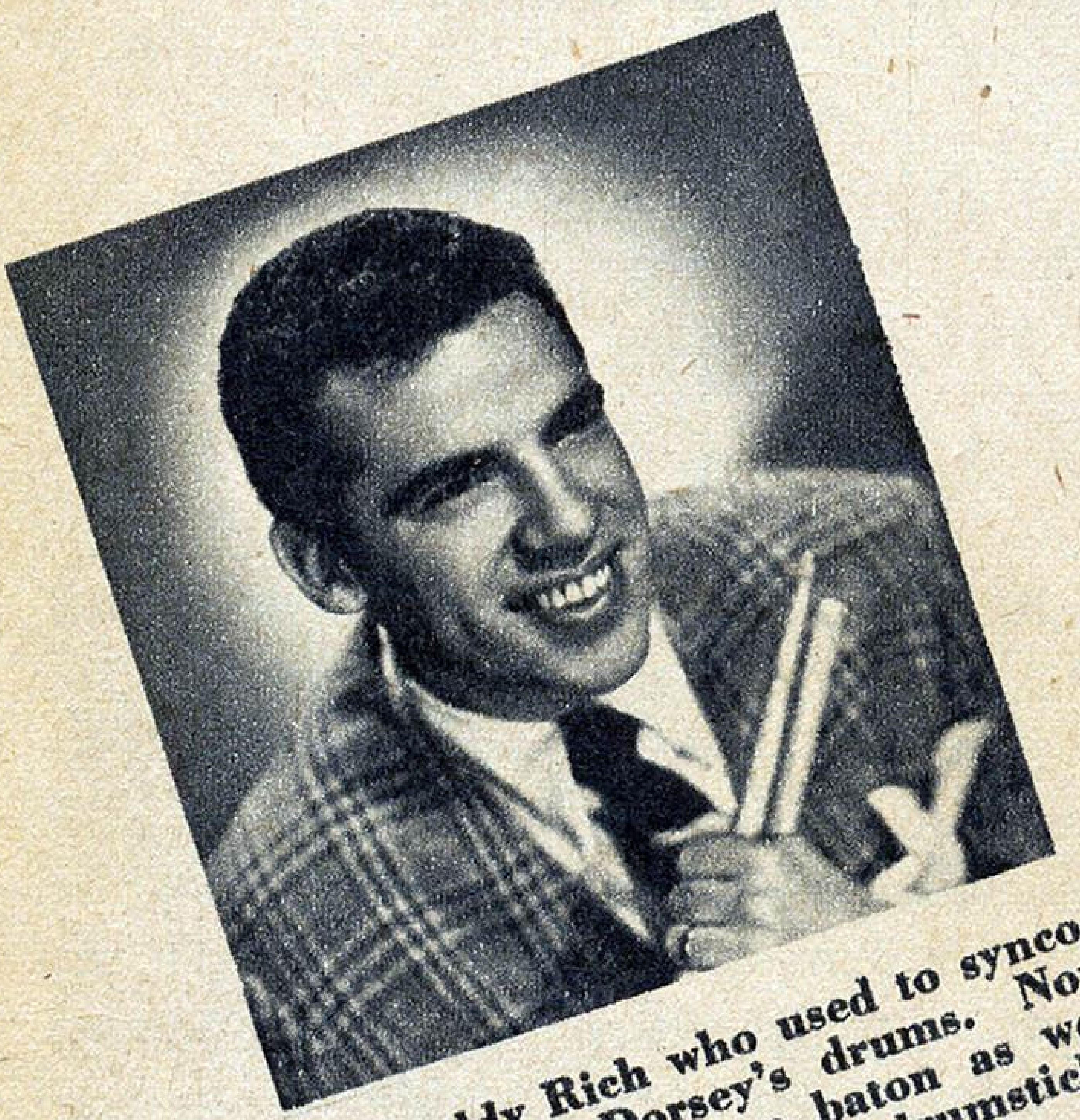
THE housing shortage has hit the music business in more ways than one. Apparently some of the day's songwriters are having as much trouble as plain, ordinary people in getting a place to rent. At least they've taken to writing songs about the shortage. Most promising of the lot is a gay little number tabbed "Got a Tent for Rent?" Tony Pastor has recorded it.

Then the boys in Hal McIntyre's band fell into the spirit of the thing when they arrived in a midwest town to discover that they had no hotel reservations and there wasn't a room in town. They slept backstage and in the lobby of the theater where they were scheduled to play!

Two other housing shortage songs are "Don't Wish Me Luck . . . Find Me an Apartment" and "No Pad to be Had." A "pad" is a bed in jive talk, in case you were wondering. . . .

Duke Ellington will beat feet from Victor next month, it sez here. He'll record for Musicraft after decades with His Master's Voice.

Louis Prima's still nervous *(Continued on page 56)*

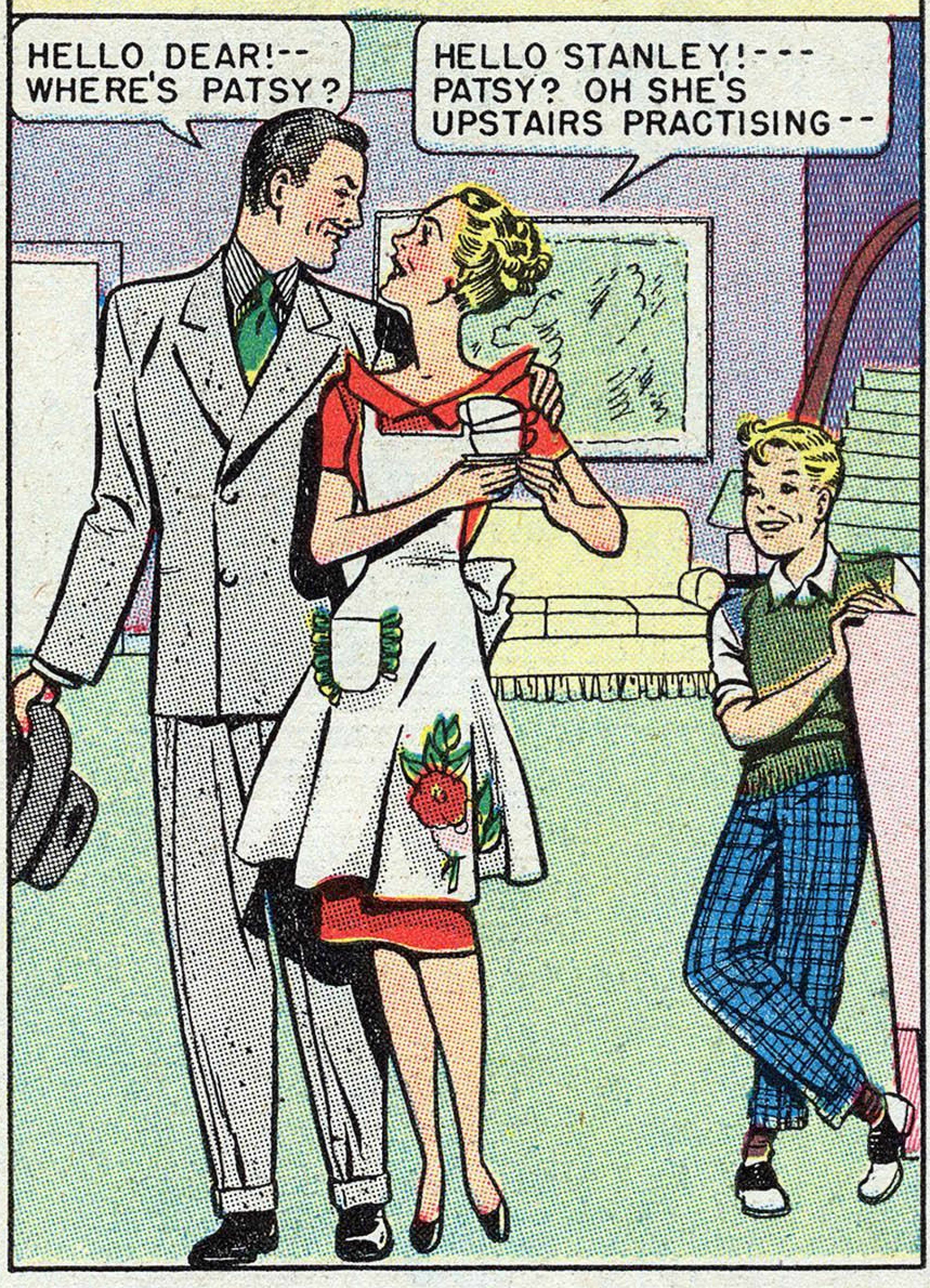


It's Buddy Rich who used to syncopate on T. Dorsey's drums. Now he handles his own baton as well as those famous rattlin' drumsticks.

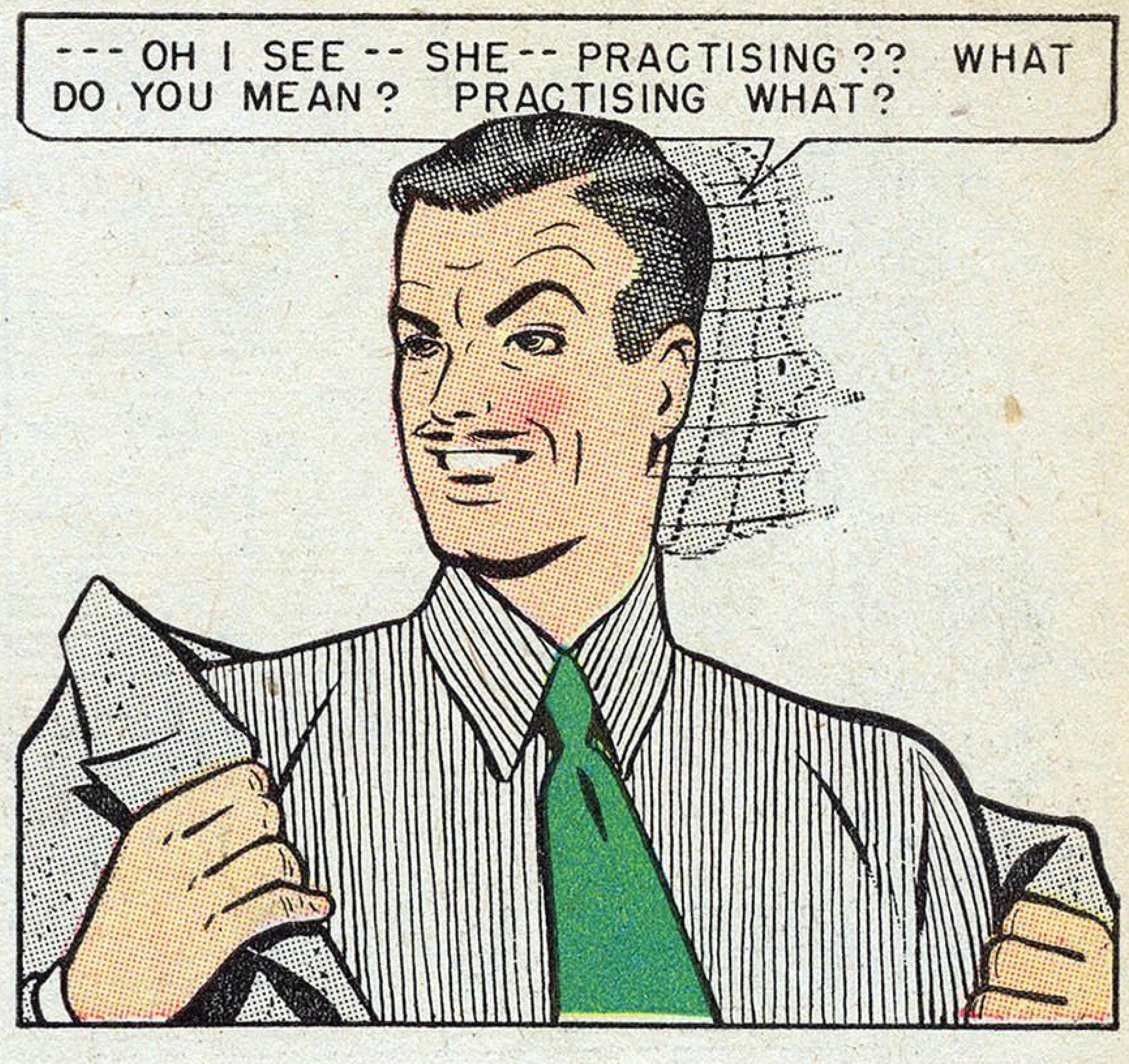
JAM SESSION

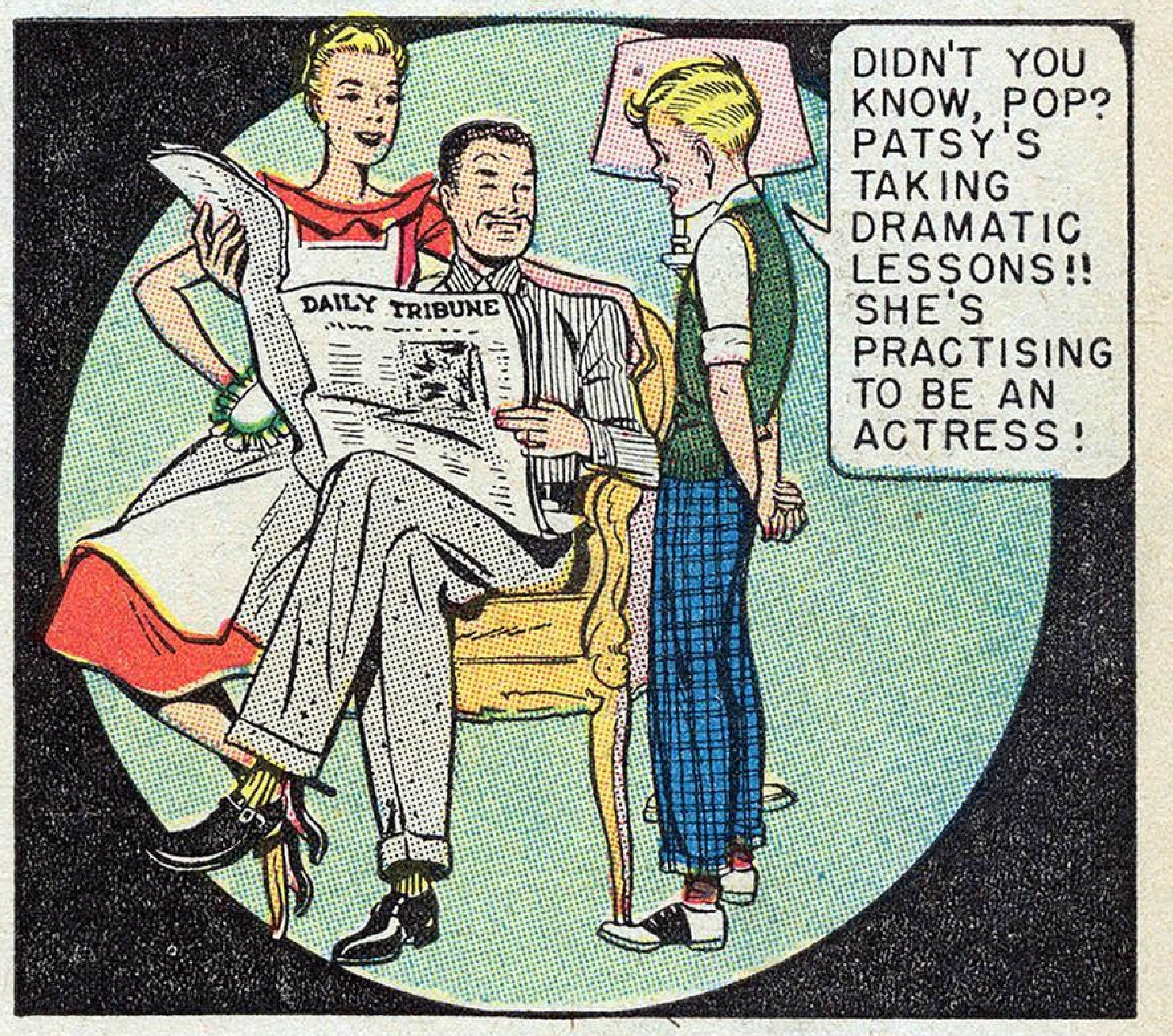
Talking shop. Duke Ellington observes Tommy Dorsey's trombone technique. Wonder if he'll teach T. D. piano pointers! What, no trade secrets here?

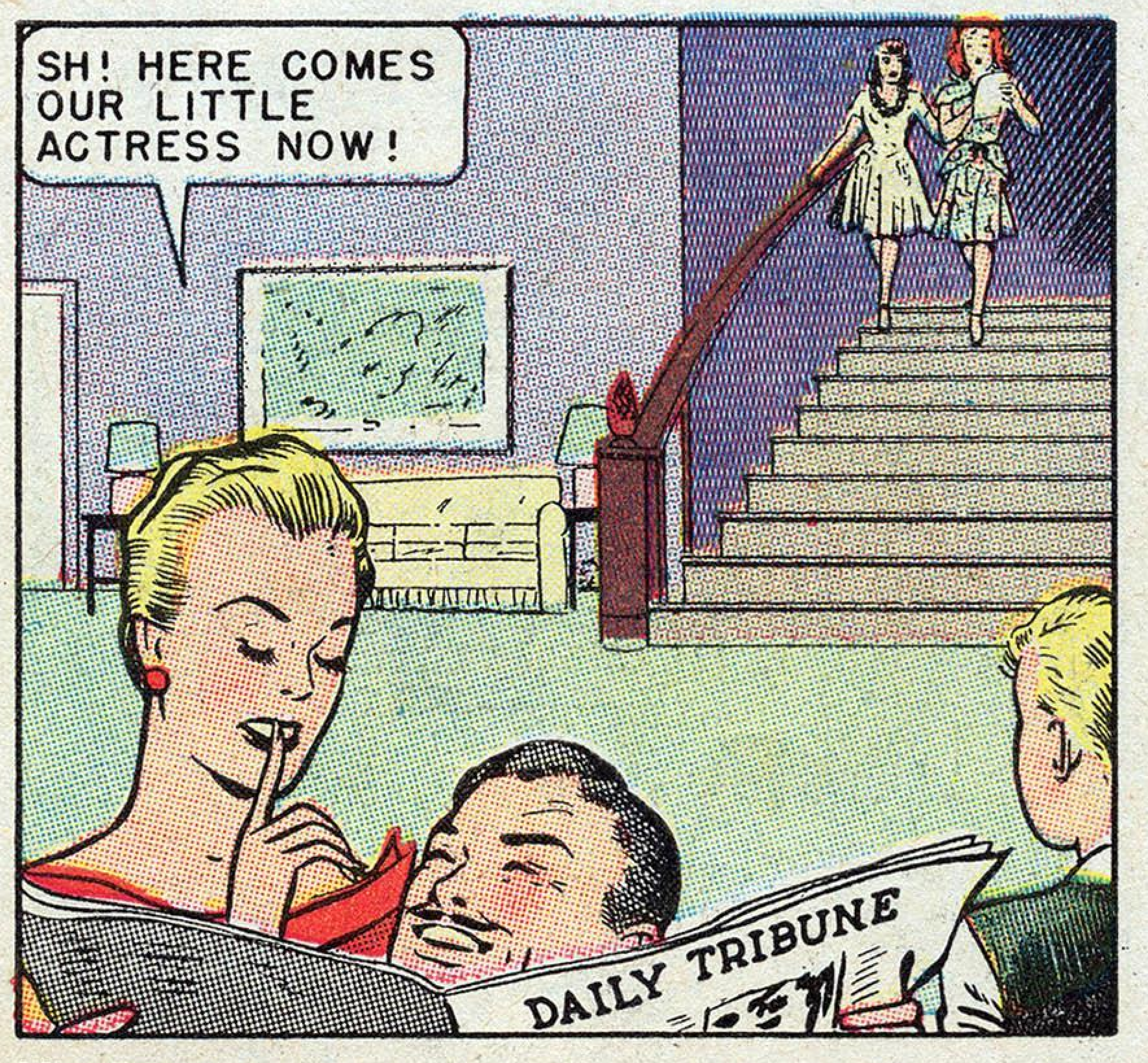
PATSY WALKER

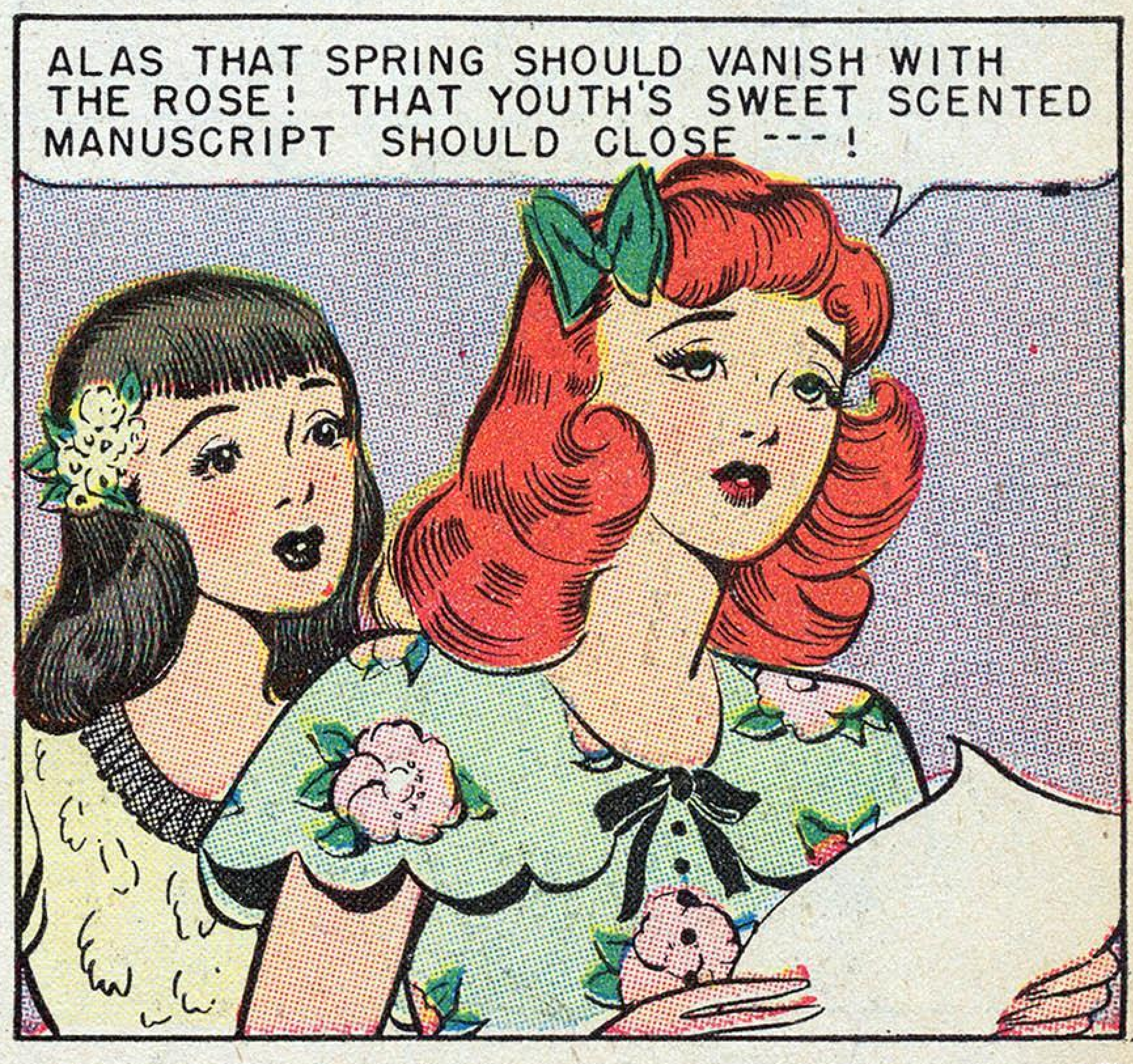

HELLO DEAR!-- WHERE'S PATSY?
HELLO STANLEY!--- PATSY? OH SHE'S UPSTAIRS PRACTISING--

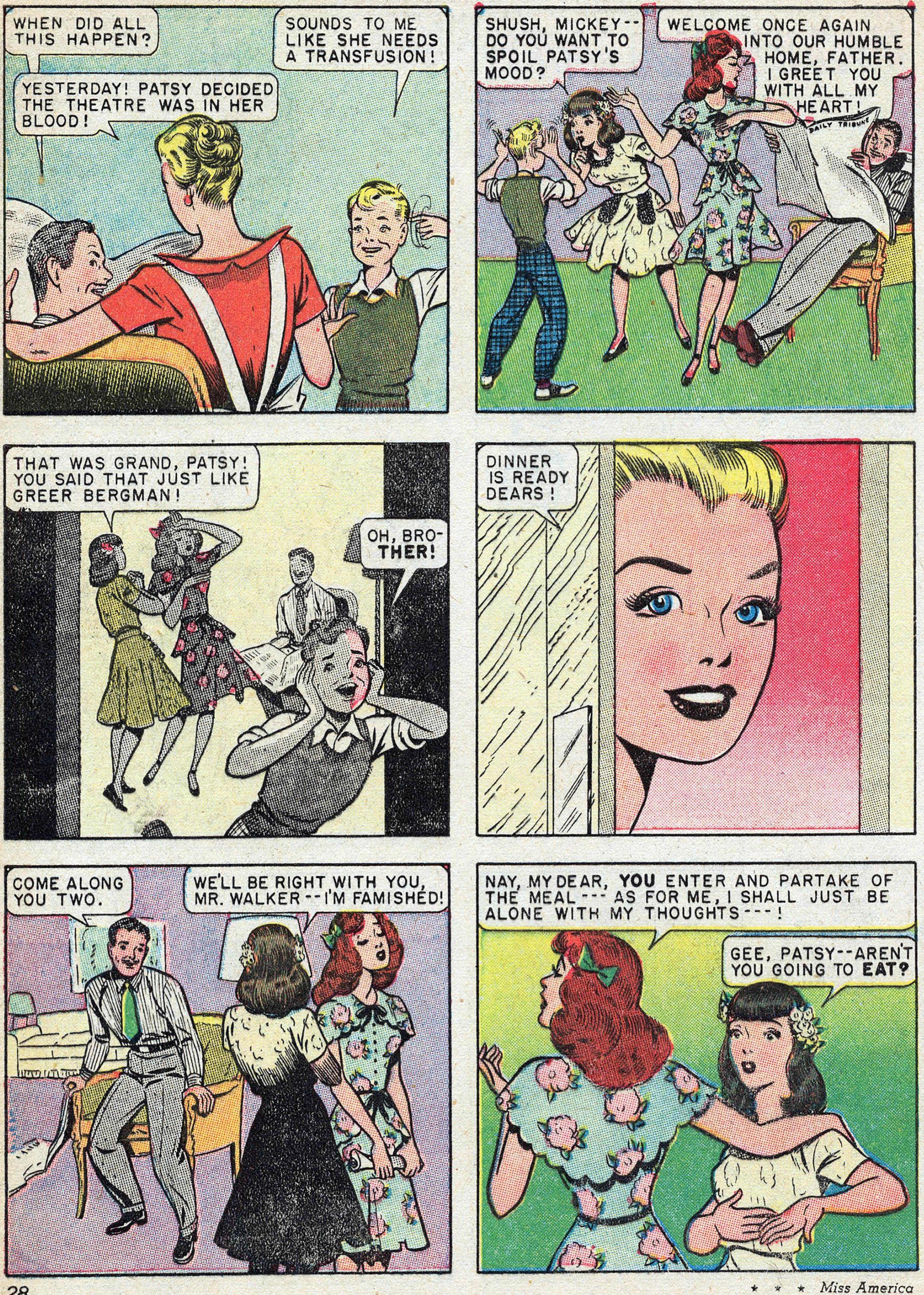
AFTER A FULL DAYS WORK AT THE OFFICE, THERE'S NO FINER FEELING THAN COMING HOME TO YOUR FAMILY--- WHICH IS WHAT WE FIND MR. WALKER DOING---

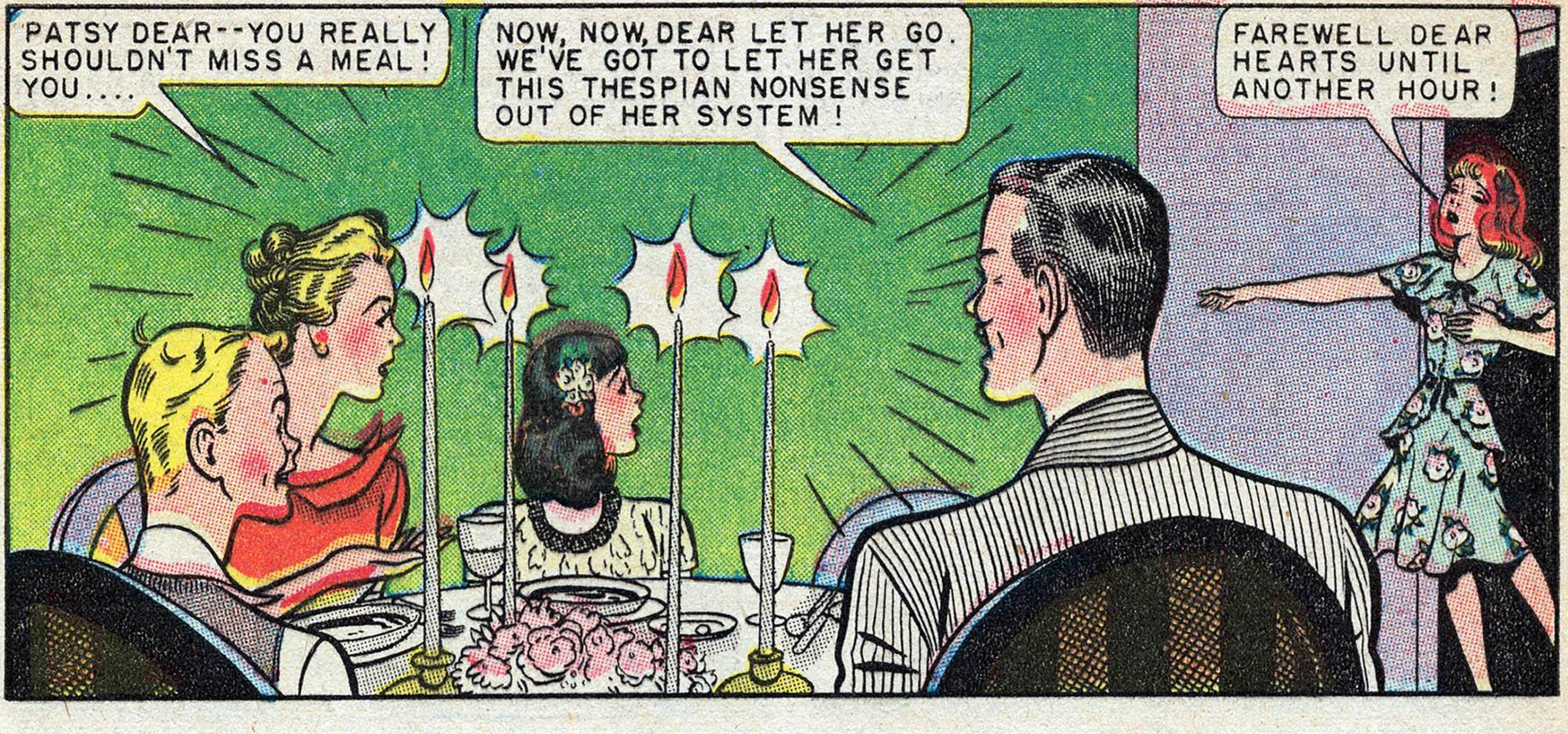

---OH I SEE-- SHE-- PRACTISING?? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? PRACTISING WHAT?

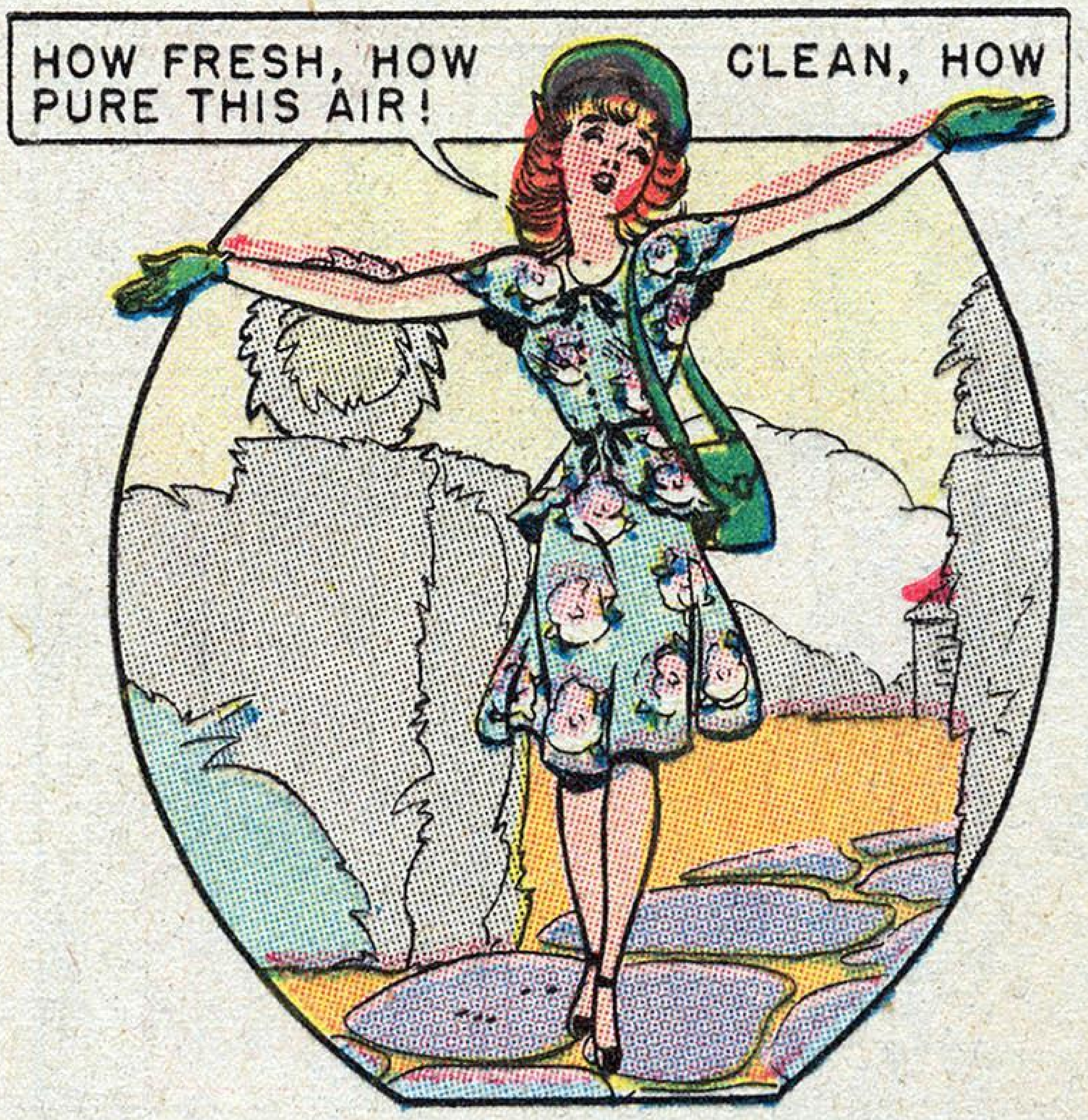

DIDN'T YOU KNOW, POP? PATSY'S TAKING DRAMATIC LESSONS!! SHE'S PRACTISING TO BE AN ACTRESS!
DAILY TRIBUNE


SH! HERE COMES OUR LITTLE ACTRESS NOW!
DAILY TRIBUNE

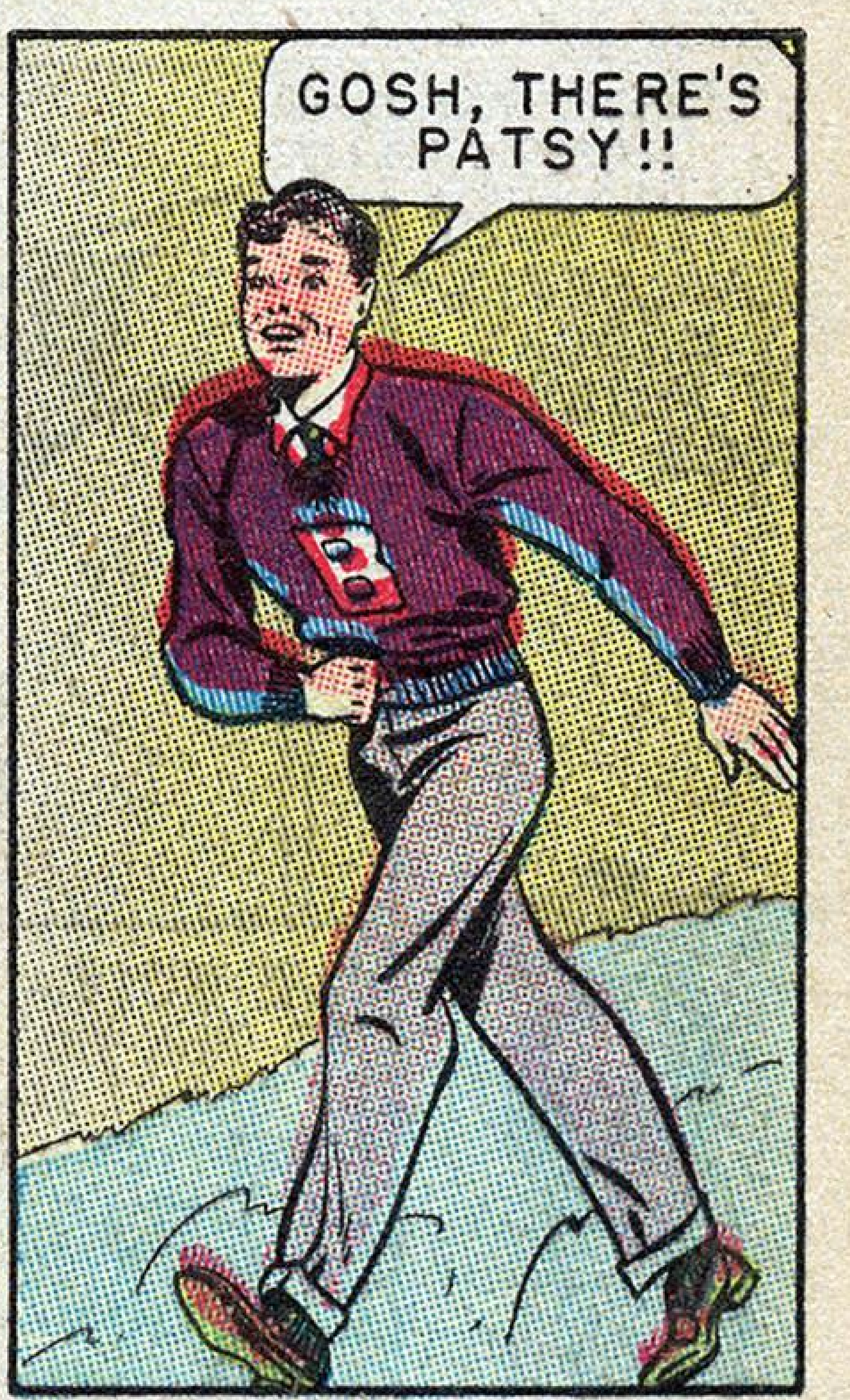

ALAS THAT SPRING SHOULD VANISH WITH THE ROSE! THAT YOUTH'S SWEET SCENTED MANUSCRIPT SHOULD CLOSE---!

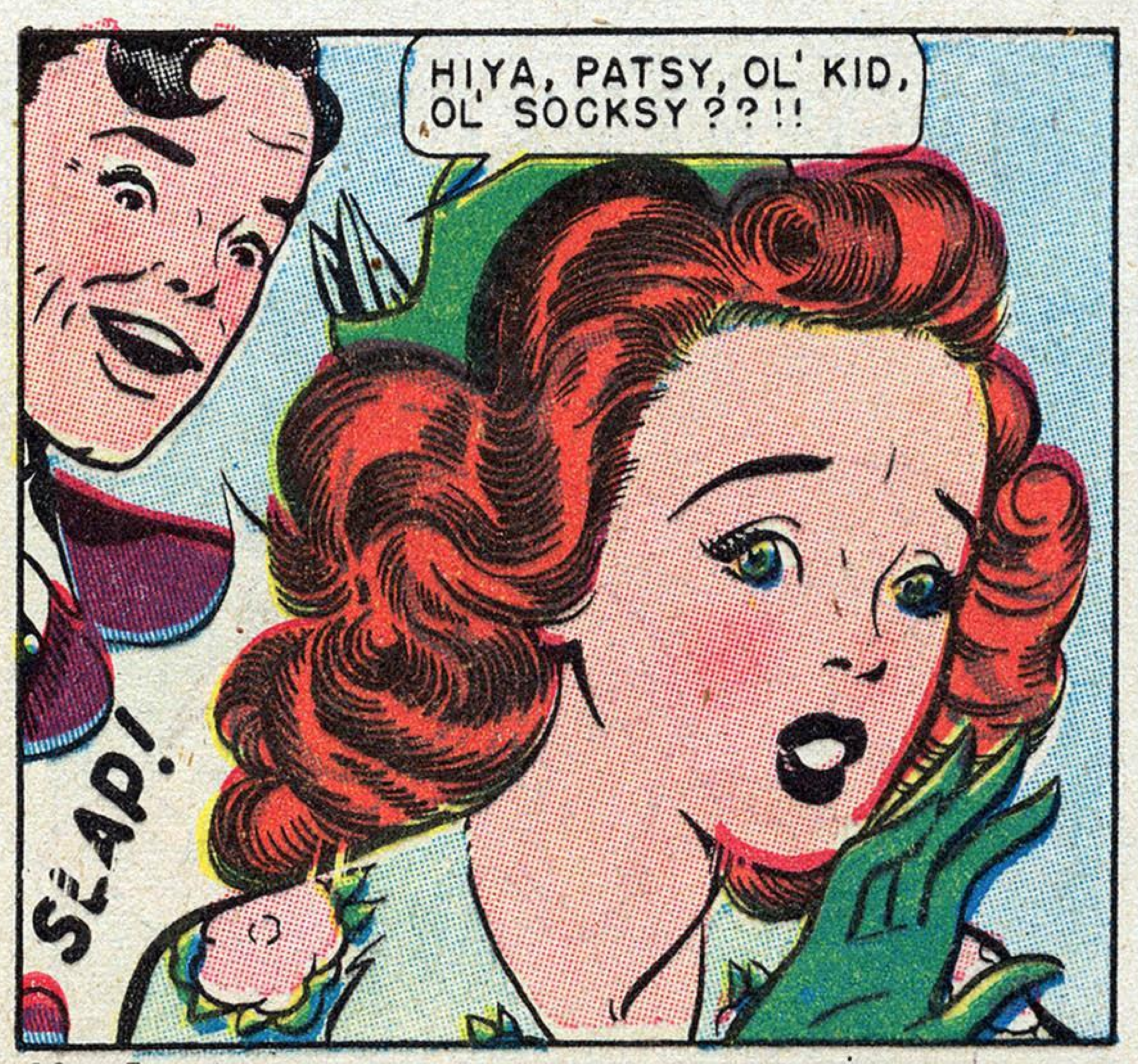

WHEN DID ALL THIS HAPPEN?
YESTERDAY! PATSY DECIDED THE THEATRE WAS IN HER BLOOD!
SOUNDS TO ME LIKE SHE NEEDS A TRANSFUSION!
SHUSH, MICKEY -- DO YOU WANT TO SPOIL PATSY'S MOOD?
WELCOME ONCE AGAIN INTO OUR HUMBLE HOME, FATHER. I GREET YOU WITH ALL MY HEART!
DAILY TRIBUNE
THAT WAS GRAND, PATSY! YOU SAID THAT JUST LIKE GREER BERGMAN!
OH, BROTHER!
DINNER IS READY DEARS!
COME ALONG YOU TWO.
WE'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU, MR. WALKER -- I'M FAMISHED!
NAY, MY DEAR, YOU ENTER AND PARTAKE OF THE MEAL --- AS FOR ME, I SHALL JUST BE ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS ---!
GEE, PATSY -- AREN'T YOU GOING TO EAT?

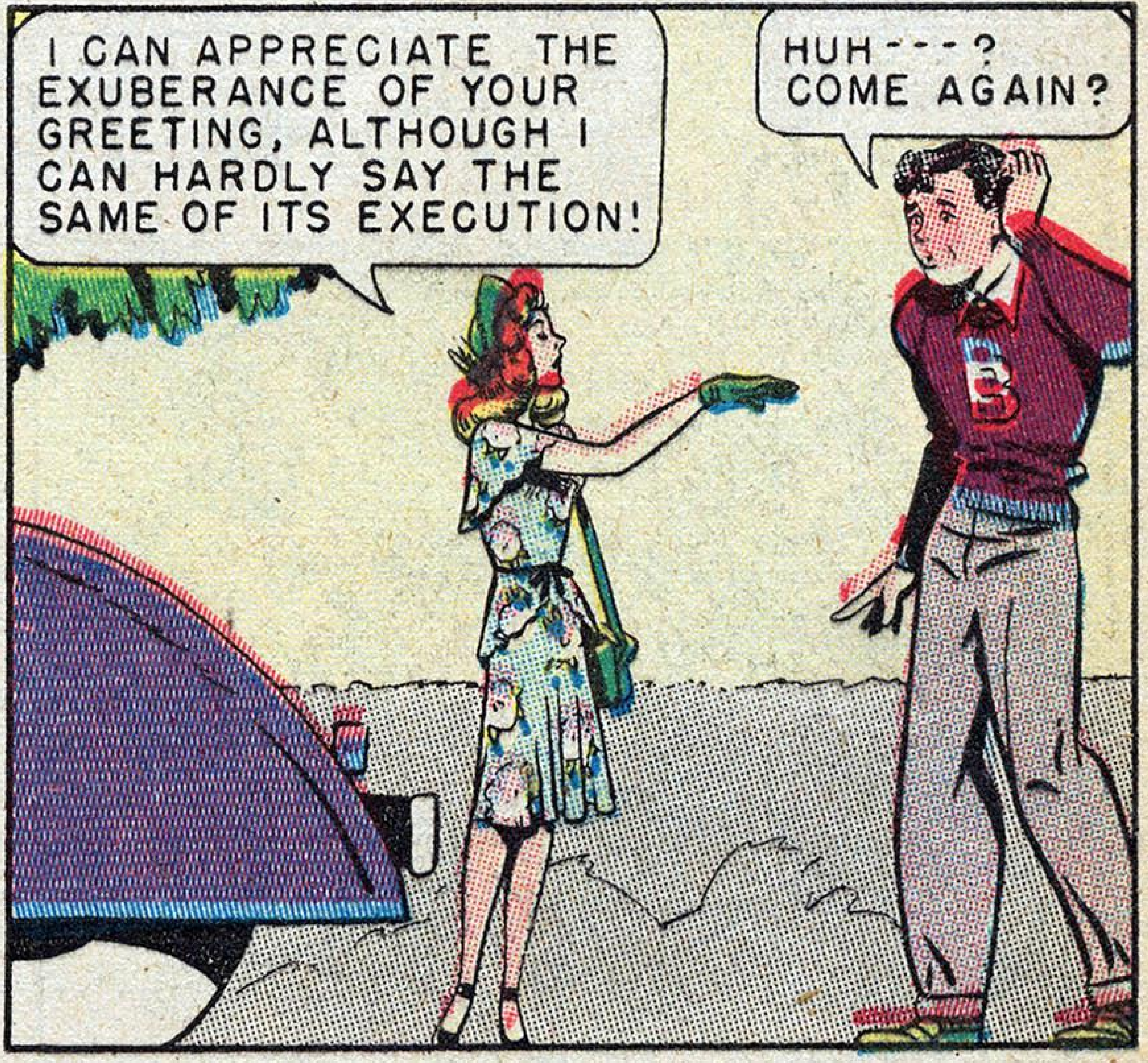

PATSY DEAR--YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T MISS A MEAL! YOU....
NOW, NOW, DEAR LET HER GO. WE'VE GOT TO LET HER GET THIS THESPIAN NONSENSE OUT OF HER SYSTEM!
FAREWELL DEAR HEARTS UNTIL ANOTHER HOUR!

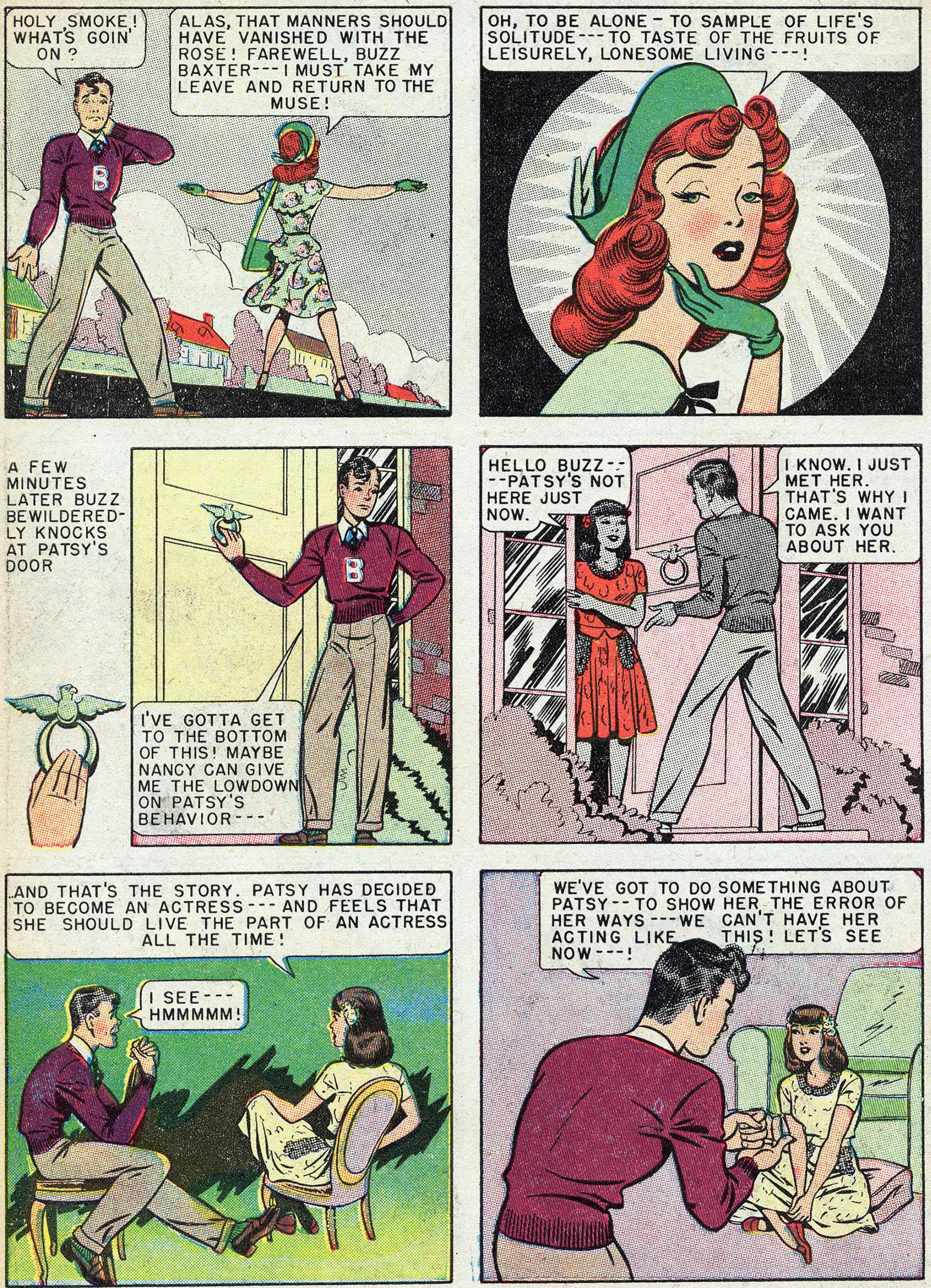

HOW FRESH, HOW CLEAN, HOW PURE THIS AIR!

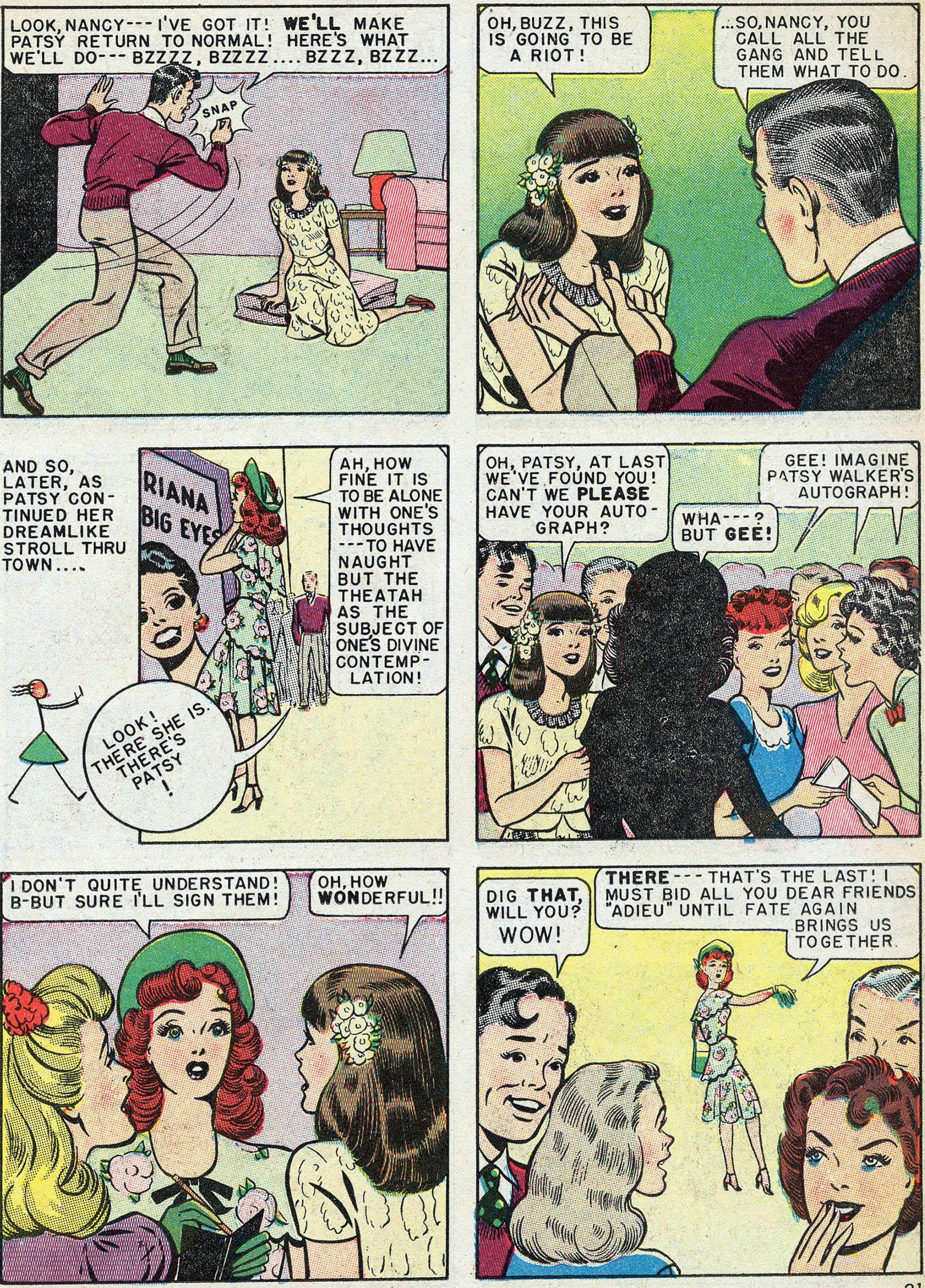
AT THAT MOMENT ANOTHER FIGURE CHANCES TO WALK DOWN THE SAME STREET--- BUZZ BAXTER TOO IS ENJOYING THE AIR, BUT NOT QUITE AS THEATRICALLY AS OUR YOUNG HEROINE---!

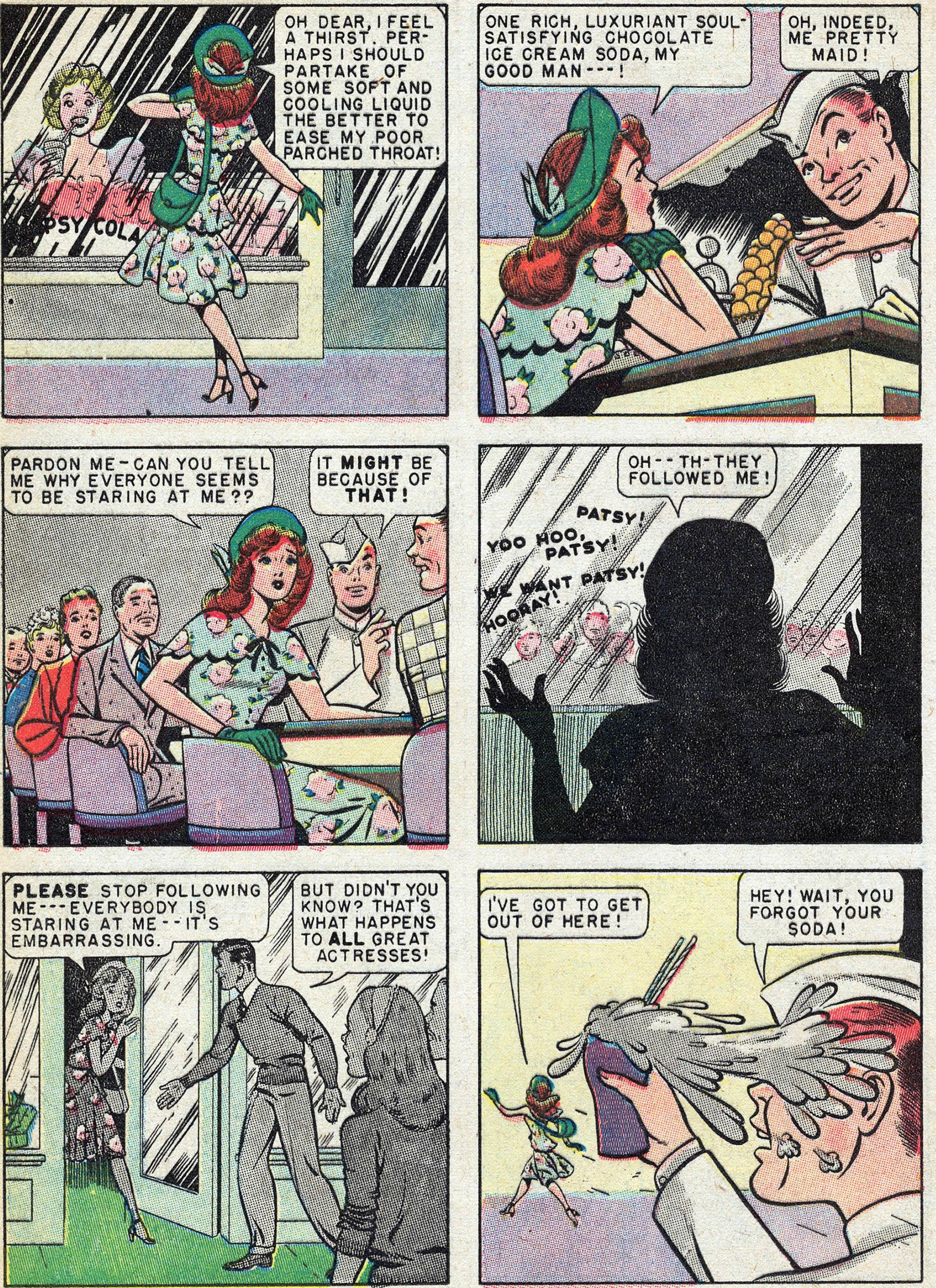

GOSH, THERE'S PATSY!!

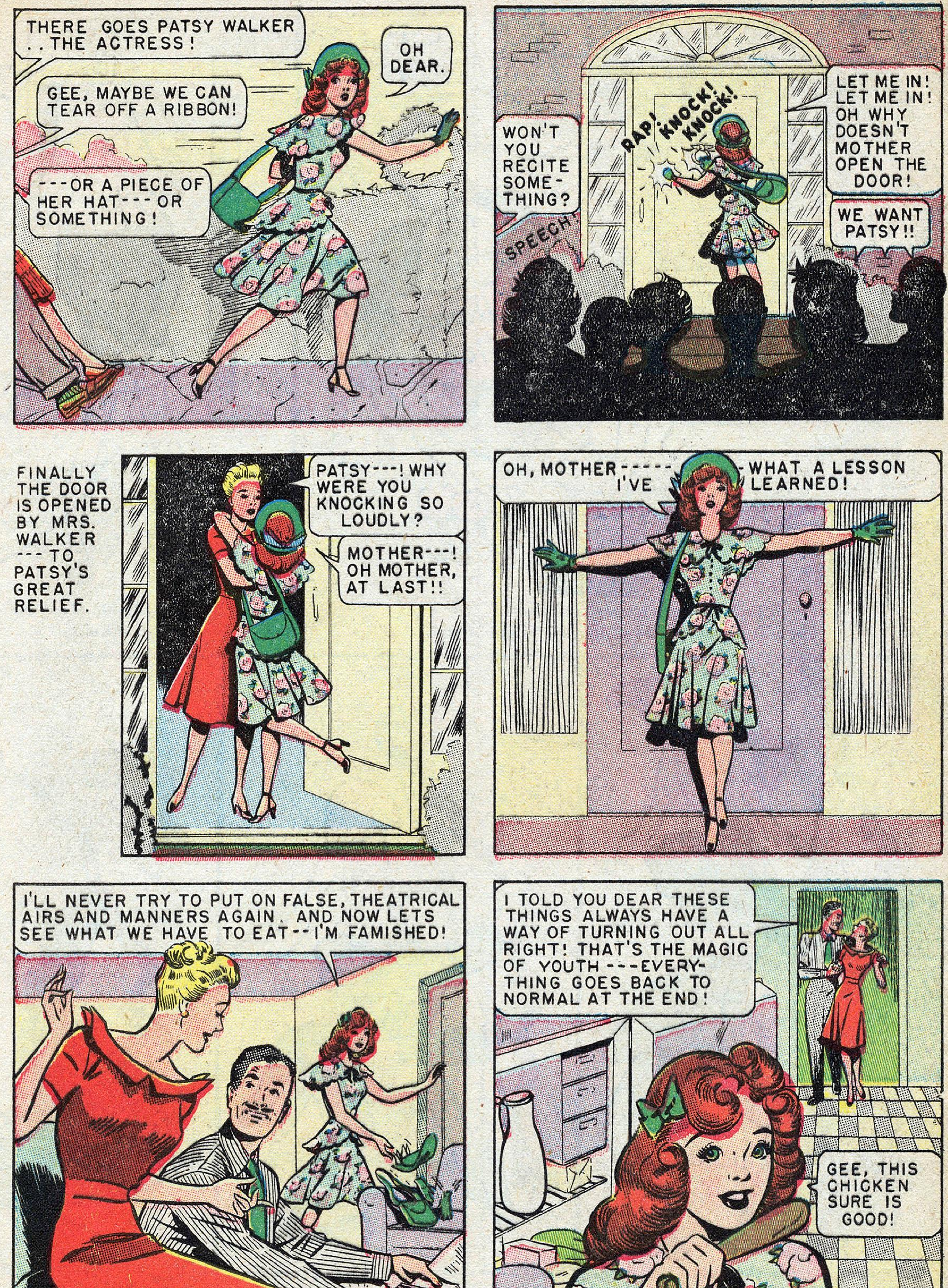

HIYA, PATSY, OL' KID, OL' SOCKSY??!!
SLAP!

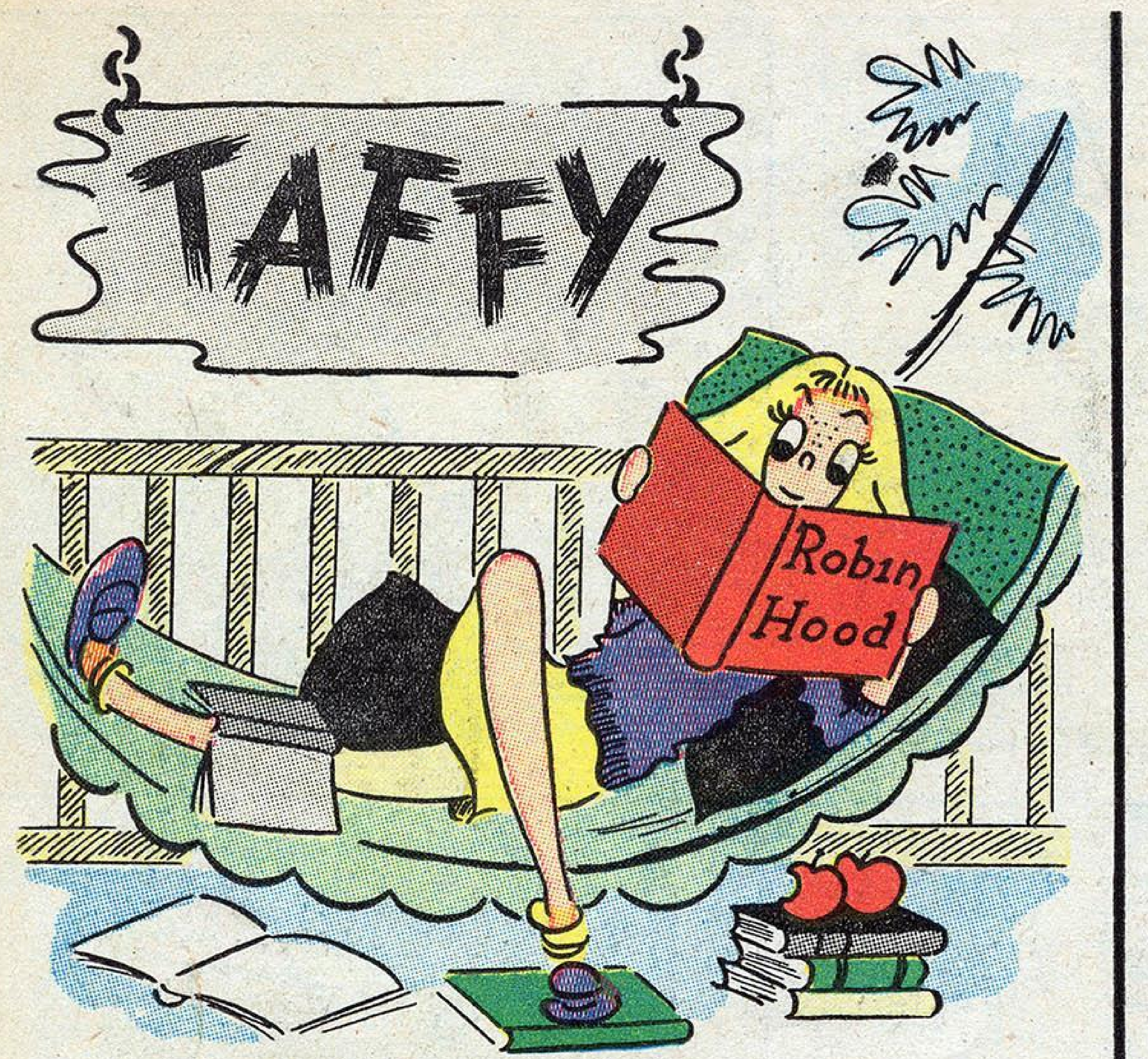

I CAN APPRECIATE THE EXUBERANCE OF YOUR GREETING, ALTHOUGH I CAN HARDLY SAY THE SAME OF ITS EXECUTION!
HUH---? COME AGAIN?


HOLY SMOKE! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
ALAS, THAT MANNERS SHOULD HAVE VANISHED WITH THE ROSE! FAREWELL, BUZZ BAXTER--- I MUST TAKE MY LEAVE AND RETURN TO THE MUSE!
B
OH, TO BE ALONE — TO SAMPLE OF LIFE'S SOLITUDE--- TO TASTE OF THE FRUITS OF LEISURELY, LONESOME LIVING---!
A FEW MINUTES LATER BUZZ BEWILDEREDLY KNOCKS AT PATSY'S DOOR
B
I'VE GOTTA GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS! MAYBE NANCY CAN GIVE ME THE LOWDOWN ON PATSY'S BEHAVIOR---
HELLO BUZZ-- --PATSY'S NOT HERE JUST NOW.
I KNOW. I JUST MET HER. THAT'S WHY I CAME. I WANT TO ASK YOU ABOUT HER.
..AND THAT'S THE STORY. PATSY HAS DECIDED TO BECOME AN ACTRESS--- AND FEELS THAT SHE SHOULD LIVE THE PART OF AN ACTRESS ALL THE TIME!
I SEE--- HMMMMM!
WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT PATSY-- TO SHOW HER THE ERROR OF HER WAYS---WE CAN'T HAVE HER ACTING LIKE THIS! LET'S SEE NOW---!

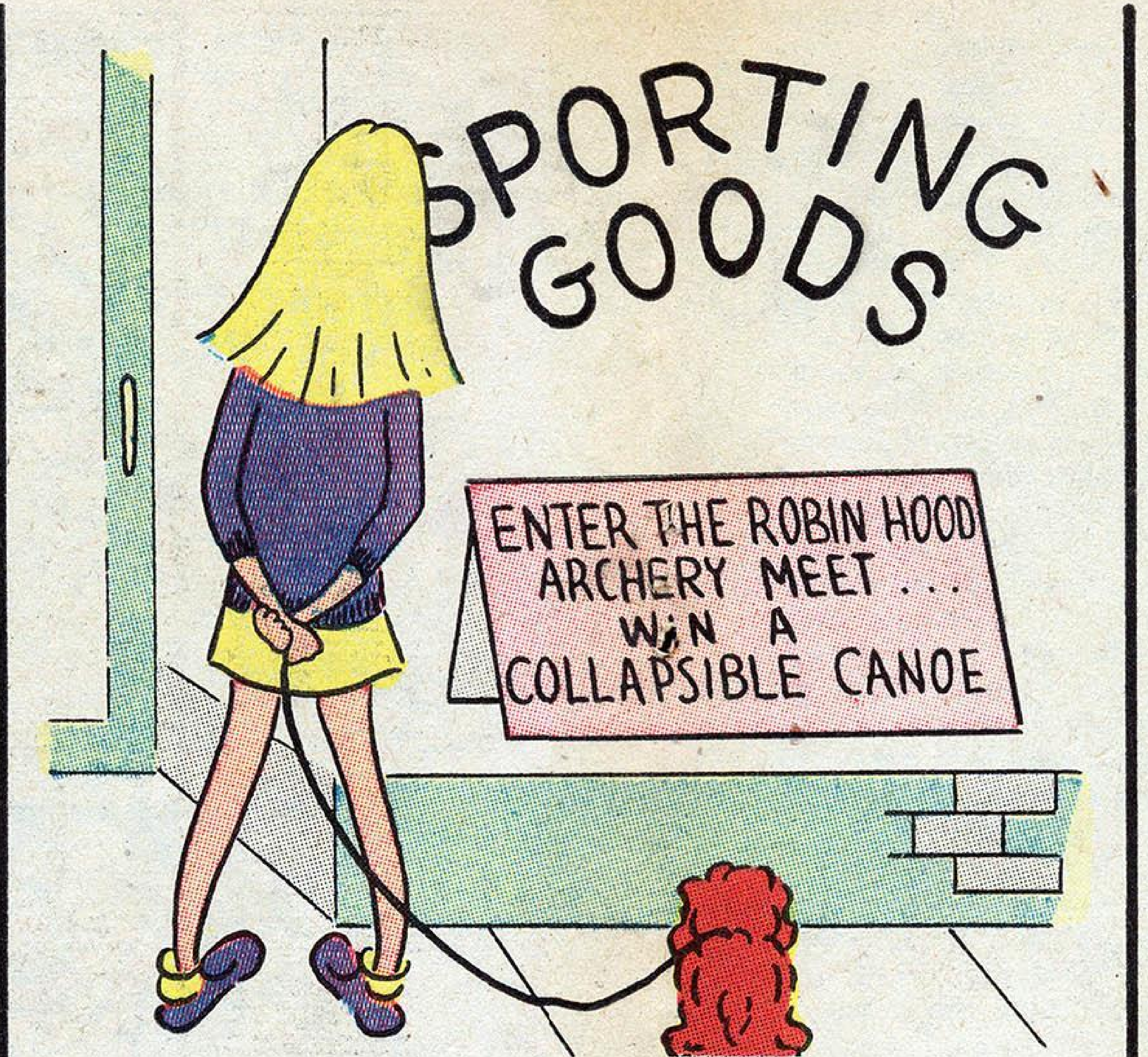

LOOK, NANCY--- I'VE GOT IT! **WE'LL** MAKE PATSY RETURN TO NORMAL! HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO--- BZZZZ, BZZZZ.... BZZZ, BZZZ...
SNAP
OH, BUZZ, THIS IS GOING TO BE A RIOT!
...SO, NANCY, YOU CALL ALL THE GANG AND TELL THEM WHAT TO DO.
AND SO, LATER, AS PATSY CONTINUED HER DREAMLIKE STROLL THRU TOWN....
RIANA BIG EYES
AH, HOW FINE IT IS TO BE ALONE WITH ONE'S THOUGHTS ---TO HAVE NAUGHT BUT THE THEATAH AS THE SUBJECT OF ONE'S DIVINE CONTEMPLATION!
LOOK! THERE SHE IS. THERE'S PATSY!
OH, PATSY, AT LAST WE'VE FOUND YOU! CAN'T WE **PLEASE** HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?
WHA---? BUT **GEE!**
GEE! IMAGINE PATSY WALKER'S AUTOGRAPH!
I DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND! B-BUT SURE I'LL SIGN THEM!
OH, HOW **WON**DERFUL!!
DIG **THAT**, WILL YOU? WOW!
THERE--- THAT'S THE LAST! I MUST BID ALL YOU DEAR FRIENDS "ADIEU" UNTIL FATE AGAIN BRINGS US TOGETHER.


OH DEAR, I FEEL A THIRST. PERHAPS I SHOULD PARTAKE OF SOME SOFT AND COOLING LIQUID THE BETTER TO EASE MY POOR PARCHED THROAT!
PSY COLA
ONE RICH, LUXURIANT SOUL-SATISFYING CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM SODA, MY GOOD MAN---!
OH, INDEED, ME PRETTY MAID!
PARDON ME—CAN YOU TELL ME WHY EVERYONE SEEMS TO BE STARING AT ME??
IT **MIGHT** BE BECAUSE OF **THAT!**
OH--TH-THEY FOLLOWED ME!
PATSY!
YOO HOO, PATSY!
WE WANT PATSY!
HOORAY!
PLEASE STOP FOLLOWING ME---EVERYBODY IS STARING AT ME--IT'S EMBARRASSING.
BUT DIDN'T YOU KNOW? THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS TO **ALL** GREAT ACTRESSES!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
HEY! WAIT, YOU FORGOT YOUR SODA!

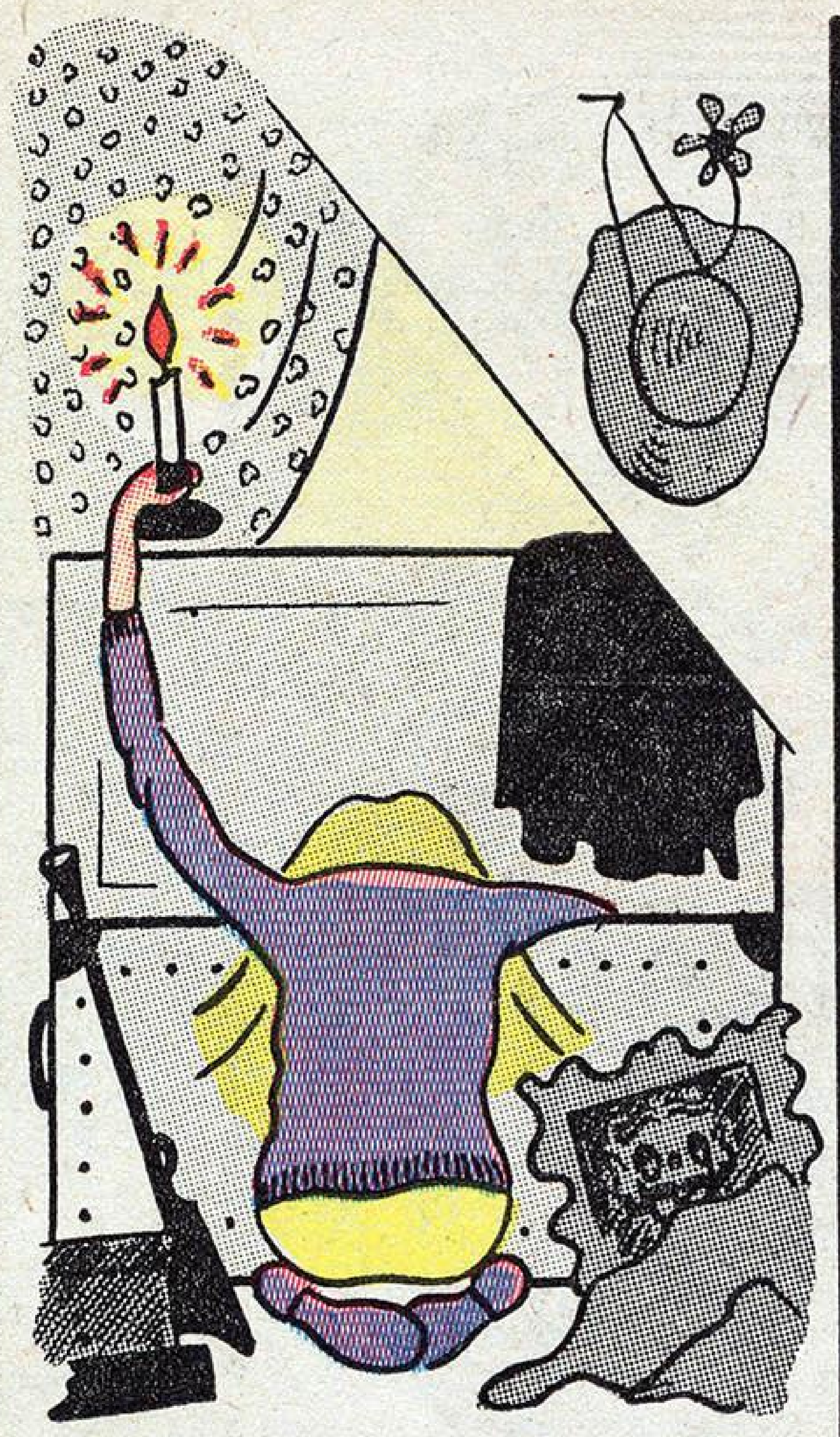

THERE GOES PATSY WALKER . . THE ACTRESS!
OH DEAR.
GEE, MAYBE WE CAN TEAR OFF A RIBBON!
---OR A PIECE OF HER HAT---OR SOMETHING!
LET ME IN! LET ME IN! OH WHY DOESN'T MOTHER OPEN THE DOOR!
RAP! KNOCK! KNOCK!
WON'T YOU RECITE SOMETHING?
SPEECH!
WE WANT PATSY!!
FINALLY THE DOOR IS OPENED BY MRS. WALKER ---TO PATSY'S GREAT RELIEF.
PATSY---! WHY WERE YOU KNOCKING SO LOUDLY?
MOTHER---! OH MOTHER, AT LAST!!
OH, MOTHER----- I'VE -WHAT A LESSON LEARNED!
I'LL NEVER TRY TO PUT ON FALSE, THEATRICAL AIRS AND MANNERS AGAIN. AND NOW LETS SEE WHAT WE HAVE TO EAT--I'M FAMISHED!
I TOLD YOU DEAR THESE THINGS ALWAYS HAVE A WAY OF TURNING OUT ALL RIGHT! THAT'S THE MAGIC OF YOUTH ---EVERYTHING GOES BACK TO NORMAL AT THE END!
GEE, THIS CHICKEN SURE IS GOOD!


TAFFY
Robin Hood

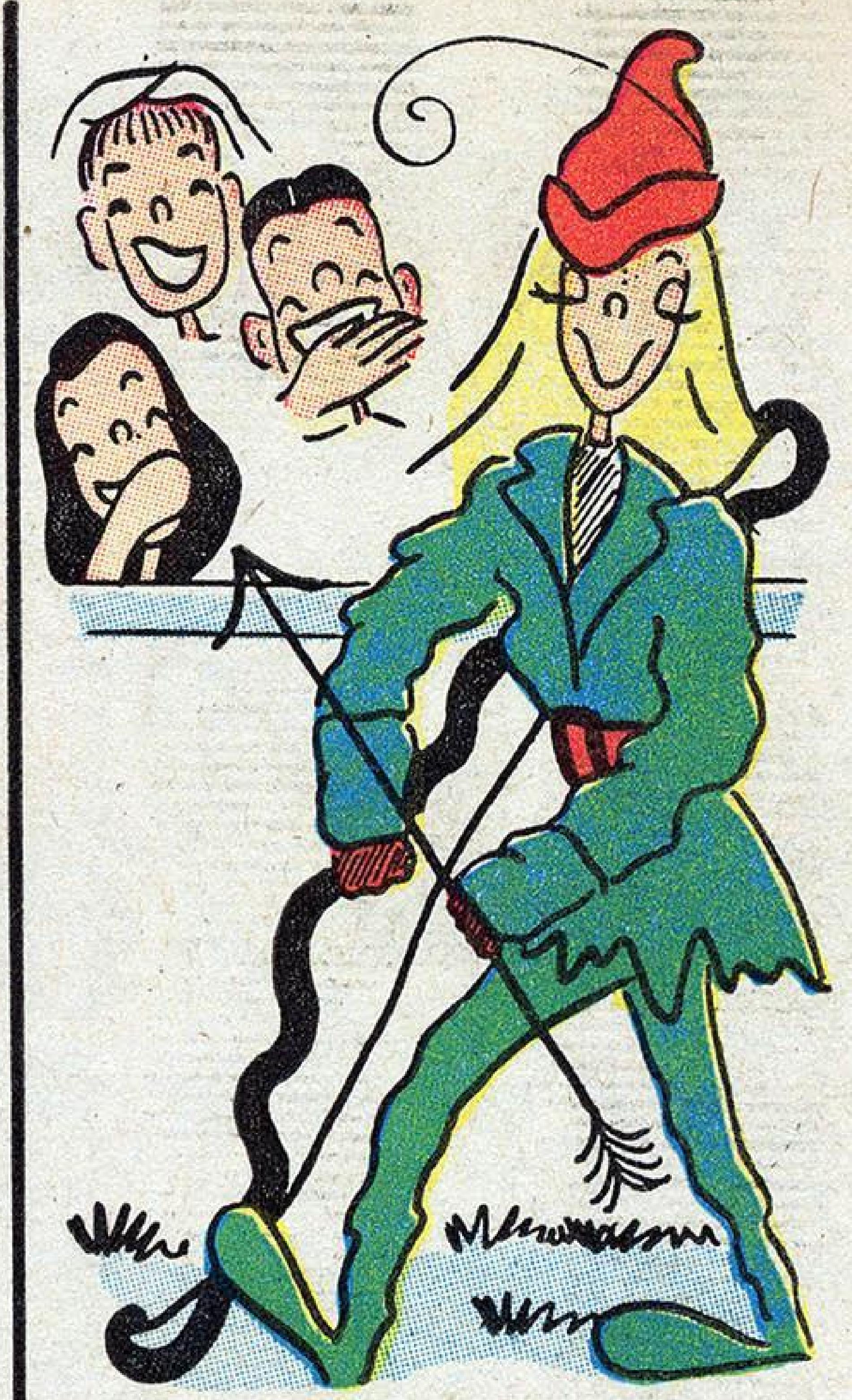
By all Taffy's friends it is well understood
She's THE connoisseur of that man Robin Hood...


SPORTING GOODS
ENTER THE ROBIN HOOD ARCHERY MEET... WIN A COLLAPSIBLE CANOE

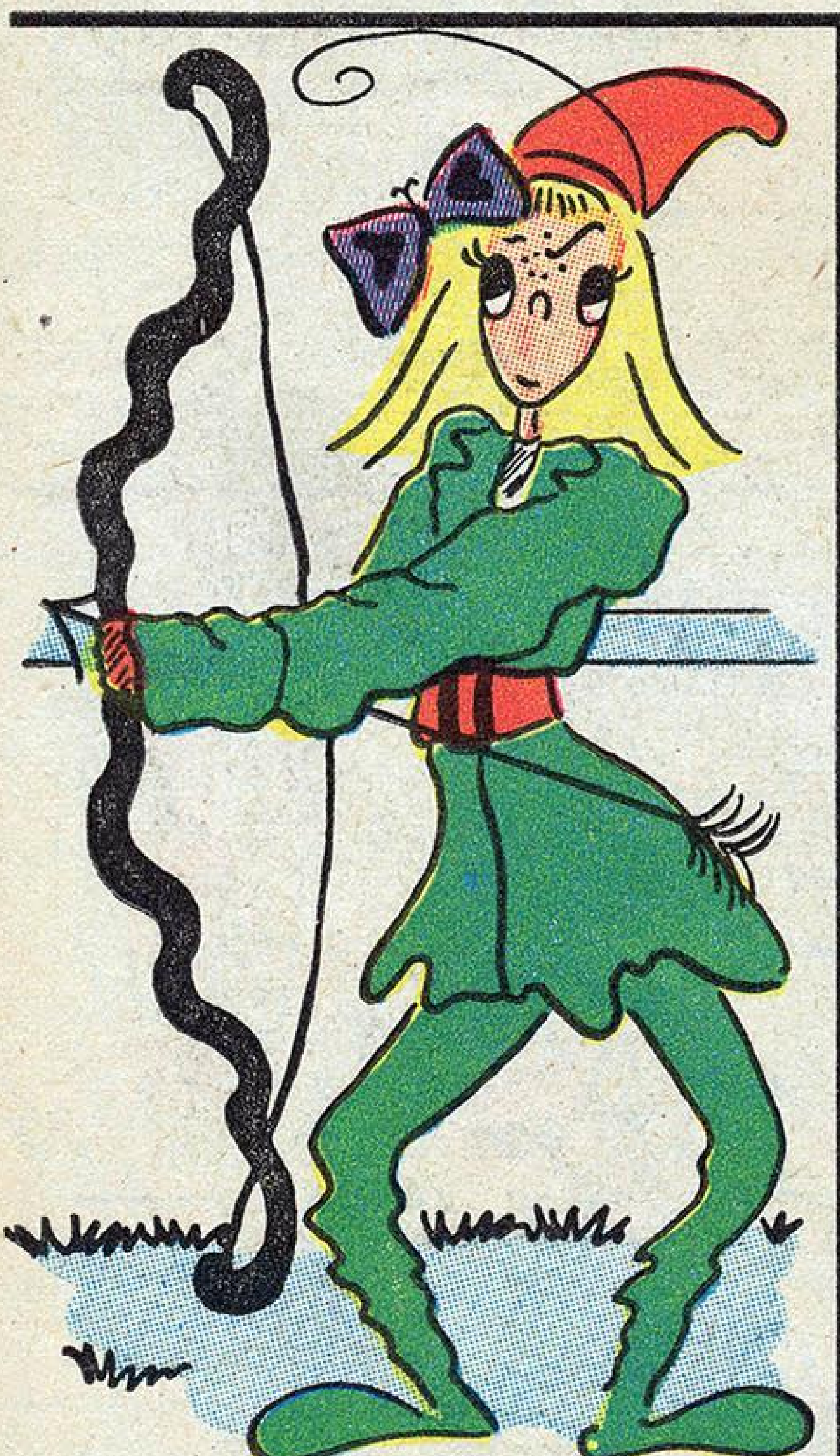
All Robin Hood contests her heart would inspire,
But to win this one's prize is a special desire.



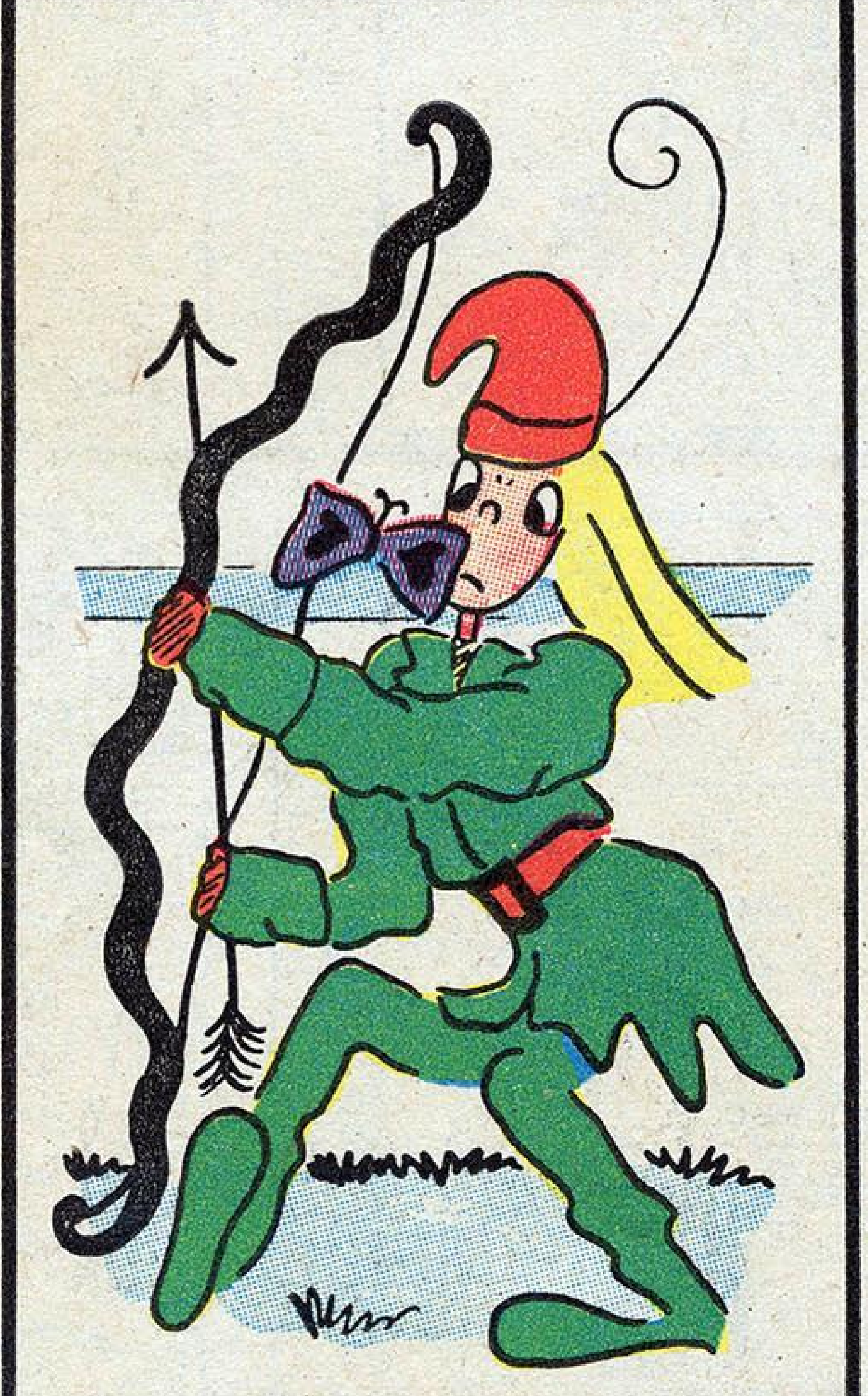
A literal mind to the hunt in the attic
Dressing the part seems most emphatic.



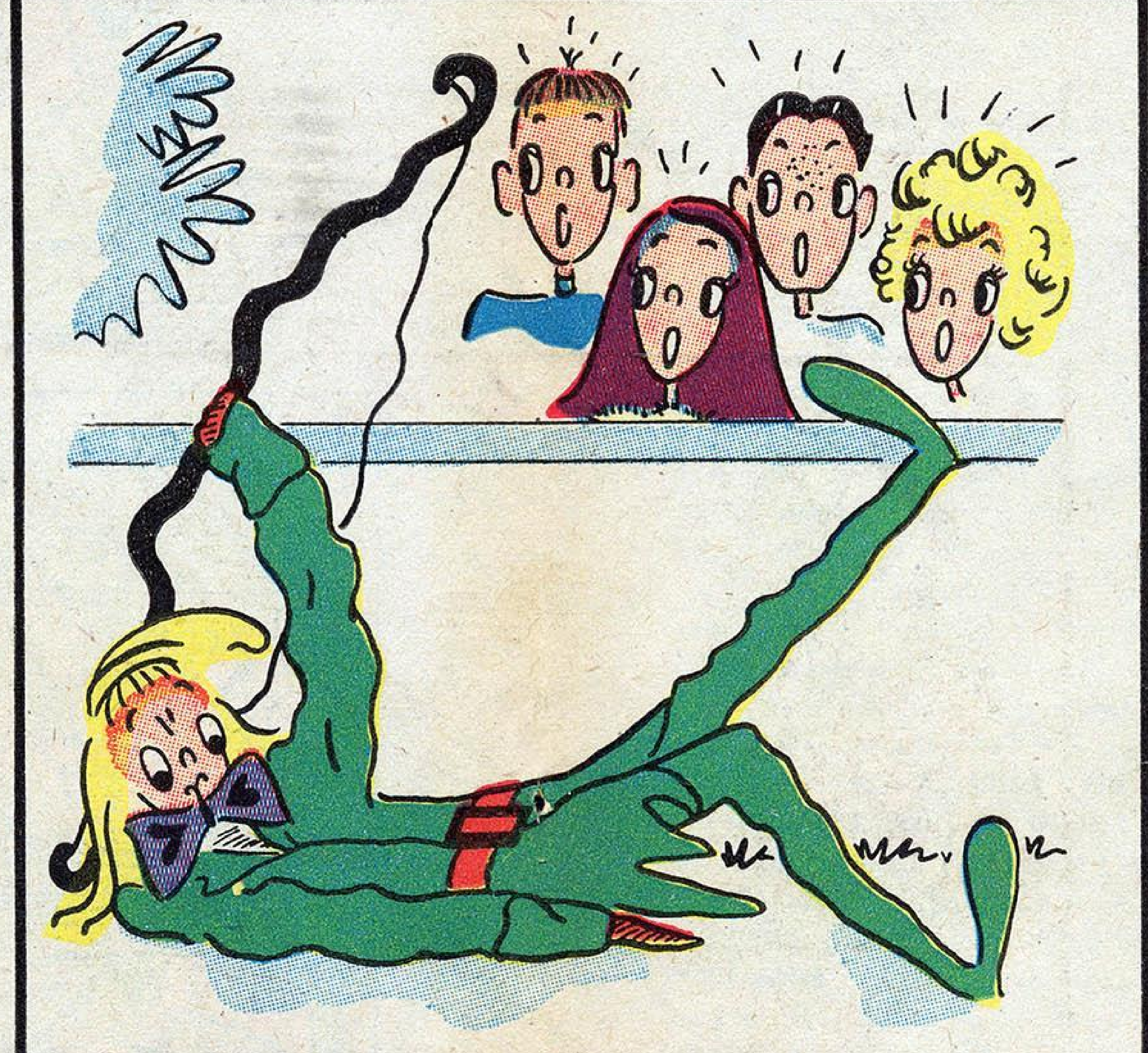
The gear is ancient, garb doesn't fit her,
Which spectacle sets all others a-twitter...



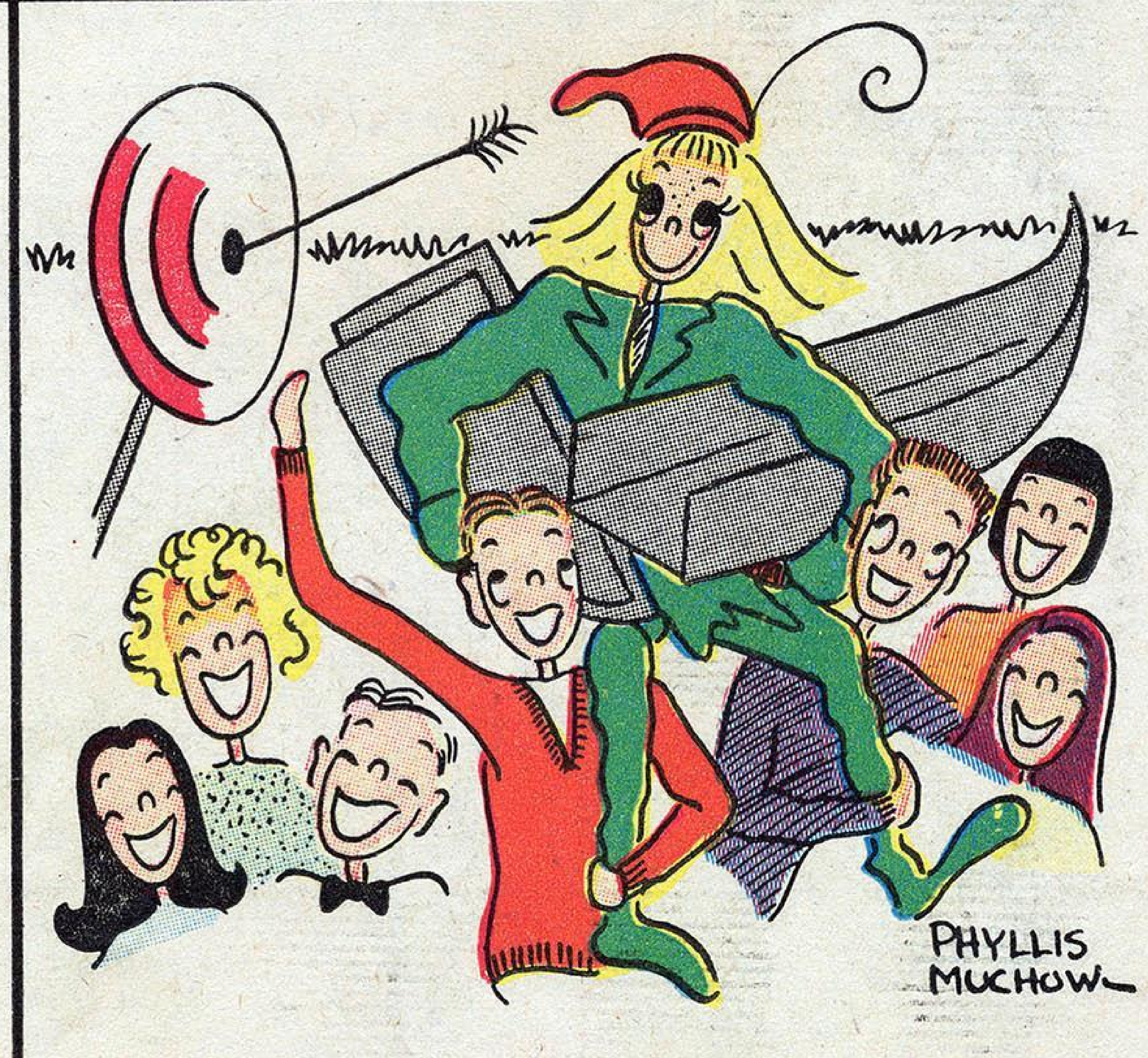
Taffy ignores them shoots just the same,
Till an evil Butterfly threatens her game—



Taffy's last shot—she simply can't muff it—
Folding canoe loss means she must rough it—



The Butterfly wins, grounding Taffy at last—
But her arrow has flown and the crowd stands aghast!


PHYLLIS MUCHOW

The reason, of course, is a bulls-eye, no less!
R. H. just had nothing on Taffy, we guess...

FANCY FACE

From page 21

fingers have memorized her natural lip curves. But," Perc said, getting up, "let's get to work on you now. You'll learn more from that."

And during the next hour I learned plenty—but plenty. It seems, for instance, that you should never put on makeup over old makeup — *never*. And, to be sure your face is immaculate before applying makeup — or going to bed—you should give it three goings-over with cleansing cream, smoothed on and tissued off with a constant upward and backward motion. And then comes soap and tepid water and a thorough rinsing.

Now for the makeup proper: if you use foundation cream, Mr. Westmore recommends using one with a cream or oil base as these will not change color on the skin. Base should be applied by putting a dot of it on the forehead, each cheek, and the chin. Then you blend, blend, blend, until the effect is very, very even and you must be sure to smooth it down under your chin so that there will be no demarcation line between face and neck. After that you should lightly pat the sensitive skin around eyes and mouth with a tissue dipped in water so that tautness in the tiny nerve centers there will be relieved.

Rouge? "No," says Mr. Westmore, "and again *no*." He'll make a possible exception for the girl of sixteen or over who is going to a dressy evening party. And she, *if* she needs it, must apply it with the greatest art. This, he explains to me, is done by smiling broadly and placing just a speck of cream rouge on the fullest part of the cheek. It must be smoothed in and about until it seems just like natural color.

Powder, he told me, should be fluffed on with a wool puff, and not haphazardly either. You have to be sure that such places as the patches under your eyes and chin are covered thoroughly. Then, with a soft little baby brush, you thoroughly remove all the excess. And to insure a non-chalky look and make the whole effect last, the entire powdered surface should be lightly patted with a damp tissue. Finally the eyebrows and lashes must be thoroughly cleaned of powder with a wet cotton swab on an orange stick.

Lipstick comes next, *brushed* on, of course. After the upper lip has been carefully outlined and filled in, you compress your lips and add finishing touches to the lower one.

"Eye makeup?" I inquired. And was sorry I did, for Mr. Westmore shuddered. "Never for teen-agers. If they only knew how funny it looks on them — how stagey. But I'll show you a good eye beauty trick for your friends and readers who may be bothered with pale lashes and brows."

The trick *is* good; it's wonderful! You brush a clean, dry eyelash brush over the point of a dry, eyebrow pencil. Then you move lightly over the pale lashes and brows with a feathery, upward and outward touch. You'll be surprised and delighted at the *natural* effect.

"And now," said Mr. Westmore, handing me a mirror, "look at yourself." I looked. Modesty forbids me describing how really thrilled I was with what he had done for me, but I've got to admit I was pleased, puh-lenty pleased. And that's why I'm telling you about all this. So you can try some of these makeup tips and be puh-lenty pleased yourself!

GROWING UP!

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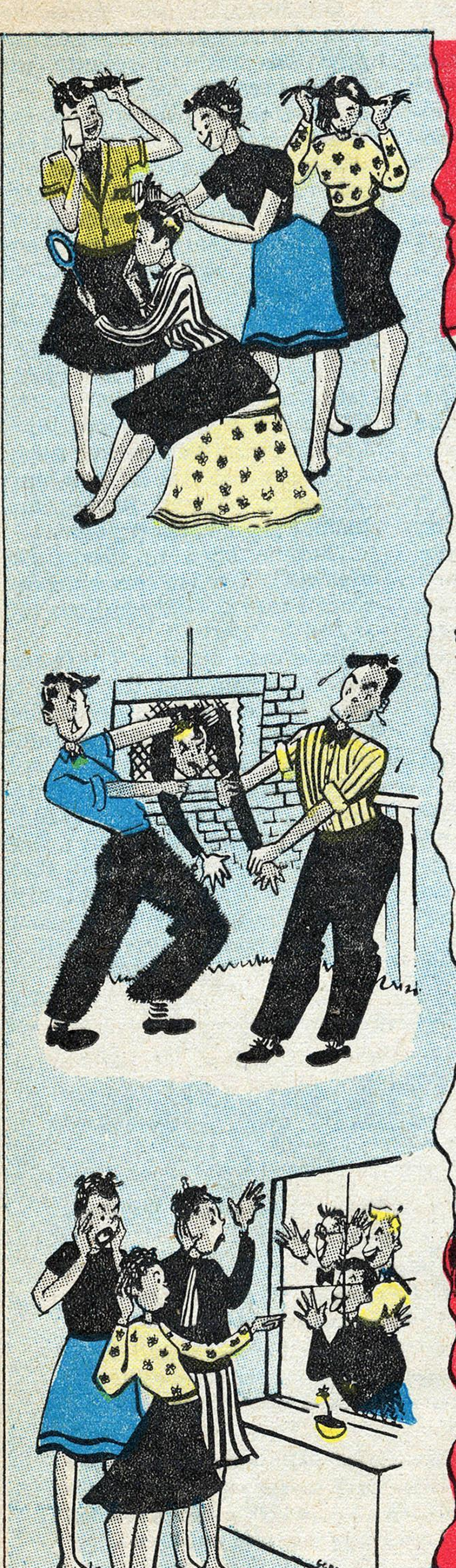
Oh, oh! Vicky's in her Lauren Bacall mood again . . . In her inimitable manner she confides her trials, tribulations and triumphs to her dearest friend . . .



VICTORIA ALLEN DUNFORD

Dear Betty Ann—

Remember that dreadful Darlene, who is always taking pokes at me? She says it's simply too ridic to believe that I'm following in the traditional footsteps of our alumni Alexis Smith and Lana Turner. Confidentially, I wonder myself. But Lester Hunt says that discouragement only makes an actress greater. Sorrow gives one emotional depth!

Of course, Darlene doesn't even consider me an actress. But I am sure that when Lana and Alexis were students at Hollywood High, loads of skeptics never realized they'd become stars. Darlene is not very popular at school. And while I don't like to say it Betts, because it sounds catty, confidentially it is true.

I feel quite free to express my thoughts to you, being in my Lauren Bacall mood, after reading a story on Lauren tonight that had a great amount of intellectual appeal and philosophy. She is ready to sacrifice her career to devote herself to Bogey and their home, it said. Isn't that wonderful of her!

Of course, Bogey won't permit it. Imagine sacrificing her great career! But being a true woman she is willing. Some day Betts, I'll probably have to choose between the man I love and my career. I hope I'll be as brave as Lauren. Especially after all the trouble I'm having, get-

(Continued next page)

ting a career going. And Rusty being so unconcerned about it!

But getting back to Darlene. Feeling very philosophical, I want to tell you Betts, that sincerity counts above all else. If you are sincere with yourself, you'll be sincere with others, and you will be respected for it.

Darlene's parents have lots of money, and she always says "I could buy and sell him or her" whenever she's angry. So the kids leave Darlene alone, except for the few who hang around because she has enough money to take them across the street for a malt.

Now you can see, Darlene is the type who "buys" her friendships. And with most of us it doesn't work.

You know Betts, that I am the last one to say anything unkind, but being in my Bacall mood, I feel it my duty to report this true-life story. It can benefit both of us, by thinking of what usually can happen to people like Darlene.

Mom and Pops went to San Diego on a business trip, so Sally and Bev and a bunch of girls came over for a "henning" at my house.

We didn't ask Darlene because she was so nasty about my nomination for "Hollywood High's Candidate for Movie Stardom."

We'd made fudge and had pinned up each other's hair with bobbie pins, experimenting on new hair-do's and had tied them with nets, which made us all look decidedly unglamorous, when two things happened that were catastrophic!

We first heard a hooting, and then discovered a bunch of fellows from school looking in at us through the window. Mom says I'm so day-dreamy, I never remember to pull down shades. Imagine, there we were—exposed with our faces washed and no lipstick. We looked positively plain!

One of the boys started singing "Pale-face I love—oh where, oh where can my little lipstick be!"

The girls squealed and dove under the bed, while Bev dashed into the bathroom and locked the door. The lock jammed and wouldn't open again.

The boys went around to the front door and began ringing the doorbell insisting we give them some fudge. Imagine our glamorous reputations, without lipstick. Sally said she felt positively "bare" without a lipstick.

Then, to get Bev out of the bathroom. We tried prying the lock and it wouldn't pry. In desperation we asked the boys to come in and break the lock, but the bathroom door wouldn't budge. So they went outside and talked Beverly into climbing out of the bathroom window. Which was some job, since Bev is on the tubby side, and our bathroom window is not.

Our lovely neighbors didn't realize the pandemonium going on, and thought the boys were breaking into the house. They called the juvenile officer—Betts, it was just too terrible! He, Mr. Pratt, arrived just as Bev was being dragged head first out of the window. We had to do a lot of explaining. Which of course meant a lot more explaining the next day when Pops returned.

We had to call up our advisory board council at school and get everything straightened out satisfactorily. But why, Betts, do such things happen to me? (That's what puzzles Pops too). And that's why I'm in my Bacall wondering-mood tonight.

Our hen party was the sensation of school next day, and Darlene was furious because she hadn't been invited.

So—what did Darlene do, but give a party right away. And she did not invite me. In fact she said that few people knew how to give real parties. She ordered all of her food from the caterers, and boasted it cost thirty dollars.

But just to show you how the law of retribution and compensation works, Betts, someone took the ice cream molds out of the refrigerator at Darlene's party. When it was time to serve, all of her ice cream had melted away.

Now, the moral is: you can't be mean, without having fate bounce right back at you.

Darlene tried to blame the melting of her ice cream on me, since I was the only girl she left out of her party.

I was usheretting at The Colossal all evening, at the time, so even Darlene's false accusation boomeranged, and made me more popular with the kids at school. Which brought about the formation of a new club. The "W.F.V. Club" (We're For Vicky). The members have all pledged their sincere efforts to make me Hollywood High's next movie star. Isn't it wonderfully exciting!

Your devoted friend,
Vicky.

THIS LITTLE PIGGIE...

"I WANT to lose weight but I just can't stop eating sweets." Is that you talking? If it is, do you know that you're fibbing?

You're fibbing when you say that you "want" to lose weight. You don't—not nearly as much as you want those gooey wedges of cake, those double dip sodas, that second helping of potatoes and other starchy foods.

Doctors tell us that ninety precent, (yes, ma'am!) of overweight is caused by too many calories in the diet—and the calorie loaded foods are the oils, the starches and the sweets. Those are the facts. What do you propose to do about them?

A freak starvation diet will weaken your entire system and unbalance your digestion. But there's nothing freakish about exercising self-control at the soda fountain and the dinner table. It has been said that the best reducing exercise is that of pushing oneself firmly away from food temptations.

Do you really want the slim trim figure and the clear-toned skin that come from balanced eating? Then you'll keep constantly in your mind's eye a picture of your "could be" self, and you'll find it such a sweet, satisfying picture that it will compensate for the sweet, sticky or greasy delectables you'll have to forego.

FOR GIRLS ONLY.

"Boys aren't men of mystery. They are just people," Laraine Day, MGM's charming star, tells shy Judith. Heart-warming help just for you . . .

by Laraine Day

Dear Miss Day: My problem is my hair and nails. I have bitten my nails as long as I can remember. It is an awful habit, but I can't get rid of it. I particularly want to bite them when I go to the movies. The other problem, my hair—well, let's face it, I just can't keep it neat. I look pretty nice in a page boy with a part in the middle, but I can't set my hair very well. One other thing—when you are growing up you need money. I have to put one dollar in the bank each week, and I get twenty-five cents a week and ten cents for every two hours I practice on my piano. I hardly practice two hours (only one), and I never get any money. The twenty-five cents just gets me by. After I go to the movies, I only have seven cents left for six days. Please help me. Charlotte.

Dear Charlotte: You are right—growing girls *do* need money! But what a lucky little chick you are to have a way of earning it right at hand. Naturally, you can't just have seven cents to run you six days, so I suggest practicing that extra hour per day. That would give you seventy cents extra per week. Now I know that practicing that long seems quite a chore, but if you will divide it between morning and evening, it will go faster. And remember that no one will be more popular than you later on when you can really play the piano. At every party, the group will center around you. No party will be complete without that "talented Charlotte". Even when your growing up years are through, you will get great joy from being able to play. This is one investment that will stay with you all your life. Meanwhile, practicing to be that popular young Charlotte will get you the additional money you need so badly.

Now about biting your nails. I think you bite them at movies because you just don't know what to do with your hands. It is probably an unconscious act at that time, so a good idea would be to take along a pair of fabric gloves to slip on when you get inside the theater. Also, why don't you hint around that you'd like a nail polish set for a present, or invest a few pennies at the dime store? If you will keep your nails filed, trimmed, and polished, you'll begin to take a certain pride in their appearance. Even now, when they are probably too short to file, it will help if you will put some nail polish on. Get a nice soft shade and start right in. Today's the day to begin, not tomorrow!

If your hair is "difficult," and true enough, some hair is just naturally more stubborn than other hair, I don't think a page boy is for you. You see, a page boy has to be kept smooth to be really effective. If you toss your head around, even the sleekest page boy will just naturally fluff out. The answer here is to wear a casual hairdo, one that is supposed to look carelessly fluffed out. Do it up in pincurls with bobby pins; when it is dry, brush out the curls instead of

(*Continued next page*)

combing them out. Remember just to let it go. It's smart to be casual. Hope these tips help you, Charlotte! Good luck!

Dear Laraine: My sister is eight years old and wants to tag along with me wherever I go. I have one particular girl friend, and we like to be alone and talk and to go places. My sister always begs to go with me, and my parents generally let her. What gets me is why she doesn't make friends her own age and why she wants to hang around when she knows she isn't wanted. Please give me your advice. E. K.

Dear E. K.; I know just what you mean! Probably nothing is more fun at your age than exchanging confidences with a trusted girl friend, and your little sister must rather cramp your style. In a situation like this, I think the best answer is to have a frank talk with your parents. Tell them you are willing to compromise; you will take your little sister anyplace she wants to go once a week in exchange for privacy the balance of the week. I'm sure your mother will remember how much fun she used to get out of chumming with her special girl friends, and I think you can win her over to your point of view. Besides, if you offer to take your little sister out once a week, and your mother can count on this, it will free her from responsibility that one afternoon or evening. She will look forward to this freedom and will be happy to meet you halfway I think it is much better to talk things out than to keep them locked up in your heart. Meanwhile, you might just scout the neighborhood for congenial eight-year-olds. If you could make these youngsters feel welcome, they would come over more often. First thing you know, your little sister would have her own chum. Anyway, it's worth a try, isn't it?

* * *

Dear Laraine: I have a problem I'd like you to answer for me. I am rather shy, and I like a boy very much. I would like to know if he likes me. How can I ask or do something to find out if he likes me? Please help me. Judith.

Dear Judith: When you are shy, the simplest gesture of friendliness often seems quite bold. It helps, then, to remember that sometimes boys are shy, too! If you want to know if this particular boy likes you, why don't you just start smiling and saying "hello" when you pass in the halls? Keep a few cute, pert remarks on tap so that you can make with the light chatter should you happen to run into each other in class. Shy girls often just get plain tongue-tied when they come face to face with The Boy, so it is well to be prepared for such an emergency. Once the ice is broken with a few words of friendship, it is always right to make a boy feel he is clever. If he throws a quip at you, laugh. If he explains a problem in geometry, let him see how impressed you are with his knowledge. If he's quite an athlete, tell him (if you did) that you saw his last game or meet. Boys aren't men of mystery. They are just people. Being human, they like appreciation and compliments just as well as you do!

Dear Laraine: I am 13 years old. 5 feet, 3 inches tall, and also 187½ pounds. I am on a diet from the Medical Center, but I have only lost six pounds in two months. I am not supposed to eat sweets, but it is so hard not to. Can you please tell me how to get over wanting sweets? I would be so grateful. Sincerely. Marilyn.

Maybe if we concentrate, it will ring!

Dear Marilyn: At 13, 187½ pounds indicates that something is radically wrong not with your diet but with your general health. No one could eat *that* much candy! I know that you are under a dietician's care, but I would like to tell you a story of one of Hollywood's loveliest stars. Her name is Vivian Blaine, and when she was 17, she weighed 150 pounds. For years she tried everything to reduce. She went to *four different doctors*. She tried to reduce by diet and by electrical impulse machines and by massage. Everything failed. Then she went to Dr. Seymon in Beverly Hills who found she didn't have fat at all, but water retention. In a few months, she had reduced to 102 pounds and was the lovely girl you see on the screen today. The point I am trying to point out is this: you may be the victim of a wrong diagnosis. If this is the case, you could be on a diet all your life and still weigh 187½ pounds. I suggest you have your doctor write Dr. Seymon, outline your case to him, and ask for his cooperation. Chin up, Marilyn. I think the right doctor will solve your problem. Let me know what happens, will you?

* * *

Well, here we are saying goodbyes again. But before I go I want to give you a charm tip. After you are all dressed up for that special date, clean as the rain and fresh as a daisy, remember to *walk tall*, like a queen. It's a trick that will give you poise as well as glamor!

And, in case you're planning a party and don't want to be preparing for it forever, here's a little trick that may help. Instead of planning elaborate sandwiches you have to make yourself, serve a cold spread. Buy an assortment of cold meats (they are quite inexpensive) and just before you are ready to serve, spread the meats out on different plates. Then also serve stacks of bread, butter, pickles, mayonnaise and so on—and let your gay friends make their *own* Dagwoods! Happy sandwiching! Until next month,

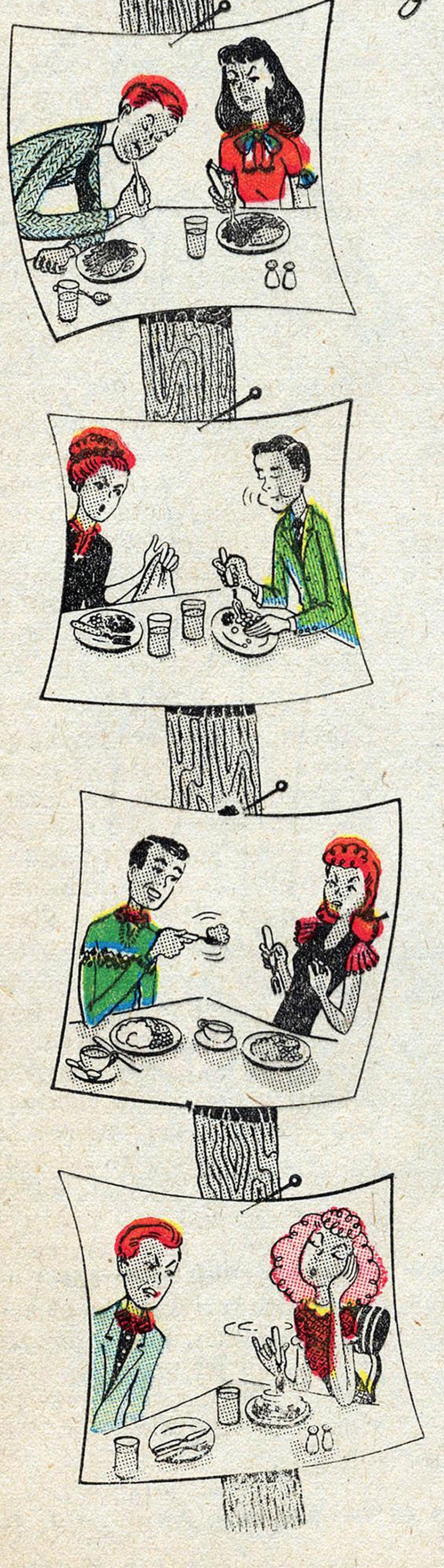
Fondly,

LARAINE

out of the MALE BOX...

The complaint dept. this month takes care of the table-terrors . . . Eleanor tells you here how to mind your manners . . .

by Eleanor Hiteshew



WE'VE always classified eating as a fairly basic kind of a thing, like going to sleep or falling downstairs . . . nothing to get in an argument about anyway. Just a matter of getting ourselves nourished so we'll hold together for another couple of days. However, eating inescapably involves table manners, and judging by the fevered mail we've been getting there are those among you who are in a regular snit about the way certain people you know go about feeding themselves. The complaints the gals have to make about the boys are enough to curl your hair. But the boys have a couple of extremely testy things to say about the way their girls handle the silverware. So brace yourselves, everybody.

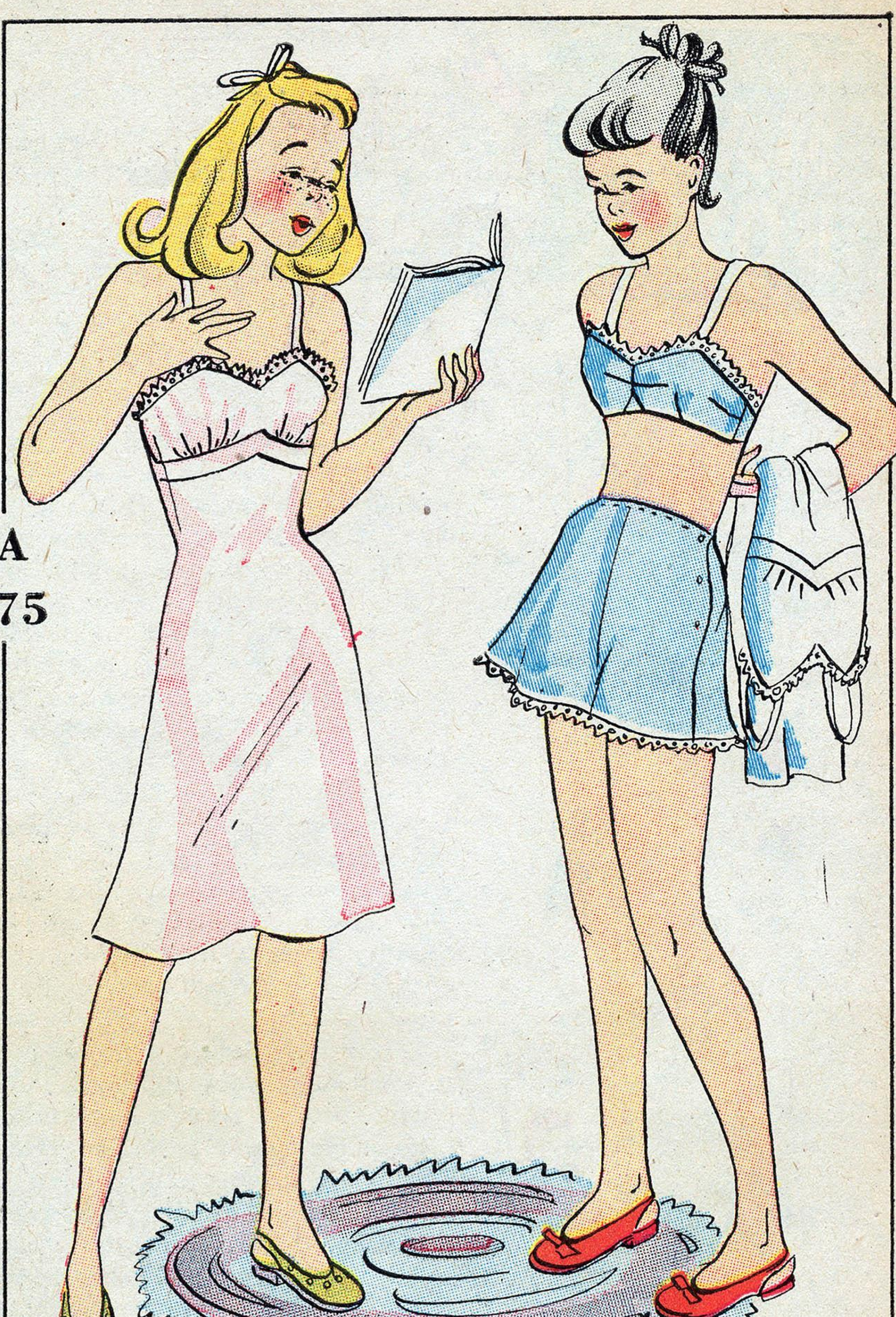
Ladies first, we always say. And the girls say it's pretty crushing to be fond of a boy and finally persuade your mother to ask him over for dinner, only to discover that he eats like a zombie. It's not only crushing, it's humiliating, because after the buildup you've given to your parents you want them to agree he's a smooth article. And how can they, if he's a complete dining room fiasco? In fact, sez one girl, after she'd sat through a whole meal, being curdled by her heart throb's etiquette, he didn't seem so very smooth to her, either.

There's the boy who crouches low over his plate as if he were telling it something confidential. If he'd kindly sit up a little straighter the distance between his mouth and his dinner really wouldn't be too tiring and he'd certainly look a lot better. Then how about the type who pushes his peas with his fingers? The fact that forks are so cleverly designed, is because they enable the most untalented person to capture food, courtesy of the prongs. Some of these food pushers do it openly and unashamedly. Others give their food furtive little shoves. But however they do it, on them it doesn't look good at all, and the girls wish they'd quit. Besides if their forks can't cope with that last morsel, they can do without it. There's going to be another meal shortly . . . in fact, there are three a day.

And speaking of having another meal shortly, there's the number who eats as if he hadn't seen food for weeks and didn't expect to get a grip on any for several more. The way he packs it in is positively alarming. Instead of disposing of one mouthful at a time, he tries to stow it all away on one great non-stop allotment. If he handles this whole operation minus all conversation, it's bad enough, being both unbeautiful and very boring for everybody else. But when he tries to talk simultaneously, it's pure murder! To say nothing of being tough on his digestion, if he did but know.

Which brings us to another of the girls' (*Continued on page 48*)

MISS AMERICA PATTERN #1075



LOVELY LINGERIE— Settle down on the porch during the hot hours of the day and stitch some delightfully feminine bras, panties and slips—all from one easy MISS AMERICA pattern! Dainty crepes are quickly fashioned into custom-made lingerie and eyelet edging gives it "undercover" elegance. So start snipping and sewing—for now and back-to-school.

Send 25c to MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE, Dept. PD, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1.

SO YOU WANT TO BE A DANCER

From page 25

suddenly wonder if maybe Aunt Suzanne isn't right, and you shouldn't become a bookkeeper or swimming instructor? . . . Round One . . . Coming out of his corner, Oscar is much more confident. He knows he's got you. He knows you'll read on—just to find out what's going to happen to you in the end. So he takes up his poisoned darts, dons his witch-mask, and loudly beats his tom-tom, thusly: "Maybe you think it's easy—maybe you think it's nothing but bright lights, pretty costumes, and rounds of applause, eh? Well, it isn't—not by a long shot! It's years of gruelling study, backbreaking exercises, discouragement—and finally—heartbreak!" Now, he's scored! The Knockout Punch. You wonder how in pink lightning you ever could have even entertained the wildest dreams of a dance career. So now Oscar can afford to be generous—and hastily assures you, "Oh, but don't let *me* discourage you!"

Well, don't. Don't let anyone! 'Course what Oscar has to say isn't all snafu. Parts make sense. Dancing *does* take years of hard work and true, it *does* mean disappointment—in the form of "sweat and tears." So leave us face it, and uncover the cruel, stony cold facts first—then it's all up to you. But just remember, "faint heart ne'er won fair lady!"

Before we, or rather you, do anything else, a careful physical examination is definitely in order—dancing is an art which demands certain natural endowments. Roughly speaking, the qualifications for a good dancing body are: short torso, long legs, rather long neck, and a certain amount of agility and nimbleness. But of course there is no fixed pattern or set of rules and regulations one can make in regard to this matter.

Now, supposing you've passed your physical (congratulations)! You're up for the basic training course. This you might find a little rugged at times—times, when the gang drops in with tempting invitations for coke sessions at the corner drug store; times when you'd like to shoot the breeze or listen to best pal Janey's newest recording of the Bingle—but you'll have to keep at those *entrechats* and *trou j'etes* every single day because any interruption of your schedule will hinder progress. Let's remember not to overdo it either—you might get so enthused about your studies, you'll really love to practice (yes, really!) and too much of anything is harmful. Exercises, too, in certain forms—running, riding, fencing, for example—will have to be shunned like double-frosteds before a prom.

Instead, you'll find it helpful to fill in with music and art studies. The former to develop your sense of rhythm and also coordination; the latter to help you understand what is good line. "What makes good pictures?" always ask yourself, for *dancing is nothing more than a series of pictures.* While on stage, a dancer should never stop being a potential model for a painter or sculptor. Here, your arms play a very important role. They are the frame of the picture. And you know if a frame is unsuitable, no matter how beautiful the picture, it loses something of its loveliness. The dancer whose arms are held correctly and moves gracefully presents a good picture, a polished performance attesting to good training.

Since dancing in itself is not independent—no theater art is—it might also aid you to learn a little about the arts connected with it—costuming, lighting, programming, and varying others.

I would also suggest, if you are really dead-serious about your career, that you organize a group of your dancing classmates for regular "jam sessions" in your house. You'll be able to pick up many valuable pointers—and don't scorn *any* opinions, for even poor dancers have certain good points by which you can profit.

Right here, before I forget to mention it—I'd like to "flit" away that common old bug-a-boo

(*Continued on page* 60)

Deb Rave by Coro

You'll bring on the compliments when you wear this saucy chatelaine . . . and you'll have fun wearing it. Gold finished metal. About $2.00 plus federal tax. For the name of nearest store write to Coro, Inc., 47 West 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.

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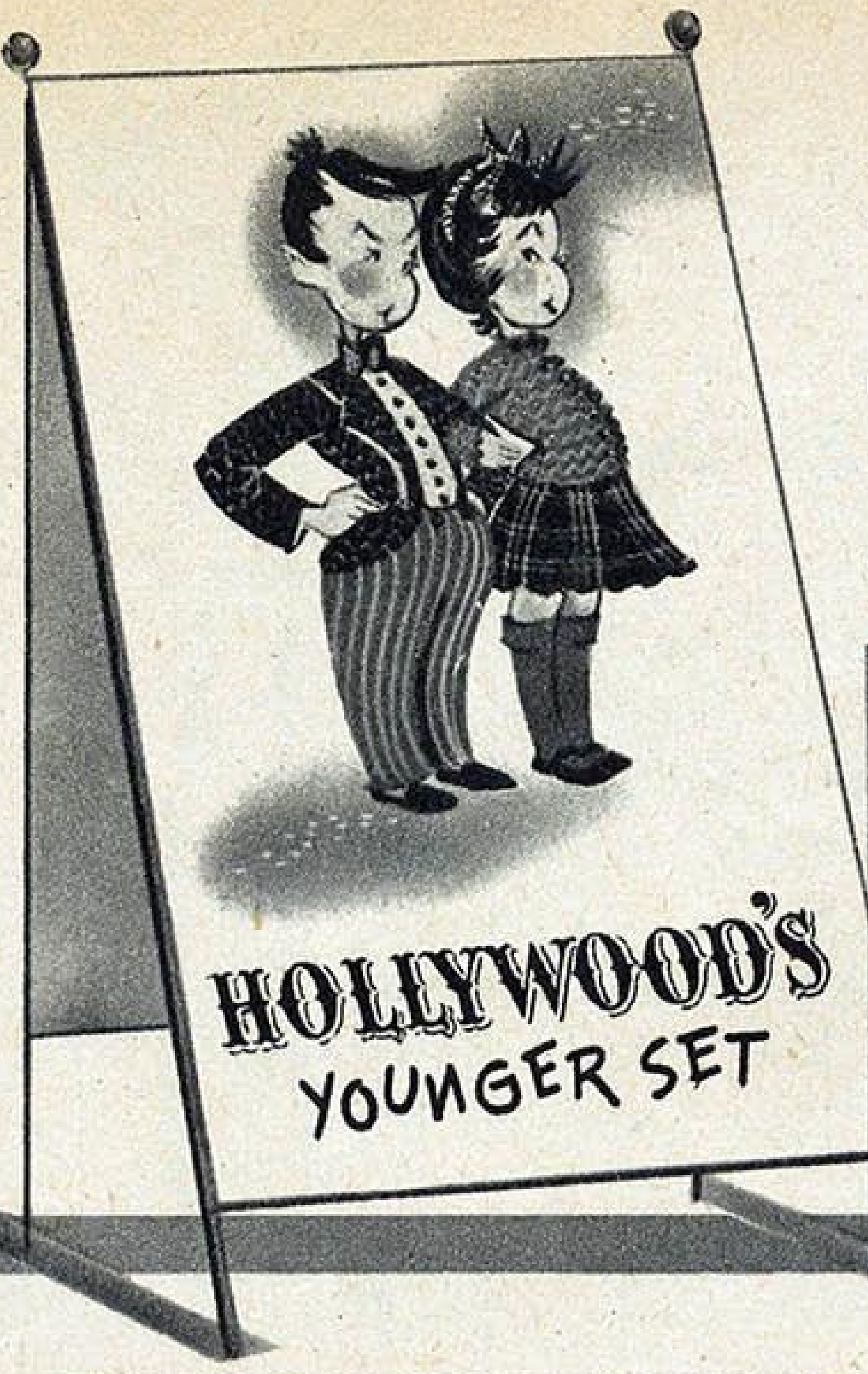


HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

By May Mann

What can be grander than gathering the gang together for a picnic? In the meantime, let's trail along (in print) as Hollywood's Younger Set follow the outdoor trail . . .

YOU don't have to spend a lot of money in order to have fun, the screen's teen-aged wage-earners will tell you. The simple pleasures—a ball game on some back lot, a beach party, a picnic—are highly popular with Hollywood's lively Younger Set.

That's the way it was when several of us decided to go picnicking in Griffith Park where Angelenos and Hollywoodians gather these hot summer days. The grass, the sky, and even the ants are free—and there's a zoo, a merry-go-round and rolling lawns for romping.

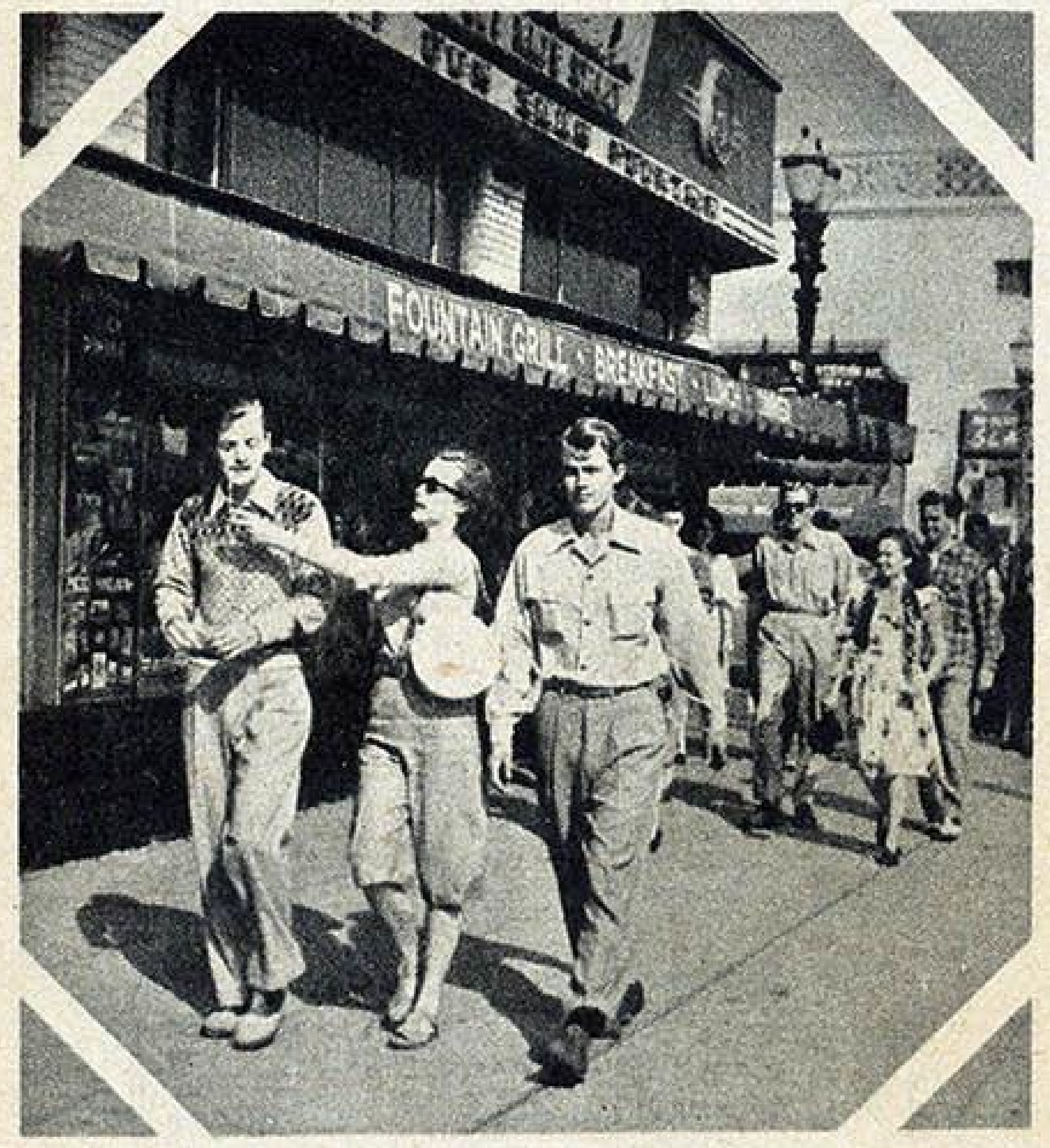
Our picnic party grew to twenty. We all got together at a soda fountain, corner of Sunset and Western, in slacks and sweaters and smiles.

While the crowd gathered we drank cokes and looked over the latest magazines. Roddy McDowall, 17½, was maybe a little self-conscious when his date, Elizabeth Taylor, 14, picked up a copy of MISS AMERICA with a cover picture of Rod and Jane Powell!

Elizabeth looks very much like her screen favorite, Vivian Leigh, with blue, blue eyes and long black hair. She owns three horses including "King Charles," the one she rode in "National Velvet."

Ross Hunter, 24, the ex-high school teacher with curly blond hair, was right proud of his beautiful date, Ann Blyth, 17, who made such a hit as *Veda* in "Mildred Pierce." Ross, who tops Columbia's fan mail poll, has just completed "Out of the Depths." He's asked for his release from Columbia and two major studios are dickering over who's to have that lad.

Johnny Sands, 18, the David O. Selznick discovery, who will play the lead opposite Shirley Temple in her second scheduled picture this year, escorted popular Cathy Downs, who has just finished "The Dark Corner" for Fox. Cathy is twenty, *very* pretty, and much beaued-about-town.



The clan gathered—at a soda fountain. Cathy Downs, Richard Long and Johnny Sands were among the first to arrive, happy and hungry.

The magazine corner proved good entertainment for Elizabeth Taylor, Jane Withers, Rod McDowall, Lon McCallister and Gloria Jean.

Elizabeth Taylor and Roddy McDowall went for a stroll in the park along this inviting path. Ah summer! Ah Roddy! Ah picnics!

Lon McCallister and Gloria Jean prove to future generations that they were Griffith Park fans. Fans of each other, too, it looks like!

"Have at you!" Jane Withers and Richard Long fight a duel with sticks. It ended in a tie. Are they training for a costume picture?

Janet Martin and Bill Shirley are nature lovers. Anyway, they spent lots of time hunting for water lilies. No, they didn't find any.

Everybody got together for the all-important eating event. Hollywood's Younger Set have husky appetites as you can plainly see. And what delicious food! Um!

Fried chicken? Cathy Downs, Dick Clayton, Johnny Sands and Dick Long give it a hearty reception. Fingers, and not forks is the rule.

Ross Hunter and Ann Blyth explore a lunch basket. Nothing like fresh air to whet hunger and make a pretty girl like Ann even prettier if possible!

Dick Clayton appreciates Jane Withers' well-stocked, roomy lunch kit and Jane comes in for her appreciation too. Moral: "Feed the brute."

Dick Long, 18, just out of Hollywood High, brought jars of pickles as his contribution to our outdoor meal. He's due to make a big hit in International's "The Dark Mirror."

When we all got to the park, we had a fine time playing games and skinning our knees in a tug-of-war.

After several hours of hilarity everybody remembered that the real purpose of a picnic is *food*. Lunch baskets flew open and there was a wonderful surprise from Editors Jean Goodman and Bessie Little—fried chicken, whipped cream cakes, fruit, and all the trimmings to augment our sandwiches! *Mm-m-m!* There was no dieting in this crowd.

First we cleaned up the food; then we cleaned up the picnic site. And then we took five rides apiece on the merry-go-round. No, nobody caught the brass ring but we did have a glorious time. You should have seen Jane Withers treating a Chinese four-year-old, cute as a kitten, to a ride on a galloping steed.

And so, around sunset, our party broke up with the buzz-buzz of exchanged telephone numbers and "What are you doing next Saturday?"

A teen-ager looking on asked "Is that Jane Wither's double? Say, is that really Lon McCallister? And right here in a city park with *us?*"

Yes and yes and again yes. Because everybody likes fun.

Gloria Jean brought one of her mother's famous cakes for herself and Lon McCallister but everybody else got a slice after they had two each. But *good!*

Around we go! Jane Withers and Dick Long tried some fancy riding on the park carousel and obviously loved every minute of this fast gallop.

Ross Hunter and Bill Shirley argue about who's going to take Cathy Downs on the first merry-go-round trip. What a problem! What fun for Cathy! What a situation for any lucky maiden!

Autograph hunters spot Jane Withers, Johnny Sands and Dick Long between whirls. The stars obliged with signatures.

No, the merry-go-round *didn't* break down when the gang piled in. Cathy Downs, Ross Hunter, Janet Martin, Jimmy Guston and Bill Shirley were glad.

Elizabeth Taylor got thirsty and Roddy McDowall and Dick Long found her one of those pretty rustic bubble fountains.

Miss America Speak

Your very own corner to exchange ideas and discuss the latest in teen trends with each other . . . and you'll receive $1.00 for your letter published here. . .

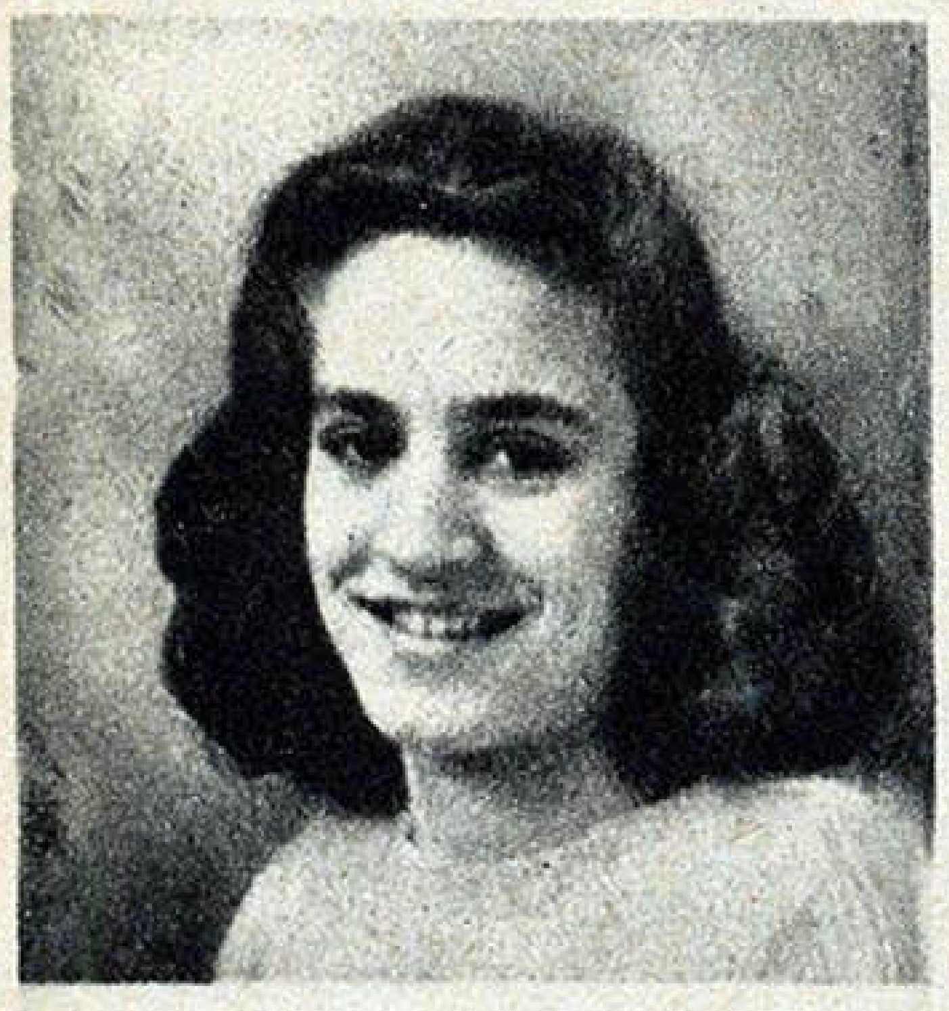
Freida Barton
Overton, Texas

Our first letter this month starts off on a slightly different note from previous ones. Rita Bender, of New York writes:

"It's funny, but I've noticed a strange phenomenon. Only letters of praise are printed in your magazine. If a girl takes advantage of her right of free speech and sends one gripe in—bingo! Goombye letter! And are the girls whose pictures you print especially chosen by you? I sent mine in January 28, by my diary. MISS AMERICA, I ask you, is that American? Of course not! But dollars to doughnuts this won't be printed. Neither will my picture!"

Jean Hamblet
Toronto, Canada

Well, we certainly do believe in freedom of speech—and welcome Rita's letter as much as one of praise. But it seems as if the picture was lost somewhere in the mails, because we did not find it enclosed with the letter. Rita's letter however is a good example to print here because girls, you see, we do have so many letters coming in to your column, and we have only a limited amount of space to print them in, so naturally it takes a little while before we can get all of them published— Please be patient, won't you?



Jean Kesich
Chicago, Ill.

And now Lavenia Carpenter, Star Route Welch, Texas sends us another fan letter.

"Several people have said that teen-agers are fickle—one week we have a crush on Frank Sinatra, and the next, Frankie's overboard and we're developing goose-pimples over Van Johnson—Maybe so, but you can bet we're loyal to MISS AMERICA! And always will be!"

Juanita Newell, Front Royal, Va., follows through with this nice letter: "When I first bought MA, I did not know if my Dad would approve, because he does not like the so-called comic books, but to my delight, he did. He says MISS AMERICA is the picture of the average American teen-ager. As for me, I love it because it contains things of interest, specially for me. Please never stop publishing it!" 'Deed we won't, Juanita!

Lorraine Johnson, (*Continued on page* 60)

Carol Braun
Portland, Oregon

OUT OF THE MALE BOX

From page 41

gripes. The boy who stirs his food around. He has a mixture complex, and before his food really appeals to him, he apparently finds it necessary to mash it up until it looks like a stew that's been cooked too long. It gives the girls the vapors, for they realize what their mothers are quietly thinking. And it makes mothers sigh dispairingly wonder what the point is of making things look pretty on a platter if they're to be immediately mangled. In the same category is the lad who cuts everything on his plate into bite size, all at once, instead of lining up a couple of mouthfuls at a time. Once he has it all laid out in checkerboard fashion he really digs in. The way both these kiddos attack their food you'd think someone was plotting to snatch it away.

And listen, complain the girls, don't forget the date who props his silverware along the edge of his plate, apparently unaware of the obvious fact that the place it looks best *on* is the plate. When the meal is over, knife and fork should be lined up chummily right alongside each other, not sprawled on opposite sides. And when Mother asks if he'd like another piece of pie, fine. It warms her heart to see him go for her baked goods. But pleeze, beg the girls, pass the plate with the fork still on it . . . don't keep it clutched in hand while passing the plate by its lonesome.

The girls say that very likely the way a boy acts in his home dining room is his business—if his Mother lets him get away with it. But it's different when he's her guest. They think it's pretty bad if a boy they've asked for dinner is halfway through the course, before their Mothers have had time to rustle the last vegetable in from the kitchen and get started eating. Any boy who has all his marbles should have enough sense to refrain from grabbing his fork before his hostess has started wielding hers.

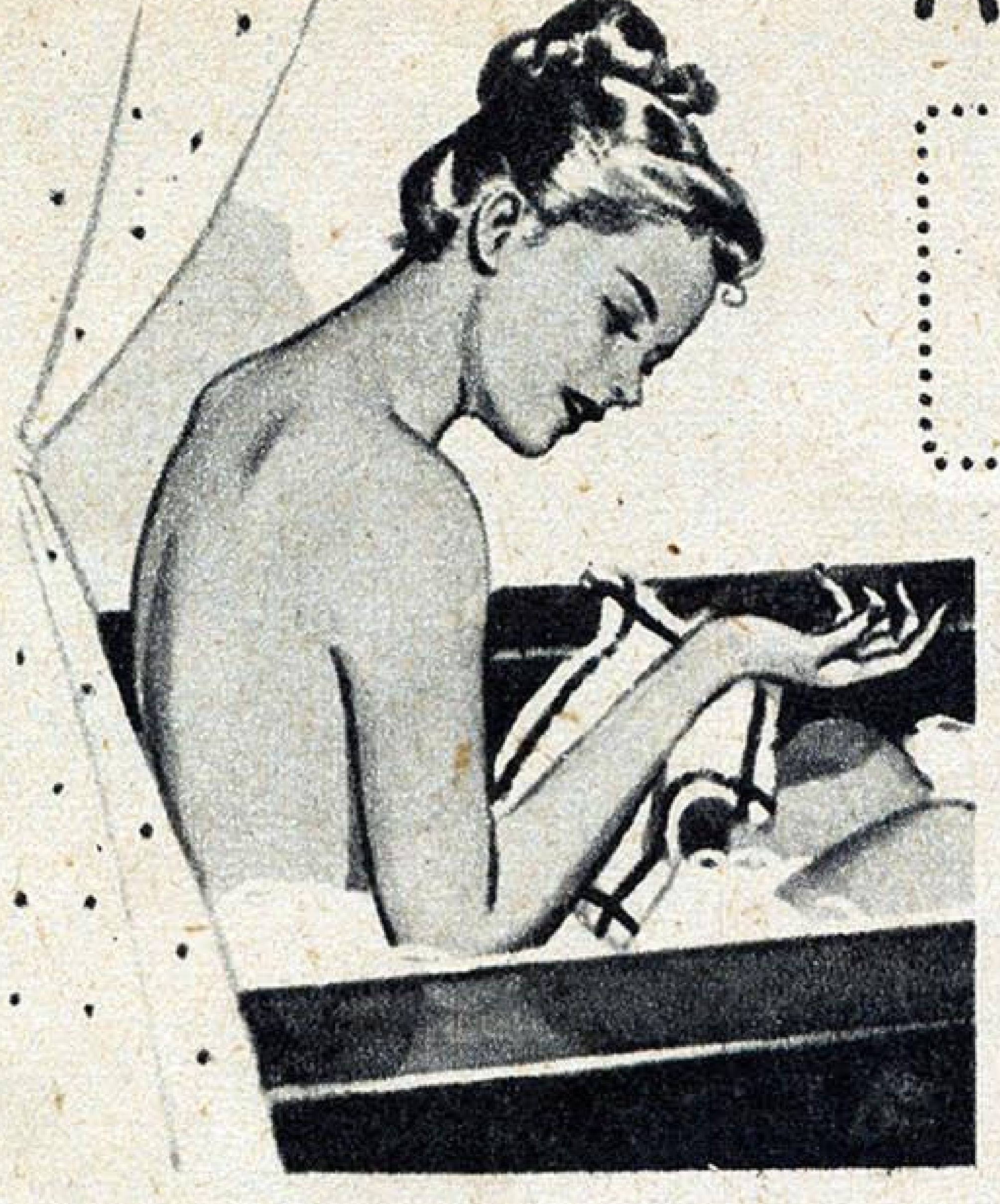
Well, the meal progresses, and finally it's eaten. But does that mean a fellow has to shove his plate away from him. He's finished, but let's leave the plate alone. Maybe he does think Mary's mother sits gabbing a long time afterwards, but he's a guest and should never make the first move towards adjourning. She listened while he yarned about last week's game, and the girls think the least he can do is stop twitching and pay attention if their mothers go on about the garden club.

As far as table manners go, it's no one-sided affair, but it does seem as if the girls admittedly have the edge. Boys write that the thing that drives them absolutely crazy is the lass who always likes what somebody else is eating much more than whatever she ordered herself. Take this chick out for a soda—she decides on a banana split, her date orders a double chocolate malt. Well, the concoctions arrive and right away she's asking if he'd mind if she tasted a teensie weensie bit of his soda because it looks so good. He thinks it looks good too, and it makes him pretty sore to have her spooning out half a dozen weensie hunks from his glass. Maybe she thinks it's cute and feminine. It isn't. It's just being a pain in the neck to him.

Boys, most of them, seem to be pretty sour on the finicky type. They get annoyed when a girl diddles with her food as if she were just too ethereal to eat. That routine went out with hoop skirts. Today's male thinks the girl who bites into a hot dog with enthusiasm is a good deal more normal than the languishing type who nibbles at one corner of the roll and sighs prettily that she's just never hungry somehow. Also nix on quirking the little finger. Ditto for crumbling up the bread. Either eat it or leave it alone.

By telling you all this we're not aiming to make anybody self-conscious and take to intravenous feeding. Once a person has established a good set of table manners they become so natural they're practically a reflex action. It's just a question of using them all the time, and not figuring on one set for home use, one for company, for that way there's the constant danger of maybe pulling out the wrong set at the wrong time.

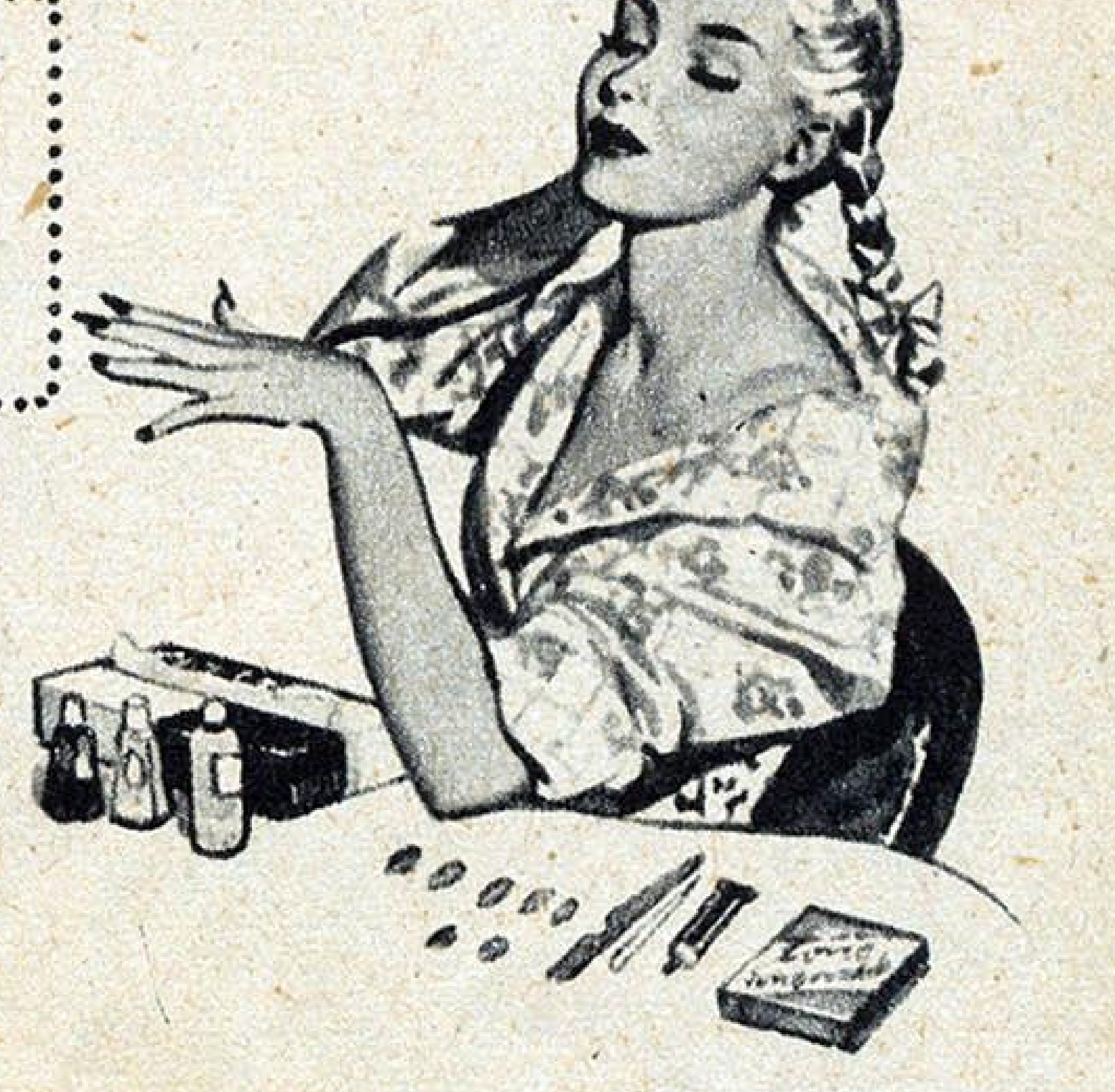
Are you in the know?



Which leaves you cooler—
☐ *A hot bath*
☐ *A lukewarm bath*
☐ *A cold shower*

When the merc goes berserk, dunk that sizzling little carcass in a lukewarm bath. It leaves you cooler than hot or cold ablutions. There's no taboo on tubbing at "certain" times, either, when bathing's not only beneficial but a *must* if you'd be dainty. And did you know Kotex contains a *deodorant?* Moreover, the deodorant is locked inside each napkin so it can't shake out. A new Kotex charm-saver!

If your nails split, should you—
☐ *Smooth them with an emery board*
☐ *Trim them with your teeth*
☐ *Wear artificial nails*



No use sighing over split nails. To smooth them, give your nails the business with an emery board, daily. Since a gal can't hide her hands *forever*, nail care spares you many uncomfortable moments. And so, on "trying" days, does Kotex. In fact, Kotex is The Word for comfort—because the softness of Kotex stays and stays. Yes, Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. That means curfew for chafing!

HAMBURGER
LIFE GUARD

What's new on the beach this year?
☐ *The Life Guard*
☐ *The Bloomer Girl*
☐ *The hamburgers*

If you want to wow the beach crowd, take your cue from the Bloomer Girl (shown here). Her swim suit's news—and a far cry from the bathing bloomers of granny's day! Just as Kotex is far different from old-fashioned sanitary napkins. Consider the blessing of Kotex' *flat tapered ends:* pressed *flat* so they don't cause revealing outlines! And that special Kotex *safety center* gives you *plus* protection.

A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

KOTEX
SANITARY NAPKINS
Containing a Deodorant
KOTEX

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Beauty, charm, brains, talent . . . what good are they without the sense to use them? Without that sixth sense—common sense! Teddie knows all about this Merlin-like quality, and tells us here . . .

Sense of Beauty

by Teddie Thayer

ACCORDING to the experts, there are only two traits necessary to insure your unqualified success in life, whether your goal be a date with the most popular boy in school, or your eventual election to Congress. The advice-givers are about equally divided between the two characteristics, *charm* and *personality*. Now and again some rugged individualist casts his vote for beauty or brains as the touchstone to long and happy years.

Now there is no denying that charm and/or personality are mighty handy assets to pack, but to date no one has been entirely successful in defining either quality, let alone reducing them to simple workable formulas which can be digested and assimilated like vitamins.

Which would seem to leave most of us doomed to lives of drab and frustrated mediocrity.

This would be horrid, *if it were true,* but happily there is another qualification long overlooked, ignored and snubbed by authorities on such things, which will produce far more miraculous results than all the other traits combined. I refer to the modest virtue of *common sense.*

All of us cannot be beautiful, or brainy, but most of us were given some sort of features and an able mind, upon prodding, to put two and two together. It is this simple ability which is known as common sense.

With it, you can strip your troubles to bare essentials. Take those essentials apart to find what makes them rattle and put them together again in a smooth, workable fashion.

For example, if your greatest desire is to be popular, and success seems to elude you, try applying a little common sense to your problem. First of all, ask yourself what constitutes popularity. If your answer amounts, approximately, to knowing and being liked by a great many people of both the sexes, you have already begun to make some progress. The next step is to ask yourself whether you *know* a great many people. If you don't, common sense would indicate that the best way of enlarging your circle of acquaintances would be through joining clubs and committees and young people's groups where regular attendance would automatically make you a part of the group.

The next step indicated by common sense, would be to become active in those groups. People are inclined (*Continued on page* 59)

All you need to know about practical packing to keep your travelling temper—and your appearance—smooth and sweet. . . .

SEND 'EM PACKING

by Alyce Canfield

LOOKIT you! All happy like anything. The most wonderful news, really! You're going on a trip! You didn't think you'd ever get that train reservation but you must be living right, because you did. Everyone at home is dashing around madly, trying to help you pack. *Gosh!* How are you ever going to get all that stuff into a suitcase or two? And even if you *do,* it's apparent that when you arrive at your destination, your man-trapping dress will be a wrinkled wad of its former self.

Now wait a moment there! You can send the packing problems packing if you organize the process. In the first place, you won't be all burdened down with luggage if you remember not to take everything you ever owned. I know, I know! It's a temptation not to take that extra skirt you might wear sometime. But be a real woman; be brave. Leave it at home. Consider the locale to which you're going and then select three basic outfits to meet the requirements of daytime and evening entertainment.

The important item of course is your all-occasion suit and its three blouses; one blouse to wear, one to launder and one ready and waiting for the next date. Your suit will serve you well—coming, going and in-between and so will one all-purpose coat. Don't pack your coat—carry it.

Make a basic dress do double duty by stripping down ornamentation for daytime and adding a knockout clip or gay flowers for after dusk. Include a casual dress, preferably of a non-crushable fabric, in order to keep your best dress fresh for big occasions.

Take a robe which isn't bulky for relaxing in the (*Continued on page* 65)

White cowhide matching wardrobe luggage by Dale, New York
Clothes courtesy Franklin Simon, N. Y.

SATURDAY NIGHT DATE

From page 23

couldn't possibly have worked out.

After careful consideration she had come to the decision that she was really the sophisticated type. She had arrived at this by the process of elimination! She was tall and dark and inclined to be intense about things. Therefore she was not the pert type nor the frivolous kind. Besides, she had always admired the sleek adventuress in the movies. That should certainly mean *something.*

From her closet, Marilyn pulled the new navy blue silk-gabardine and eyed it carefully. It was exactly right, she decided, all but the babyish pink collar and cuffs. With her manicure scissors she removed the offending trimming, without which the dress was satisfactorily stark in its simplicity. Carefully she slipped it on over her new pink silk slip.

She dusted her face with powder, added a touch of lipstick, vaseline on her eyelashes, and, as the crowning touch, her mother's new pearl choker.

In the living room she arranged herself carefully on the sofa with a new magazine.

When Jon came in, she allowed her lashes to rise from the printed page slowly. "Hello," she pronounced throatily.

"Hi," Jon said.

"Won't you—sit down?" Bacall herself couldn't have reached a lower register.

"Got a cold?" Jon inquired sympathetically.

"Certainly not," she snapped in a normal voice.

"Well you sounded funny," he said defensively. "And you look pale too. Do you feel up to a movie tonight?"

"I feel wonderful," Marilyn replied loftily. She rose gracefully and sauntered across the room to the fireplace. She placed her elbows on the mantlepiece, with the long line of her back toward Jon. It had been a very effective pose when Bette Davis used it. Probably her navy blue dress even looked black in the lamplight, she reflected.

"Can I offer you a drink?" she inquired from the back of her throat.

"We won't have time for a coke if we want to see the beginning of the picture," Jon told her matter-of-factly. He pulled a package out of his jacket pocket. "But you better have one of these cough drops for that throat. And say Marilyn . . ." He gestured toward her hem. "When you pull your arms up like that . . ."

"MISS AMERICA's heartiest congratulations" — Thea Tyler, Fashion and Merchandise Director of MISS AMERICA, shows Tony Pastor the first annual cup award given to the "Teentimer Club," on radio network NBC by MISS AMERICA Magazine for "outstanding teen-age entertainment". A campaign for racial and religious tolerance is a feature of "Teentimer Club" which has won widespread national approval.

A studio audience of more than 1,000 teenagers applauded this award to the popular variety program featuring name orchestras and their vocalists.

"What happens when I put my arms up?" Marilyn inquired haughtily.

"Your slip shows," Jon said kindly.

There was a double feature at the Bijou, the second half Abbott and Costello. Marilyn howled with Jon and the rest of the audience. Afterward, when they threaded their way through the crowd to Pop's where all the gang gathered for cokes on Saturday night, Marilyn flushed in recollection of the spectacle she must have made of her new sophisticated self.

When they entered Pop's, there were greetings from nearly all the tables they passed. She was secretly pleased to note that the girls were eyeing Jon with admiration.

He was nice looking, she thought complacently. He was probably the best looking boy in the place. And he had that indefinable air about him. He was . . . Marilyn groped around in her mind for the right word . . . he was *urbane.*

When they were settled in the booth and the blond girl had taken their orders, Marilyn asked, "Did you see many shows when you lived in New York?"

"Not too many. I did see that Leonard Bernstein show, *On The Town*, though."

"Was it good?"

"Wonderful."

"That Bernstein," Marilyn sighed knowingly. "He's so clever with words. I'll bet the dialogue was terribly clever."

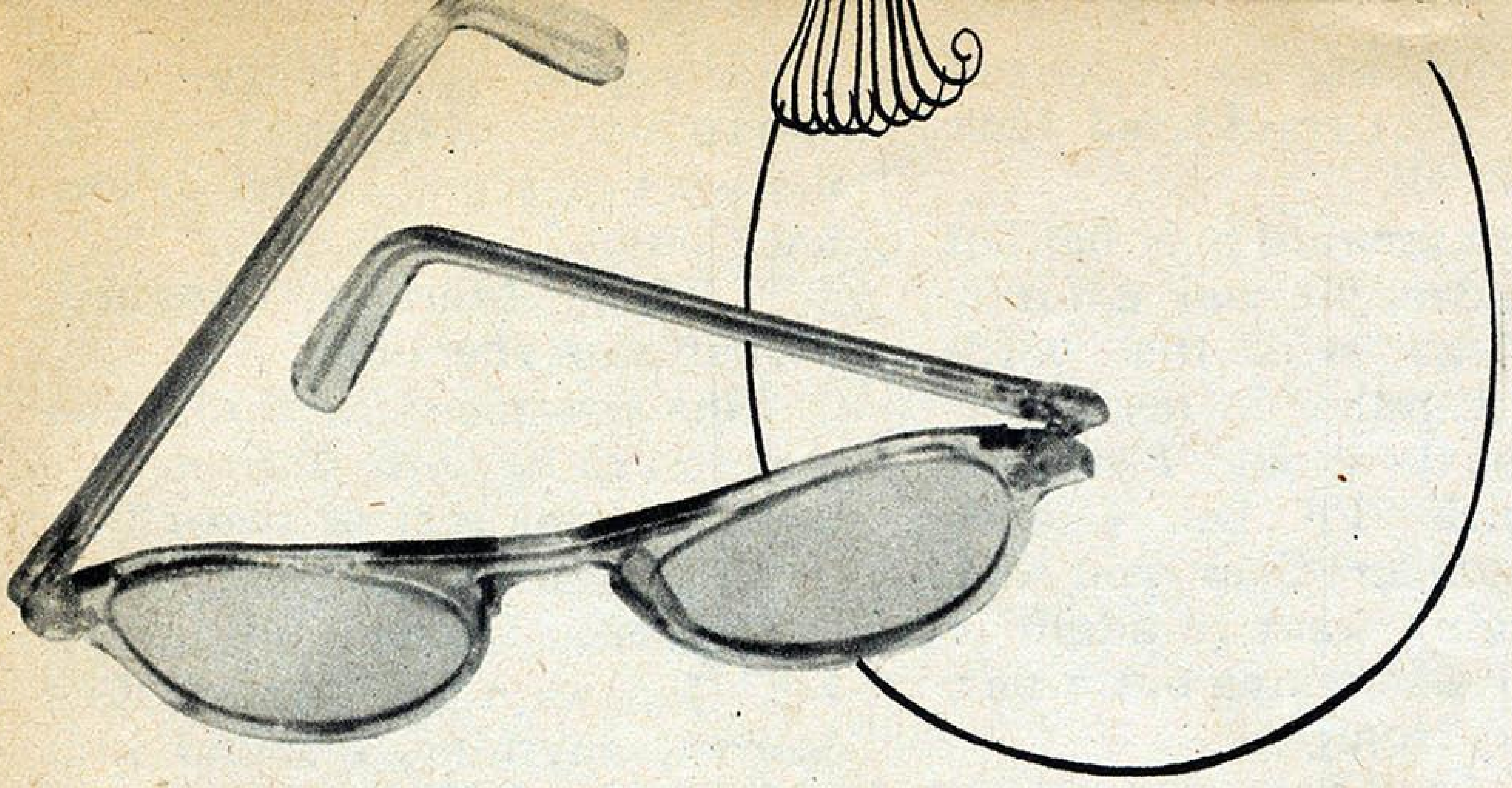
"Bernstein isn't a playwright," Jon said. "He did the music."

"Oh," Marilyn gasped.

"You've probably got him confused with someone else," Jon laughed. "Anyway, I thought that picture tonight was funny, didn't you?"

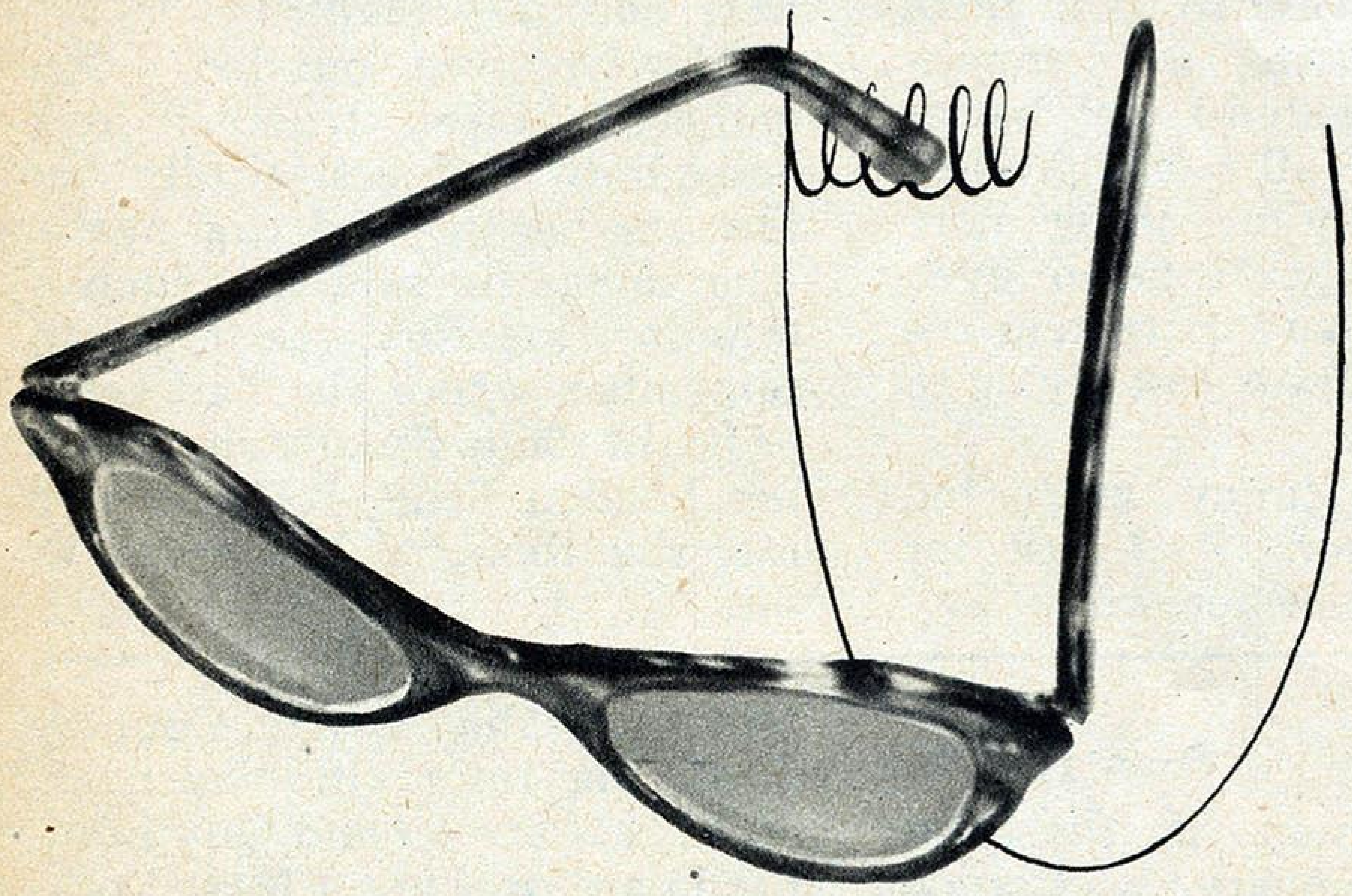
Marilyn made a desperate grasp at her rapidly disintegrating sophistication. "It was childish," she said. "I read somewhere that ninety-eight per cent of the pictures they produce

(*Continued on page 56*)

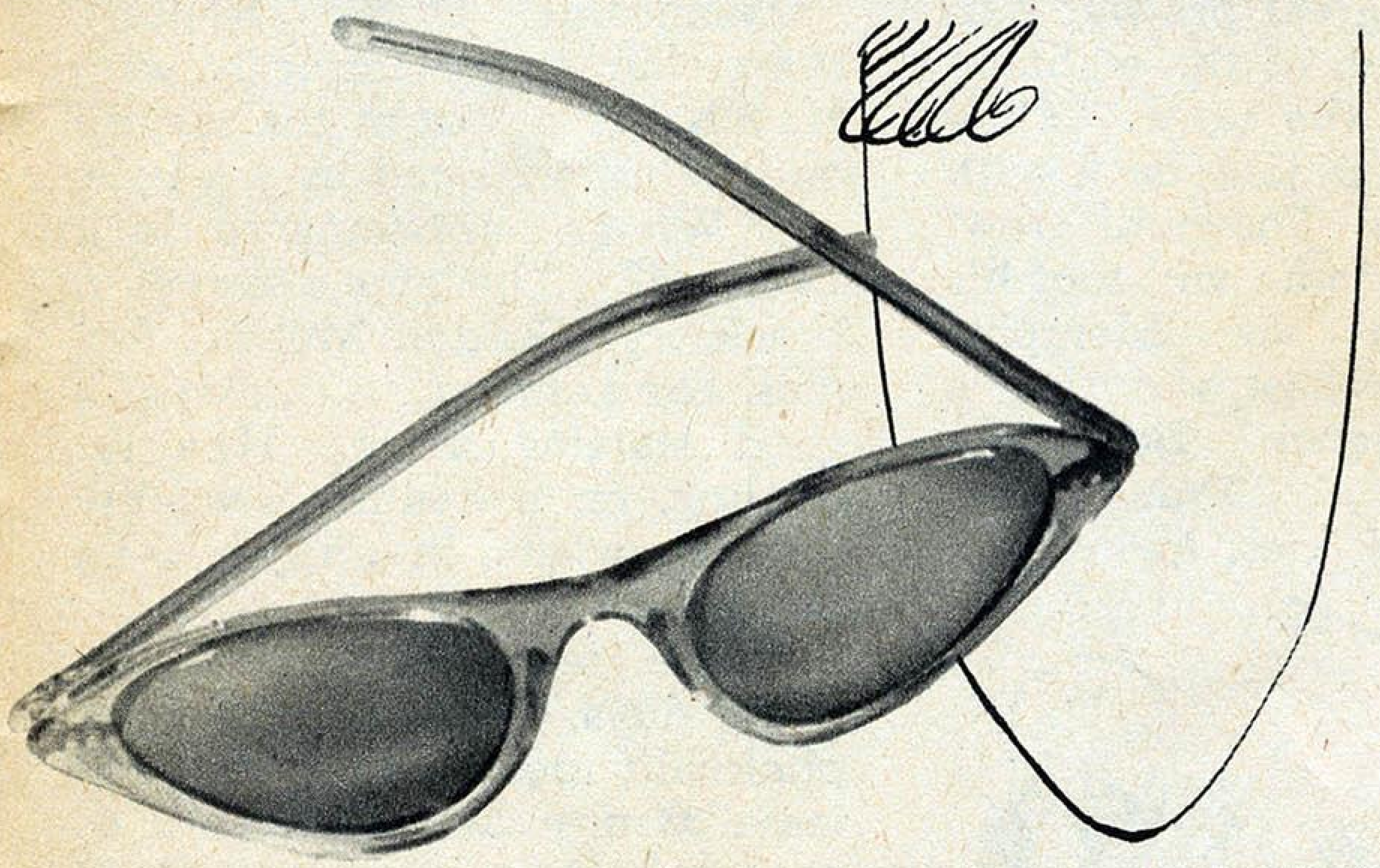


So your face is round—upturned, "pixie" glasses will preserve all of its young appeal. The tilted corners work wonders at cutting away heavy lines and keep those charming, rounded contours.

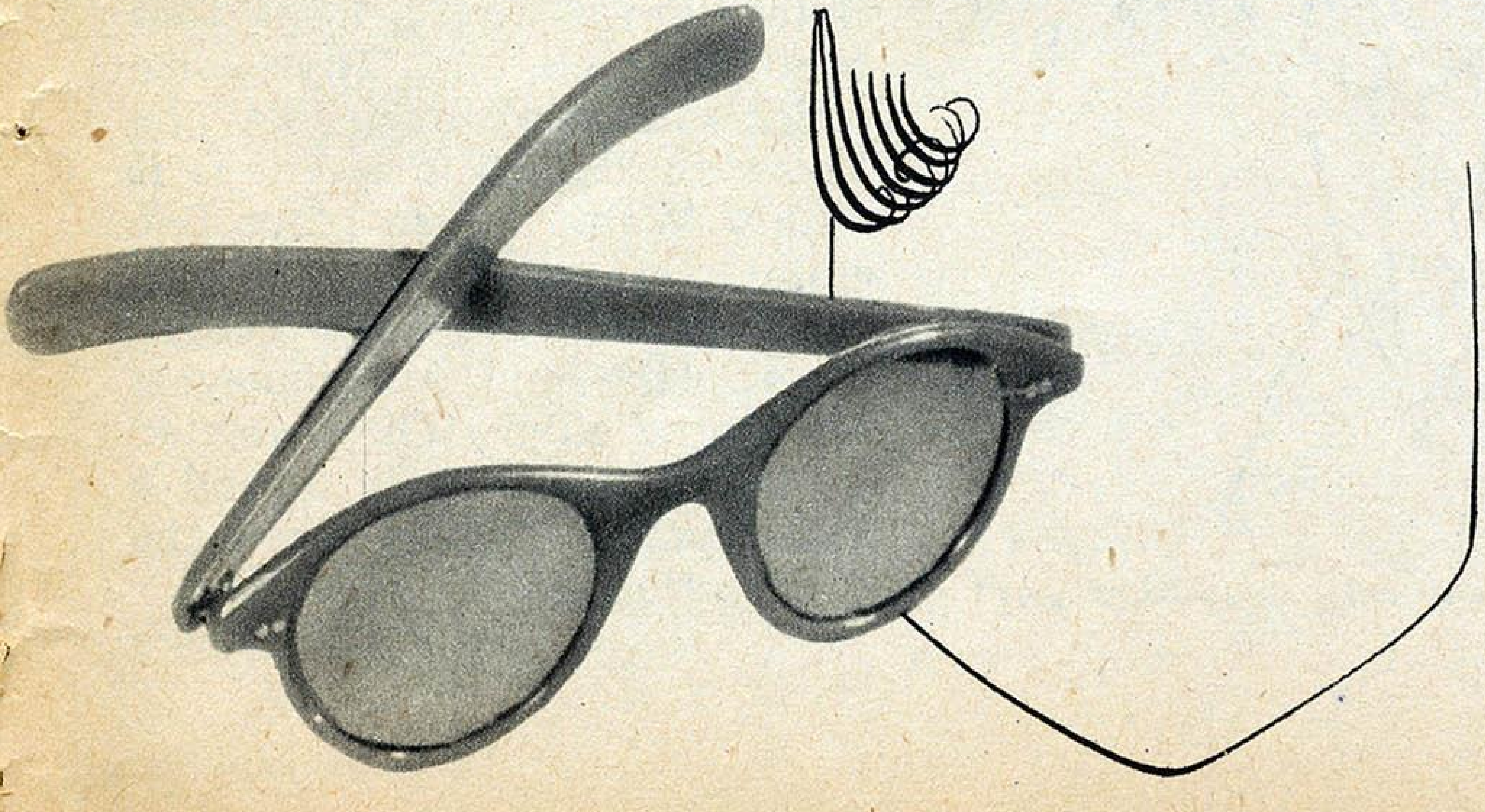
FOR GIRLS WHO WEAR GLASSES



So your face is oval—choose these sporty, unique frames to emphasize your classic bone structure and planes. They will give you added distinction and also detract from tiny flaws.



So your face is thin—and you're scared stiff of wearing glasses! But did you know heavy tortoise shell frames will balance and dramatize your features? Your "cheaters" will be charmers!



So your face is square—and you worry about a strong square jaw and maybe a large nose. Rounded up-and-out glasses will minimize by softening these irregular features. See the difference it makes.

Glasses by Oculens

SATURDAY NIGHT DATE

From page 54

cater to the average twelve-year intellect. And I believe it."

Jon's clear blue eyes clouded with a hurt look. "I'm awfully sorry you didn't enjoy yourself. If there was someplace else you'd rather have gone I wish you would have told me."

Marilyn stared at him in amazement. Generally he seemed so sure of himself, so self-confident and invulnerable, that what she read in his face seemed unbelievable.

And then it came to her that Jon had spent his allowance to take her out and give her a good time. When she pretended she was bored, it meant to Jon that the evening he had offered was not good enough, that he had failed as an escort and as a person.

Hot remorse flooded through Marilyn. Sophistication might be all right in its place, but it certainly wasn't a friendly thing, nor a kind thing. She had been so busy thinking about herself that she hadn't considered Jon's feelings at all.

She bent forward over her hot fudge sundae. "It *was* a funny picture," she said, the words tumbling together in her eagerness to get them out. "I laughed myself sick. I'll bet I even laughed louder than you did. Only I didn't want to admit it. You see I was trying out a new personality tonight."

"You were *what*?"

"Trying out a new personality for size," she admitted. "And it didn't fit at all. I thought you must be used to worldly girls and I didn't want to seem tame and uninteresting in comparison." She began to feel better than she had all evening. Now there was only one thing more she had to say. "I never even heard of Leonard Bernstein before tonight. I was just trying to show off."

"You're a funny kid," Jon grinned at her. "And just for the record I never knew any *worldly* girls. All girls are—well—as a matter of fact you remind me a lot of a girl I used to like back home."

"I do?" Marilyn breathed. "What was she like?"

"She was nice," he said. "She was fun to be with. She was . . . well, she was sort of *sweet.*"

"Oh," Marilyn said softly.

"I've traveled with my folks a bit," Jon went on. "And if I've learned anything, I found that girls are much the same all over. I guess people are pretty much alike wherever they live. And to conclude my lecture for tonight, would you like to go skating next Saturday night?"

Marilyn was puzzled. She gathered herself together long enough to nod ecstatically before she began pondering again. The things he said had such a familiar ring. She was trying to remember where she had read, or heard them. Finally she shook her head a little. It'll come to me, she thought. It'll come to me.

JAM SESSION

From page 26

about his new record of "Josephine, Please No Lean on the Bell." On the date he was to record it, his arranger showed up with the score of the wrong song! Louis fumed, ranted and raved, but to no avail. Another arranger was called in, and while Louis recorded his first two numbers the music men wrote a new arrangement, as fast as their pens would fly. Fifteen minutes before the end of the session the arrangement was finished. Five minutes later the record was made . . . but Louis is still talking to himself!

Kitty Kallen has signed with Musicraft records. . . . Vaughn Monroe and Kay Kyser both have new all-gal singing groups known as The Moonbeams. Vaughn, whose girls were discovered by *Screen Stars'* music columnist, Dixon Gayer, has offered to change the name of his quintet if Kay wants him to.

Horatio Q. Birdbath is the latest addition to Spike Jones' City Slickers. Horatio imitates birds, animals, and humans. . . . Carolyn Gray, formerly with Woody Herman, is the new Gene Krupa canary. . . . Claude Thornhill's new band is a dead ringer for his great pre-war outfit. In fact, ten of the eighteen musicians are the same. They all wanted their jobs back with the sensational Thornhill crew!

Benny Goodman will toot his clarinet with the Memphis Symphony Orchestra during a guest performance. Benny's a concert whiz. . . . Frank Sinatra's last N. Y. visit included a jaunt to the Lama Country Club, the resort in Napanach, N. Y. . . . Carmen and Guy Lombardo are opening a New York-Long Island airline!

She has a way with men—her way!

Handsome Harry Babbitt, the stellar singer formerly with Kay Kyser, is out of the service and being groomed as a single. . . . What's happening to Jack Leonard? The guy deserves a break. . . . Gordon McRae, former band singer, is making a good starting mark. He's recording, on a five-times-weekly radio show, and in a hit show on Broadway!

These seem to be stay-at-home days. Liza Morrow emphatically denies that she will leave Benny Goodman's ork as rumored. Doris Day says she'll stay with Les Brown. And Butch Stone won't form that band after all. . . . That voice which sounds so much like The Voice on records these days is Teddy Walters. He plays fine guitar, too.

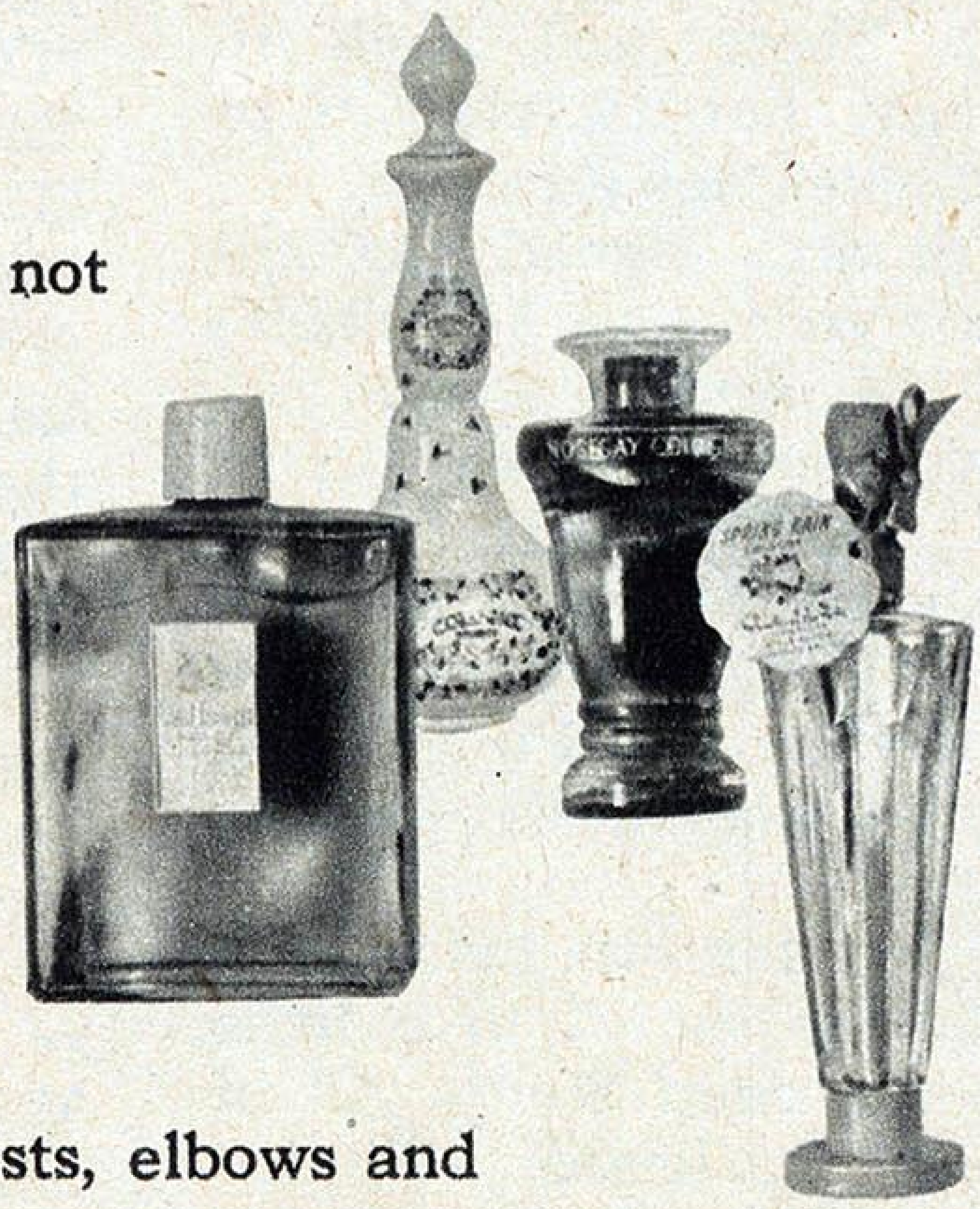
Vaughn Monroe has bought an airplane and his managers are scared silly. They worried enough when he only owned a motorcycle. . . . Susan Reed, the

(*Continued on page 58*)

Hot Weather Colognes

Fresh, fragrant daintiness—right through the simmer summer. . . .

ARE you "on" to colognes? You should be. Many a wise miss would part with her Sinatra album, her Jacquard sweater, *and* her silver bangles before she'd give up her cologne collection.



Cologne is so refreshing when you dash it on your skin. It's not expensive—you can get generous flasks of many fine colognes for only a dollar or two—so your dressing table can offer you a choice of floral or spicy scents to suit the moment and the mood, and you can feel free to use them generously.

So keep cool with colognes! Splash some on the back of your neck for a quick pick-up on sticky days. Douse it on wrists, elbows and ankles. Spray it on your temples. Brush a little into your hair. You'll rejoice in the tingling sensation, that fresh feeling. Follow your usual good "scents" when you select your cologne wardrobe—and surround yourself with sweetness, all summer long!

JAM SESSION

From page 56

cute teen-age folk singer, has been signed to record for Victor's classical record department. You'll like her. . . . Rimsky-Korsakov is the latest classical composer to be popularized. Modern versions of his works will be featured in "Fandango," based on an incident in Rimsky-Korsakov's early life.

Dinah Shore will have to take it easy, her doctors say, to avoid another voice failure. . . . Frank Sinatra signed for another five years and $1,500,000 with MGM. And he makes the dough whether he makes pix or not. . . . Buddy Rich doing a good job on Mercury records. . . . That Vaughn Monroe contract with the Hit Parade will be a long-termer if the sponsor has his say!

Dean Hudson was made honorary deputy sheriff in a little town in the deep South. All of the band musicians attended the ceremonies. When they returned they discovered that a thief had broken into the band truck and stolen Dean's entire wardrobe. Sic 'em, Sheriff!

Idol chatter: Ginnie Powell, the songstress, has stepped into the most coveted band vocalist spot in the country, with Harry James' orchestra! When Kitty Kallen left the band to go out as a single, Harry immediately talked terms with pert Ginnie.

Ginnie, who has sung with Charlie Barnet, Gene Krupa, Jerry Wald and Boyd Raeburn, is barely out of her teens. She started singing in Chicago when still a freshman in high school. At the age of 14 she had her own radio program there. The day she graduated from high school she started singing with Raeburn.

The path leads constantly upward for Ginnie Powell. She has made her first records with Harry and the reception has been swell. And to top it off she looks like a million dollars. It could happen, you know, to you!

Record raves: And raves they are, when I talk about Frank Sinatra's great new album called "The Voice of Frank Sinatra." It's an eight tune album with the finest collection of oldies I've seen between pasteboards. "Try a Little Tenderness," "Why Shouldn't I?" "Ghost of a Chance" are a few of the better tunes. Axel Stordahl's orchestra helps out in the background.

Hal McIntyre has so many fine discs on Cosmo that it's hard to keep track of them all. "Do You Love Me," "I Fall in Love With You Every Day," "It Couldn't Be True" and "Come Rain or Come Shine," are four of the latest. Frank Lester and Nancy Reed share the singing chores.

Ink Spots fans will like "The Gypsy" by the lads. It's backed by "Everyone Is Saying Hello Again," another nice new ballad on a new Decca disc. It's mellow.

I don't know if you're allergic to cowboy records, but Bob Wills' band on Columbia hits a good jive groove on "Roly-Poly" and the treatment is kinda humorous. I'm corny enough to get a boot out of it. . . . Reproduction is still pretty bad on Musicraft, but Georgie Auld's band *isn't* bad on "Blue Moon."

Struggling through that surface on Musicraft is Phil Moore's jivey version of "Danny Boy" backed by the inimitable "September Song." This is a swell record on a terrible surface. . . . Leonard Feather has an all-star jazz outfit on Continental which hits a good, though rather uninspired groove, on "Esquire Jump" and "Bounce."

The advantage in being named Fatso is your date isn't surprised when you eat a healthy meal.

Woody Herman and the Blue Flames deliver a topnotch vocal on "You've Got Me Crying Again" on Columbia with the Herman herd in a mellow mood. On the flipover Herman and the gang give a preview of tomorrow's jazz today in "Panacea." The band is precise, pleasant and powerful but I could do without the lyrics by Woody. Bill Harris' trombone steals the side . . . and the record!

The Vaughn Monroe band goes comical on "Josephine, Please No Lean on the Bell" and "Katinka" with saxophonist Ziggy Talent rasping the lyrics. Personally, I much prefer the Monroe band with Monroe, but this is cute enough. . . . Freddy Martin's band plays for dancing and romancing on "I Love an Old Fashioned Song" and "You're the Cause of It All" for Victor. Martin's band never misses on fine dance tempos.

Frankie Sinatra sings the sensational "Centennial Summer" song, "All Through the Day," on a new Columbia platter. It's a great song and Frank does his usual bang-up job on it. "Two Hearts Are Better Than One" is the high-ranking coupling.

Ginnie Powell's vocal saves Harry James' record of "Do You Love Me" from turning into a hundred-mile dash. "As If I Didn't Have Enough on My Mind" on the other side is slower and, thus, better where the band is concerned. Buddy DiVito turns in a good set of lyrics on this tune.

Capitol has put musical director Paul Weston on wax again with "No One But Me" featuring the swell voice of Lou Dinning, a charmer with a future, and "Full Moon and Empty Arms" featuring the pianistics of Skitch Henderson's nimble fingers. Skitch is the guy whom Frank Sinatra plugs so often. Let me cast an extra vote for the swell tune, "No One But Me," and spare for Lou Dinning. Whatta style!

SENSE OF BEAUTY

From page 51

to favor those with the same enthusiasms as their own, and before you know it, you will have accomplished your desire. As simply as that!

If your secret ambition is to panic the stag line, and you are completely stymied as to methods, try applying a little common sense to the situation. If you were a lad, who would *you* prefer to dance with? That's easy, says common sense. The gal with the lightest feet. Brush up, therefore, on the tricky turns and smooth glides at home with your best girl friends.

But, you moan, I dance like a breeze now and the stags still refuse to panic. Why, common sense demands, won't they cut in? Could it be because you look bored? Or is it because you're tense and strained and waiting with every nerve-end showing for a cut-in? Ha, says common sense reasonably—relax. Look like you're having a marvelous time. Concentrate on your partner's quips and sallies and laugh as though you've never heard such fascinating talk before. If he's the silent type, tease him into saying something. Anything. You can then pretend it's terribly witty. He'll be flattered and one of those stags is going to be sufficiently curious about what's amusing you to cut in and find out. Then you can turn your whole delighted attention on *him.* Stags are like sheep. They follow the leader. And before you know it, you're there. As easy as that—with common sense.

If your simple desire is to be liked by some one person who hasn't particularly noticed you, and this may be the captain of the football team, your super English teacher, or your boy friend's mother, try a little common sense. Go out of your way to say something nice about them to them. Everyone likes a sincere compliment. It's one way of bringing yourself, pleasantly, to their attention.

Let's try something a little harder. Suppose you want to take flying lessons, or study ballet, or go on to college, and your family will not or cannot finance the endeavor. Common sense would point out that the only thing standing between you and your heart's desire is lack of money—which, you wail, is a big help! You *know* what's holding you back.

But, common sense will also show you how it is possible to earn the money for your pet project yourself. You go to school during the day which rules out taking a job. It has to be something you can do in the evenings, or on Saturdays.

What can you do in the evenings? There is a crying need for baby-sitters and rates, especially in cities, have spiralled sharply upward. All you need do is let it be known that you are available and you will be swamped with offers. In addition, many of the department stores use extra help on Saturdays, which is another good way of augmenting the project-fund. Simple? It is with common sense.

What's *your* pet problem? If personality and charm, beauty and brains have failed you, try common sense. It's sure-fire!

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SO YOU WANT TO BE A DANCER

From page 43

about dancers having bulgy leg muscles. If dancing is properly taught, legs can be as beautiful as they would ordinarily. A certain ballet star I know, whose legs were thick, switched to another teacher, and gradually her legs slimmed down. Besides, she achieved a new sleekness. (Dancing, correctly taught, will do that, you know—give sleekness to the body.)

It will also do something else—and this is why I believe all young girls especially those in their teens should study some form of the dance—it will help them overcome self-consciousness. I've seen it work miracles for clinging vines and wallflowers, (not that I mean to be so flowery). And, dancing will teach you to *walk*. You can spot the girl who's taken dancing lessons on a crowded street instantly. There's an easy relaxed air about her, a lithe grace about her stroll. Because of this correct carriage training, actresses and models consider dance lessons a vital part of their careers.

Right now, aside from the latest dance breaks, which you probably pick up from older brother Willie—modern dancing and ballet are taught most extensively in schools. And they are probably what you future Pavlovas are mostly interested in. Modern dancing is freer, more adaptable to various themes, while ballet is a highly skilled technique, and requires more training. It's like pitching quarters into a cup. Ballet will teach you to pitch them right smack into the cup, but modern dancing will teach you to pitch them, period. Also, ballet gives an agility and brilliancy to the dance which modern interpretation doesn't. I think it's a wise plan for you to study both of them, though.

So go ahead—study both, and then some! Decide upon your niche in the field, and work your head off towards your goal! Aim at the stars—but keep both feet firmly planted on the ground (or stage)—and you'll get there! See if you don't!

MISS AMERICA SPEAKS

From page 48

Agenda, Kansas, sends us this clever idea about pins, the girls in her town are making, "We Kansas girls cut out orange, brown and green felt and make big sunflowers to pin or sew on the lapels of our packets or on sweaters. Girls of any other states can follow this example and devise their own ornaments."

Here's a cute poem from Joann Sackett of New York about her heroes:

"From three years to seven the
pictures we saw
Were all about princes and
kings.
Pinoc was our hero in those
good old days,
And we wondered where fairies
got wings.

A few years ago when The
Voice was not found,
And horrible men started war,
Our hero was Tarzan, (we
loved his "ahh yoah"
And the cute leopard suit that
he wore).

Now that's all in past, and we
like someone new,
Who's a dashing and strong
hunk of man;
The freckles and grin have
brought him great fame,
For now, our hero is—Van!"

This wonderful suggestion for your warped phonograph records comes from Carol Braun, Portland Oregon. (Look at her picture on page 48.) "To straighten a record, place it between two milk bottles and set it where the sun will shine on it for an hour or two. It works out swell."

A very useful and timely tip to make butter s-t-r-e-t-c-h is sent to us by Sylvia Shagroth, Chevy Chase, Md. "To make 1 lb. of a delicious spread with only ½ lb. of butter, first, let the butter stand in a warm place. Then work with a spoon until very soft. Place 1¼ teaspoons of any kind of gelatin in a bowl and add ¼ cup cold milk and mix well. Then add ¾ cup of hot milk and ½ teaspoon salt and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Cool until lukewarm. Add to softened butter, a small amount at a time, beating with rotary egg beater after each addition until blended. Store in covered dish in refrigerator. Makes 2 to 2¼ cups and should be used within a week."

HAT SALE
trafford

Notice the feather on the side

Speaking of recipes, here's a dandy warm-weather cooler, from Nancy Rosenzweig, Chicago, Ill., who tells us, "It really is very simple to make and not in the least bit expensive. First you freeze grape juice cubes in a refrigerator tray and wait until they are thoroughly hard. Make a fairly tart lemonade and when the cubes have hardened put them in beverage glasses and pour the lemonade over. You'll be surprised at the wonderful results!"

And for some colorful coasters to go with it, this novel bit of information comes from Dorothy Browarnik, Miami Beach, Fla. "Take confetti streamer-rolls and roll tightly. Paste side by side until about 2½ or 3 inches in diameter, changing color every few rows. Push last row ends up slightly like a saucer. Cover entire surface with shellac and you have multi-colored coasters nice enough for any party. They make swell gifts, too!"

Well, that's about all we have room for this month girls. But keep those sharp ideas and lovely photographs coming our way, will you?

LET'S GO CAMPING

From page 19

time? Well there's just the camp for the serious, scholarly type too.

Suppose you want to study French or Spanish this summer and at the same time get away from the city heat. First there's the large modern language camp, Ecole Champlain, on the cool lake in northern New York. Then there's the smaller Les Chalets Francais. Here you can learn to *parler francais* and *hablar espanol* in little Swiss chalets at Deer Isle, Maine.

What better way is there to make up work you've missed at school or get a head start on next term's study? At Les Chalets, for instance, it's almost like spending a summer in France. All counselors, who are either native or American-trained teachers, speak French. You spend an hour in class studying with them every day. But you also play French games, sing French songs and act in French plays. You even learn to play regular sports like volley ball and archery by instruction in French! (In case you were worried, at none of these camps that are different, is it all work and no play. Swimming, tennis, parties and dances all fit into the program.)

You say you didn't want to carry the indoor girl stuff that far? You wanted to study but not a school subject? You just wanted to keep up with your piano playing and singing during the summer?

O.K. How about the famous National Music Camp at Interlochen, affiliated with the University of Michigan? There's almost no limit to the musical training you can get here. You can learn to play any instrument in the orchestra, sing folk songs or opera. And, best of all, you can display what you learn in concerts and recitals. The complete works!

But if you really want a music camp that is different, find out about the glories of Sander Isle, off the coast of cool Maine. It's a new camp launched this year by a music teacher just out of the Navy, Samuel A. Hollander. It is named after his brother, Sander, a promising young musician of eighteen who was killed fighting with the Infantry in Germany last year. Mr. Hollander founded the camp as a memorial.

He also intends to make it a living tribute to the democracy Sander died fighting for. Talented young musicians of all races, colors and creeds will be admitted. Those who can't afford the fee will be enrolled on scholarships.

Instructors who are top men in their musical fields will be on the faculty. They include Donald Mair, formerly trombonist with Les Brown; William Blanchard, French horn player with Andre Kostelanetz; Simeon Bellison, solo clarinetist with the New York Philharmonic. Campers will get one private lesson from these tutors each week and also will have daily instruction as part of an orchestral or choral group.

How's that for a music camp!

Now—you say you can't tell a French horn from a bassoon but you had a part in the school play and have been bitten by the acting bug? You want to know if there's anything you can do about it this summer? Yes,

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there is. But definitely!

The most elaborate summer theatrical set-up is at the Perry-Mansfield Camp, high in the Rockies at Steamboat Springs, Colorado. If you've finished high school, you can take a complete program in acting, directing and producing. There also are courses in ballet, art, music and photography. If you haven't finished high school, you can take a few of these subjects as part of your camping.

Famous modern dancers like Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman and Agnes de Mille have taught at Perry-Mansfield. Harriet Anne Gray is there this year and so is Louis Horst, who composes music and dances for Martha Graham.

As far as straight theatre goes, you learn not only about what happens on a stage but what goes on backstage as well. You learn voice, diction and gesture and also designing, building and painting scenery—even moving it around!

Plays themselves are directed by Charlotte Perry and performances are given at the Universities of Wyoming and Denver and nearby cattle towns. At Perry-Mansfield you get a chance to do real trouping in the sagebrush country. And if you aren't too tied up in theatricals —and have the strength left— you can go on pack trips 11,000 feet high to the top of the Continental Divide or explore the beauties of Yampa Canyon.

A smaller and more informal theatre and dance arts camp for teen-agers is run at the Dela-Water Gap by Elizabeth and Don Oscar Becque. Not only are the Becques distinguished modern dancers—they are talented teachers of young people as well. In camp they try to help teen-agers develop and grow through learning theatre arts. They don't try to make you a Pavlova or a Markova in one summer—just a happier and better coordinated person. Their campers love it and continue to study with the Becques in New York City during the winter.

You may suspect that all of the camps just described cost a good deal of money—and you are right. But there are camps throughout America that are inexpensive and yet different. One of the liveliest is Camp Juvenile run by the well-known Juvenile House in New York.

First of all, the camp is co-ed. That means boys and girls enjoy many of their activities together. These include things like cooking and building bungalows.

Each camper—boy and girl—spends three days in the kitchen really cooking. There's a professional cook and dietician to supervise but you will actually decide menus and carry out—all the way from buying food at the store to serving it on the table. That's one good, non-schoolish way to learn about vitamins. It also helps you realize what Momma goes through whipping up three squares a day.

In addition, every camper—girl and boy—also spends two hours a day in construction work. Over seven years campers have practically built up Juvenile. Louise Adler, the director, says she has plans that will keep campers busy for the next twenty-five years. This summer a major item on the building agenda is an outdoor theatre.

Campers at Juvenile don't do all this cooking and building to save on employing help. Mrs. Adler simply believes that modern young men and women should know their way about the house and her camp gives them a chance to learn. Girls and boys are supposed to stay at Juvenile just three weeks during a summer and Mrs. Adler finds it hard to get them to go home when their time is up. But at least they can come back the following year—and they do. Juvenile has a young adults' section to which campers can go when they've passed their teens.

As you see, then, camps can be different. They can give you something more than a summer's fun. They can give you skills and knowledge of lasting value.

When you go to camp, why not consider one that's different?

Ashby Warden

DIANA'S Double

Here she is—Ashby Warden of Godfrey, Illinois, prizewinner of MISS AMERICA's "Are you a double of Diana Lynn?" contest. Diana Lynn herself would think she was looking in a mirror if she were facing Ashby. For her award, she's granted a $150 three months' course at the Grace Downs Hollywood Model School in New York, oldest modeling school in the country. Honorable mention contestants were Diana D. Woodall of Arlington, Virginia, and Marilyn Sample of Flushing, New York. *Congratulations!*

Diana D. Woodall

Marilyn Sample

OH, JOHNNY OH

From page 8

No matter how sensationally successful he gets, it's a good bet he's never blasé about it. It still makes him feel pretty swell when one of you pushes through a crowd and waits around just because you want his autograph. He thinks maybe he likes theatre dates the best of all because your applause, when he's finished a song, is a fine thing to hear. That audience contact is a vital kind of a thing, and makes his job of singing, a satisfying way of earning a living. He likes radio too, but is allergic to night club engagements. It's too much of a marathon to sing against all that chatter-chatter racket.

He thinks teen-agers are okay and bristles in their defense if anybody launches into one of those routines about the problem of today's younger generation. Being twenty-five, he feels pretty much "younger generation" himself and understands how you think about things; also the things that make you tick are the things that make him tick. He has special ideas about the qualities a teen-aged gal should have. Or any gal for that matter. The most important being an ability to fit in anywhere, to adapt herself to any kind of a situation that comes along; to be able to shift her mood to tally with his, and to be interested in a variety of things. He doesn't go much for this glamour stuff. We asked him about a girl wanting to be a singer—popular music variety. What to do first? "Study music," said Johnny soberly. "You read publicity about this or that singer who hit the top all of a sudden, and didn't know beans about music. And maybe that was all right for that girl. But if a girl wants to be the kind of singer who lasts over a period of time, the smart way to do it is to get herself a solid musical background first. Few people have a natural sense of rhythm. It has to be cultivated. And learning how to breathe correctly is one of the most fundamental things there is about good singing. Besides, study teaches you things such as how to read music, and how to plunk out a song on the piano, so you can accompany yourself if you have to. All that comes in pretty handy later on."

Johnny ought to know. Because while some jazz singers are apt to boast they never had a lesson in their lives, he doesn't see that's anything to be smug about. He and his voice have hit the bigtime now, but he planned it that way. In fact, from the age of eleven he planned it that way. He always loved to sing and used to warble to himself when he was a kid, working around his father's butcher shop in Detroit. Only then he was a soprano, with that high, clear kind of voice that quite young boys sometimes have. A customer heard Johnny running through a song one day, and hustled him off to the local radio station for an audition. The audition was a smash success, and Johnny was soon singing over the airwaves, publicized as the Italian John McCormack.

This was all very fine. But time flew by and his career fell apart humiliatingly in the middle of a song when his voice cracked, thereby announcing it had reached the changing stage. Philosophically, he figured he could sit tight for a while and once this voice process was over, he'd emerge as a tenor and burst out in a swell career. Waiting for this to happen, he kept small change jingling in his pockets by dancing engagements (he loves to dance) and radio acting. In his time he's done stints on the Lone Ranger and Green Hornet shows, thrilling

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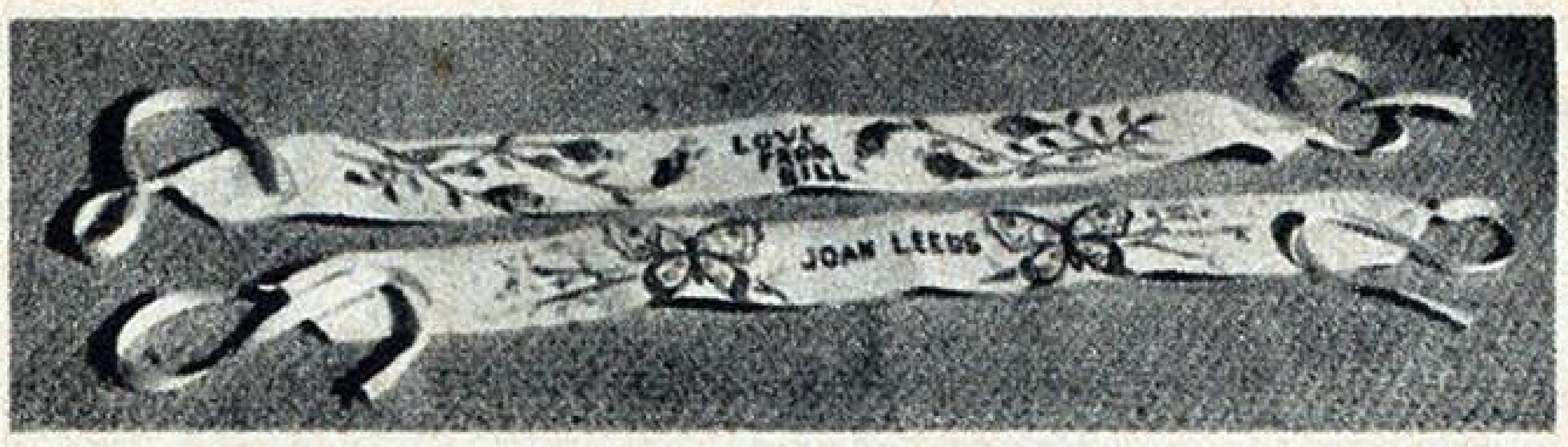

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listeners with his deeds of daring.

At that point his vocal chords pulled a fast one, and Johnny was furious and disgusted to find himself finally a baritone. But he reconciled himself and hauled his baritone over to the Detroit Conservatory of Music, where he put in two years of studying, fitting in a medley of band and radio dates on the side.

When he hit nineteen, he celebrated by organizing a harmony quartet . . . two other boys and a gal. They did their stuff on a Detroit radio station and once, when Bob Crosby was cruising through town, he listened in and heartily approved. He hired them as of immediately, and the whole bunch took to the road. Everything went along in fine style until the girl was smitten by a siege of homesickness and scuttled back to Detroit, leaving the quartet numbering three and in a jam. They auditioned replacements like crazy and found the voice they wanted in Detroit. Her name was Ruth and she had red hair and she's now known as Mrs. J. D.

Right about then Johnny got the urge to trek to New York. He had a hunch big things were waiting for him. They weren't. He arrived, and New York went on about its business. "It sure was tough," he reminisces. He didn't have a dime. He didn't know anybody, and he rattled around town feeling lonely and discouraged. Then, at last, things started breaking in the right direction when Gene Krupa hired him to vocalize.

Johnny enlisted in the Air Force in '42, and was assigned to clash cymbals and pound drums in the Regimental Band. This clashing and pounding deal could have gone on indefinitely if Glenn Miller hadn't needed a singer to replace Tony Martin who was slated for OCS. Johnny was it. He and the whole Miller outfit packed up and began their untiring overseas camp tours. "We went at a really rugged pace," Johnny remembers. "Around fifteen shows a week, and chugging from one camp to the other in between shows. But it was swell. Anybody'd get a kick out of singing for those guys and feeling them like it."

The GI's liked him, all right. They liked the way he sang; they went for the way he didn't go in for any la-di-da. He was one of the boys, just another guy in Army khaki. French, German and English teen-agers liked him too. His voice filtered over their radios and they sat down and wrote him fan mail in three languages. It's still coming in deluge quantities, and his overseas followers have set up an International Association of Johnny Desmond Fan Clubs, all very organized. London headquarters are steered by a teen-aged British boy—just one more example of how Johnny is liked by the men as much as he is by the girls.

Glenn Miller taught him a lot of things . . . things like how to shape his mouth when he's singing so he wouldn't look as if he were snarling at his audiences. Johnny practiced in front of the mirror for hours. Another thing Glenn told him was not to go in for tricky song styling. Just to sing.

Johnny's getting famous, but he hasn't felt that it calls for any revision of the things he likes to do in his spare time. He's nuts about the radio, plays it all the time—always twiddling the dial to see if he can catch some Bing Crosby songs. Bing is his favorite movie star, radio star, platter star. When Bing goes into television he will be Johnny's favorite television star. He goes to the movies a lot. Westerns and musicals especially, and anything with Ingrid Bergman. His pop taught him to cook, and he knows what's what in the kitchen, particularly if it involves whipping up spaghetti or a green salad.

Too many possessions give him claustrophobia, and he can't figure out people who collect things. Johnny has a hard time even collecting stuff for the scrap book every celebrity is supposed to keep, so they tell him. Whenever he lands in a new town, on tour or something, he avoids people with an organized sightseeing complex. He'd rather just poke around, looking at whatever comes along.

What about songs, we wanted to know. He likes the ballad type best. What he has to say about the present day batch of songs isn't too good. They don't have the peaks and melody of the oldies like . . . well, like "I've Got You Under My Skin." That's his all time favorite. He's batted out some songs himself, songs that rate high in merit . . . "Stick a Nickel in the Juke Box" and "She's a Good Woman Blues." He has some more tunes whirling around in his head, just waiting until he has enough time to scribble out the music.

Johnny is becoming renowned quickly, but it's no flash-in-the-pan variety. He's doing all right because he has what it takes. Listen to us telling *you*.

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Give your liquid stockings ten minutes or so in which to dry thoroughly. Gentle fanning with a folded newspaper speeds the process. Then, with your bare hands or with a lambswool buffer, buff and buff and buff over the entire area until your legs have a silky sheen. They look better that way—and all excess makeup that might come off on clothes or furniture is removed.

Now you've completed the job and donned a pair of the coolest, sheerest summer "stockings" that have ever decorated those run-around legs of yours.

★ ★ ★ *Miss America*

SEND 'EM PACKING

From page 53

privacy of your room. Pajamas should be seersucker or jersey which can be washed in the hand basin and won't need ironing.

You will be wise to invest in a hat box if you're going in for prolonged traveling. If you find one with little holders along the side for shoes, so much the better. Tuck hose and costume jewelry into shoes and tuck the shoes themselves into shoe bags or dad's old socks. And find a corner for several tissue-wrapped pairs of washable gloves—invaluable for the "light touch" of dainty grooming.

Wrap up your odd-sized cosmetic bottles in an oilskin shower cap. For extra protection, "bandage" the necks of perfume and cologne bottles with cotton squares, held in place by rubber bands or string.

Use plenty of tissue paper between folds of garments and tuck it into the necks and sleeves of dresses and blouses to combat packing wrinkles. When you unpack, you can remove wrinkles that might appear in spite of all precautions by hanging the garments on a hook in a steamy bathroom while you shower or bathe.

Equip your handbag with a little case containing a pint-sized set of cosmetics, makeup and tissues. If you include a comb, deodorant, and a toothbrush, you can keep fresh and immaculate, even on a long trip.

Don't forget bobby pins and curlers! It's hard to get a beauty shop appointment on short notice.

Finally, don't let the small irritations of traveling rob you of its adventure. Also, leave your worries home, but take along some tolerance and keep that starry-eyed approach that makes an occasion of each trip.

THE WHITE FURY

From page 17

Jock Howland, representing Star Features. I understand how you may not like to talk about it, but I'm here to get a story—"

I stood up. I wasn't interested in having my picture in the paper over the caption, "Mourns Slain Canine." So this red-headed young man was one of those bloodless city reporters, was he, trying to capitalize on the recent mysterious misfortunes of our poor little hick village? Well, as far as I was concerned, he could take his prying nose for news elsewhere.

"Please—don't go!" He certainly un-festooned his long legs in a hurry, reaching me before I could yank open the front door.

He grabbed my wrist. "I've got to talk to you—I've got to talk to someone! Talk about close-mouthed New Englanders—this village is full of professional clams if I ever saw one!"

"*If* you please," I said coldly, "you're hurting my wrist—"

"Look, news-gathering is a perfectly normal, respectable profession—very nice work—if you can get it." He bashed his hat down with the flat of his hand in a kind of despairing gesture. "But it begins to look as if I can't." He let go my wrist as suddenly as he'd grabbed it. "Sorry, didn't mean to hurt you. Well—guess I'd better blow. So long, Miss Clam."

Maybe it was the crazy way his hat looked, or the discouragement in his blue eyes or—or curiosity about what he'd said. Anyway, I called him back.

"Wait—"

He came back as eagerly as a spanked puppy, and I saw that he was younger than I'd first thought, just a few years older than I. But he'd been around, I could tell, because his face was older than he was, sort of.

"What do you mean," I asked, "nice work *if* you can get it?"

"I'm on trial with Star Features," he said. "If I get this first story, I get on regular. If not, I'm out." He shrugged. "Too many fellows after newspaper jobs now. Makes competition."

"Oh," I said. "Well-l-l, in that case, I'll be glad to give you what help I can. What did you want to ask me?"

"What you know about the marauder," he said. "Did you get a good look at him?"

"Yes," I said, choking. "I saw the whole thing. I heard the dogs making a terrific racket that night, ran to my window just as Scamper darted out at—at the big white fury. It turned and—and that was the end of Scamper."

"Just one swipe of the paw, h'm?" said Jock. "That was tough for you. I had a dog. I know."

He was so sympathetic, I went on to tell him more. How, for nearly a week, the residents of our little Maine seacoast town had been terrorized—stores broken into, slabs of bacon and other stuff stolen, several dogs besides my poor Scamper killed. Nearly every night or so this—this creature would come, take something away, cause plenty of damage. Besides me, only Mr. Fawkes, owner of the general store, and old Mrs. Herbert, who has insomnia, had seen him. Mrs. Herbert declared it was a great white ghost, but Mr. Fawkes said it was a bear—a pure white bear.

Jock Howland nodded. "That's what makes it news. It's aroused nation-wide interest in the papers because Maine bears are either brown or black."

"That's right."

"Some people think you Maine villagers just thought you saw a white bear—others that he's a polar bear escaped from a zoo, but no zoo has reported one missing." He pushed his bashed-in hat back on his head so far I thought it would fall off, scratched his red head until his hair looked like an unmade bed. "The generally-accepted opinion is that advanced by a scientist who claims the animal is an albino." He turned to me. "What do you think?"

I shrugged. "I don't know. I just hope they catch him, that's all, before anything worse happens."

"Me, too," said Jock. Then, "Know my theory? It's a real wild polar bear."

I stared. "But how—"

"How'd he get here? Floated down to Maine on an iceberg, or part of one."

Just then my father came home, and what do you know? He asked Jock if he was related to Jonathan Howland, and it turned out he was his son. My dad and Jock's had been buddies in the First World War. Well, naturally, we invited him in to dinner. Then Mom wouldn't hear of his going to the hotel, so we put him up in our spare room.

My New England reserve having thawed to that extent, I felt it a duty to help him on his assignment. So, for the next three nights, we waited up for the marauder with a posse of other residents. No bear.

"Publicity shy," grumbled Jock.

The fourth night, we turned in early to catch up on our lost sleep—and, of course, that had to be the night the bear would pick for another foray! He broke into the store again, made off with some bacon, killed two dogs who interfered.

The next morning at breakfast, Jock said grimly, "Well, I'm off."

"You're telling me," I said.

"Okay, you can't go, small fry," he said. He liked to annoy me by pretending I was practically a babe.

"Go where?" I asked, swallowing my peeve.

"B'ar huntin'."

"Jock! You're not—"

He nodded stubbornly. "If the critter won't come to me, I'm going to him. I aim to track him down with my trusty movie camera."

"I'll take my new candid camera," I said excitedly. "It takes marvellous pictures."

He snorted. "This is big-time stuff. Anyway, who said you were going?"

"I," I said.

I did, too. You can't keep a Gould home when adventure's perkin'.

It was Jock's plan to explore the coastline first. Up around Haystack Point, in a rocky cove, we finally found evidence he'd been looking for.

"Big cakes of ice!" He yelled exultantly.

We took some pictures. Jock was awfully pleased, said it would substantiate his claim about its being a polar bear—but it was a long way from real proof.

"Where there's ice, there's been a polar bear—I hope," he said. "Now we have to find it."

It was dusk when we staggered home, after tramping the woods all day without any luck.

Saturday I went bear-hunting with Jock again. We practically knocked ourselves out, searching. Late that afternoon we plodded homeward in defeat.

"I'm licked," said Jock. "The creature must have cleared out. Guess I'd better take the next train down to New York. As a news hound, I'm a washout."

I didn't know what to say. I felt like blubbering. Having Jock here had been fun, took my mind off Scamper. Besides it was awful for Jock to fail, lose his chance and all. Everything was bleak. To think this was our last day together. Choking, I asked Jock if I could take a picture of him—I wanted it to remember him by.

I had just raised the camera to snap him, when suddenly there was a snarl and a roar. Jock gave a strangled shout. I swung about just as something huge crashed out of the underbrush, straight past us, so fast that we both fell back to save ourselves.

By the time we got the twigs out of our hair and the hair out of our eyes, and had floundered cautiously out of the thicket, the animal was nowhere to be seen.

"Looked like a polar bear, all right," Jock said exasperatedly.

"Looked more like a huge mad white elephant to me," I said, waiting for my heart to settle. "Come to think of it, we might have been killed."

"My editor is going to love those tasty pictures of cakes of ice," Jock said bitterly.

"But Jock," I protested, "you're not giving up *now*, just when—"

"My time for getting the story is up tonight—I'm sunk."

I was so unnerved by the whole nasty combination of circumstances that I couldn't remember whether I'd snapped that picture I'd started to, or not. To be safe, I rolled the film to the next and last and took a snap of Jock, scowling at me from under that familiar bashed-down hat.

"I'll develop these tonight before you go," I said dully, "so you can see them."

While Jock went down to buy his ticket back to New York, I crawled down to the basement. In my present mood, I couldn't help but feel that a dark room was just the place for me.

I heard Jock come in upstairs just as I laid out the prints to dry. There were pictures of the ice-cakes, one of Fawkes' store, some badly slurred bear tracks and—and—I let out such a wild yell that Jock came falling down the basement stairs in alarm.

"Hold it!" he called gallantly. "I'm right here, honey. What happened? Are you badly hurt?"

"We did it! We did it!" I gasped.

"Did what?"

Trembling with excitement I pointed to the prints, the next to the end picture. "When I fell back into the brush I must have accidentally snapped my shutter and got a picture of that terrible thing—"

Jock swallowed. It was a wonderful picture, close up, of what proved to be, without the slightest doubt, what Jock had claimed, a real polar bear!

Jock was so elated he couldn't speak, just gave me a simply bone-crushing hug, fumbled for his hat, slapped it on his head. "Small fry," he managed finally, "you've done it. It's a scoop! My career's in the bag."

Then he was off to the telegraph office to wire in his story. The news got around. The sheriff organized a posse to hunt down the bear. They got him, too, and that made another story for Jock.

When it was all over, they presented the bearskin to me, and I had my picture taken with it. I was so thrilled, I cried. But what I remember the most is Jock stooping to snip a piece of the bearskin. We were alone, just before he left to catch his train.

"This is to remind me to marry you someday when I'm rich and famous and you've grown up," he said. "After all, it was a slip of those snap-happy little fingers of yours that gave me my clutch on the ladder."

I just beamed and promised to answer the postcards he said he'd drop me from time to time. I won't forget, either. After all, I've got a whole bearskin to remember Jock by!

★ ★ ★ *Miss America*

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